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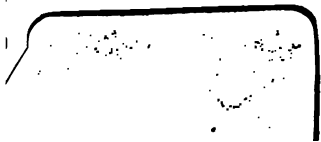
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THE PATHWAYS
AND
ABIDING-PLACES OF OUR LORD:

ILLUSTRATED IN THE JOURNAL OF

A Tour through the Land of Promise.

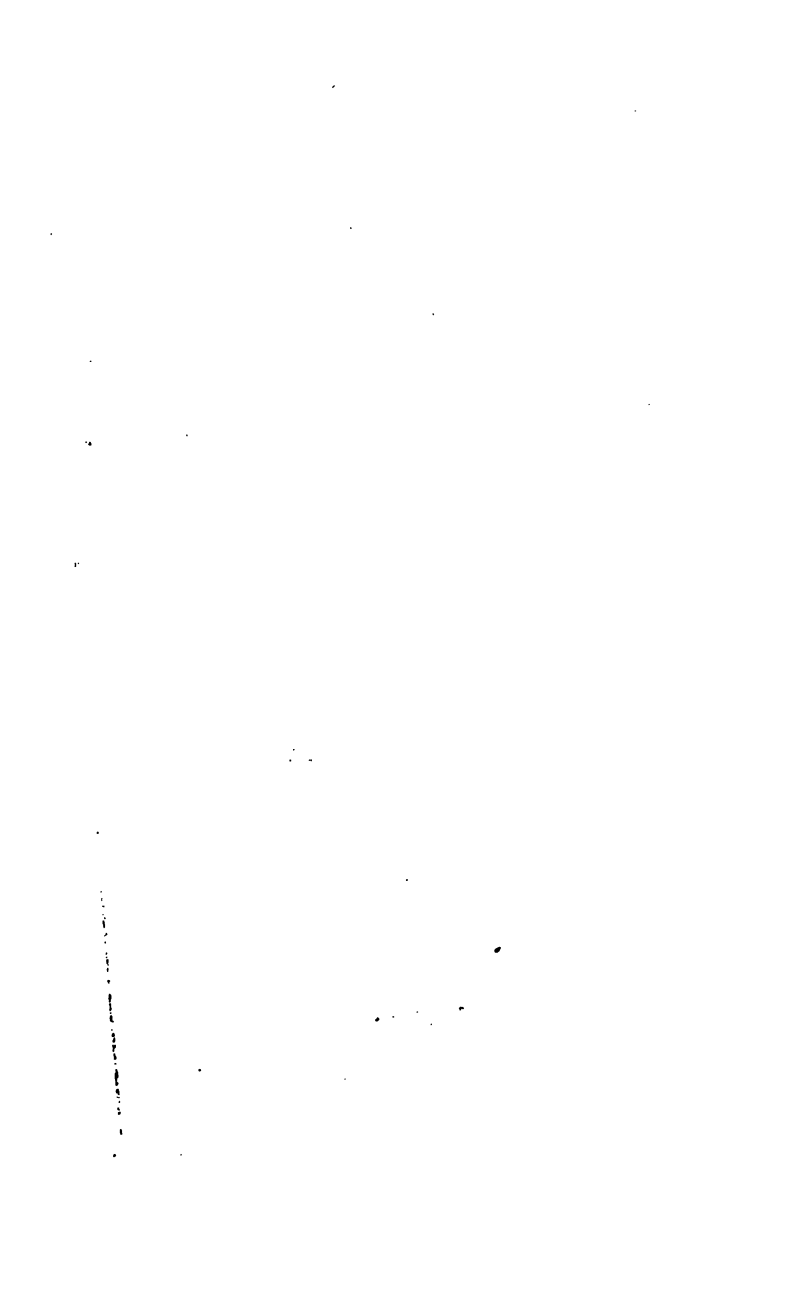
BY THE
REV. J. M. WAINWRIGHT, D.D.



London:
T. NELSON AND SONS, PATERNOSTER ROW;
AND EDINBURGH.

MDCCCLIII.

203. d. 237.



TO
ROBERT B. MINTURN.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

To whom with so great propriety as to yourself can I inscribe this volume? The excursion which it aims to narrate I should not in all probability have undertaken but for you. I shall ever recall with the liveliest satisfaction the pleasure I enjoyed, and the instruction I received, from thus visiting the scenes of events interesting above all others to the Christian; and assured that you also look back upon the days of our pilgrimage in the Land of Promise with like feelings, I beg you to accept this imperfect memorial of them.

With sincere affection and respect,

I am, your Friend,

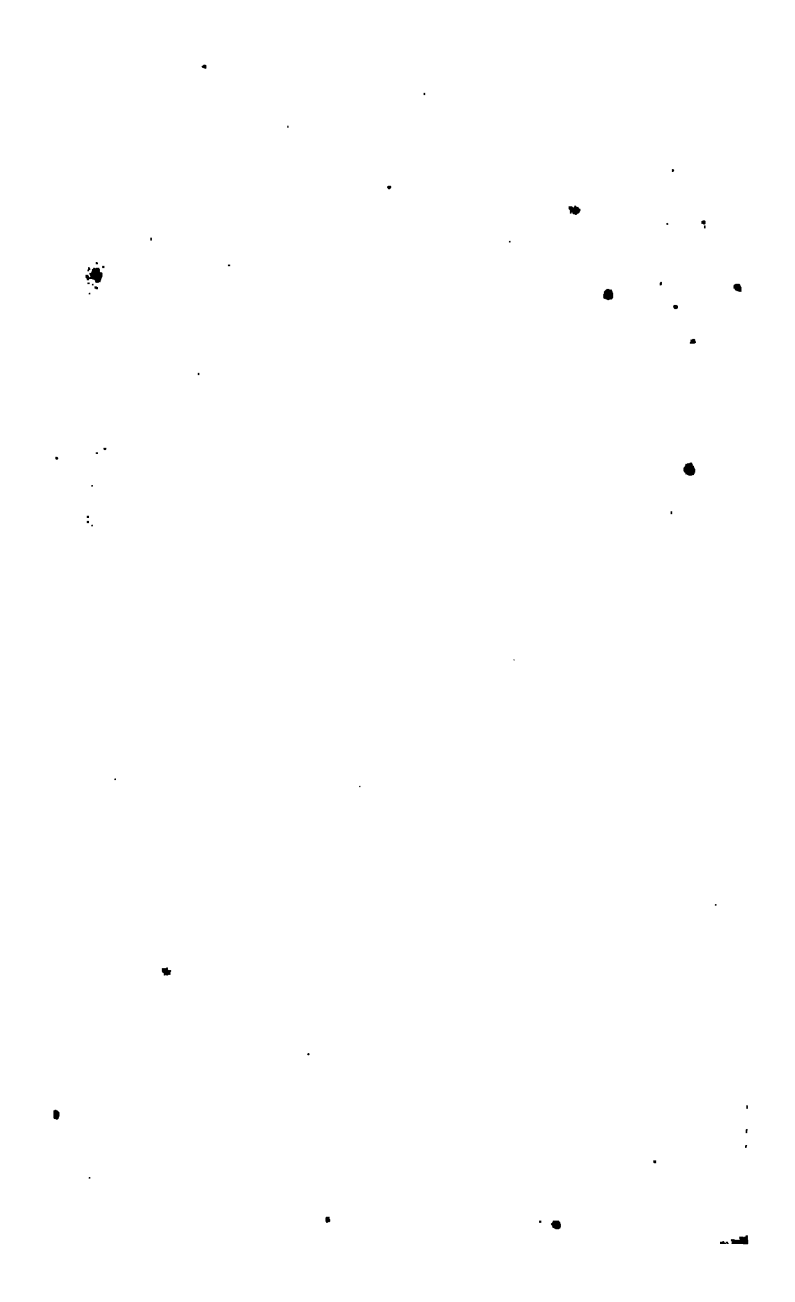
JONA. M. WAINWRIGHT.

PREFACE.

A FLOOD of light has been thrown upon the Holy Land by modern research; and its past history, physical appearance, and present condition, are now familiar to many readers. The present work makes no pretension to grapple with learned discussions which have engaged the research of Robinson, Williams, Wilson, and other modern travellers, well qualified for the task; for, even had its author been prepared to take part in them, his limited time would have precluded the attempt. He visited the Holy Land with different views: he went to see, to feel, and to believe; yielding to doubt only when compelled by common sense and his measure of information. To him, no description was ever unattractive of that land—

“ Over whose acres walked those blessed feet
Which, eighteen hundred years ago, were nailed,
For our advantage, on the bitter cross.”

Not a book upon Palestine was ever thrown



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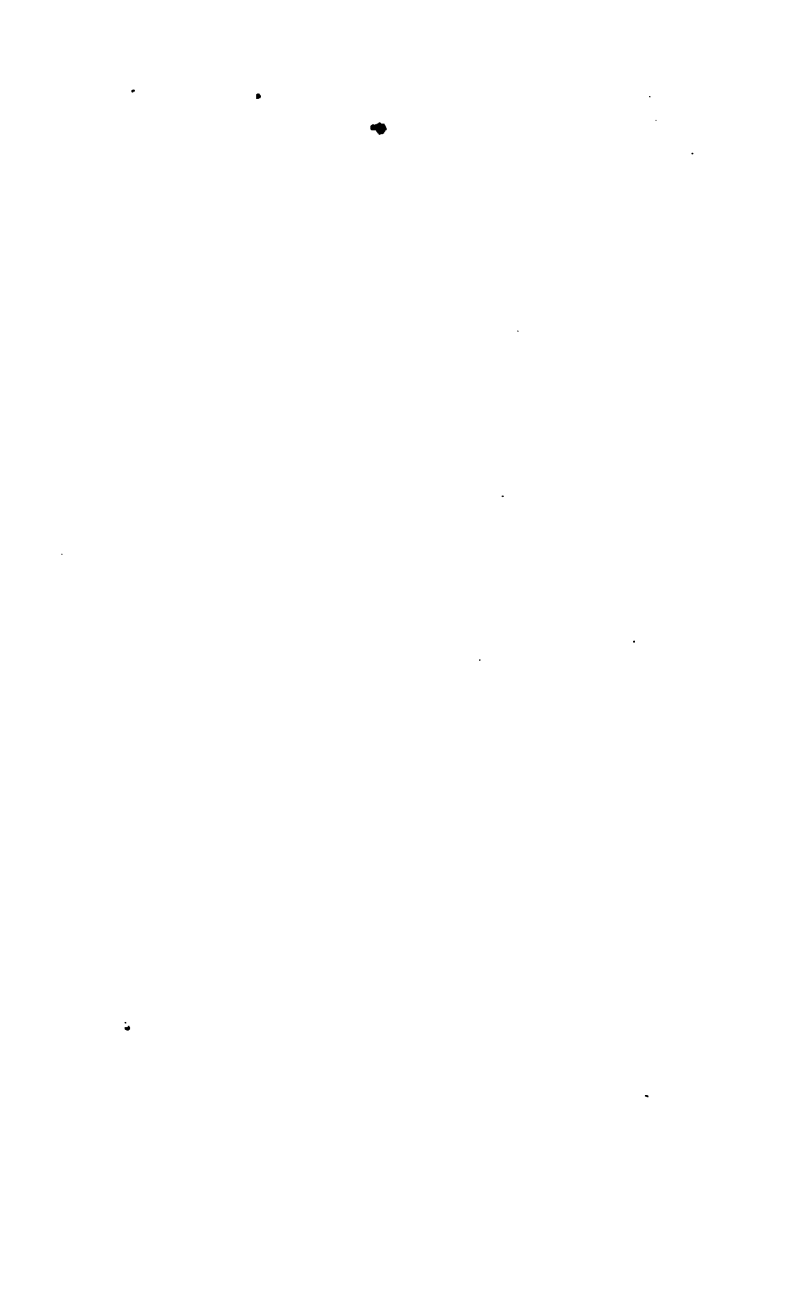
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PATHWAYS
AND
ABIDING-PLACES OF OUR LORD.

JOURNEY FROM EGYPT TO THE HOLY LAND.

Cairo.

CAMP IN THE DESERT, *March 24, 1849.*

HERE, in the midst of the wilderness of Shur, and on the fourth night of our living in tents, I begin a letter to you, to be finished on the way, and sent from Jerusalem, if we do not meet with an earlier opportunity. The previous evenings of our journey since leaving Cairo, I have been so fatigued with camel-riding, that I have been glad to lie down to sleep as soon as our tent was pitched and supper over. I wrote to you last from Cairo, telling you of our successful voyage on the Nile, our visit to Thebes, and of the deep interest with which we should now turn our faces toward the Holy Land, as soon as we heard that you were all well and comfortable at Rome. This cheering intelligence

your last letters gave us, and we then in good earnest made our preparations to reach what was, after all, the chief object of interest to us in our Eastern pilgrimage. We procured our tents, leather water-bottles, casks, provisions, and all the other equipage needful for our desert life; and having engaged our camels and dromedaries, we saw them loaded and sent before us on the afternoon of Tuesday, March 20th, to the distance of some ten or twelve miles, there to encamp for the night. This precaution is taken in order that, if anything material should have been overlooked, the discovery may be made, and a messenger sent back to the city to procure it; because when once beyond the reach of Cairo, and fairly on the desert, the traveller must depend for the comforts, and even the necessities for his journey, upon what his forecast has provided, with the exception of the precarious supply of a few articles of food, which he may obtain from some poor and scattered villages, or from a tribe of wandering Arabs.

We now bade farewell to the friends to whom we had been indebted for constant attention and many acts of kindness: To Dr. Abbott, whom we had seen almost daily, and whose most valuable and interesting collection of Egyptian antiquities had been thrown open to us at all times. This, if not the largest in the world, is, I suspect, the most various, and contains more unique curiosities than

any other, and would be well worth transferring to some public institution of our country. To Mr. Murray, the British consul-general, who formerly travelled in the United States, and left there a very favourable impression, and who has published a very graphic description of his visit to our western prairies: To the American consul-general, Mr. Macauley, at whose official introduction to Abbas Pasha we had been present by his invitation: To the Rev. Mr. Lieder, the missionary of the Church of England Society, so long and favourably known for his faithful and efficient labours; and to his excellent wife, who, having travelled the route we were about to take, most kindly and thoughtfully wrote out for us brief hints and directions.

On Wednesday morning we mounted our donkeys, and made our way along the crooked streets of the city, most of them so narrow, that two persons passing on horseback would leave hardly room for a third on foot, and through a lively, motley crowd of turbaned men and veiled women on foot and on donkeys, with strings of loaded camels stalking along and threatening to squeeze us to the walls, and hundreds of mangy dogs running about or lying asleep in our very path, our attendants calling out all the time, to put us on our guard or to clear the way, "*riglak,*" *thy foot*; "*yemenak,*" *to thy right*; "*shimalak,*" *to thy left*. We went out by the beautiful gateway Bab e' Nusr, or Gate of

Victory, over which there is an inscription, said to be in the Cufic language, which is translated, "There is no God but God; Mohammed is the Apostle of God, and Ali the friend of God. May the Divine favour be on both." After a pleasant ride of about two hours over a level and fertile country, we came to Matarééh, anciently known as Heliopolis, and in Scripture as On in the Book of Genesis, and in the prophet Jeremiah, Bethshemesh, or the City of the Sun. But just before arriving there, we turned aside a short distance through an enclosed field and garden, to see the place where, according to the traditions of the oriental Christians, the Holy Family on one occasion rested, when Joseph "arose and took the young child and his mother by night and departed into Egypt." Here is a well of water, said to have been salt originally, but which became fresh when the blessed Virgin needed to drink from it, and has continued so ever since; we certainly drew from it a very grateful draught after our long ride.

Near to the well, we were pointed to a sycamore tree of a very peculiar shape. It is not high or round, but of great width, as if a stunted tree of enormous girth had been pressed out laterally, or as if several of such trees springing up side by side had grown together, leaving recesses like rough niches in a wall of solid wood, with a few gnarled branches growing out above. This tree,

according to monkish tradition, opened itself to give shelter to the infant Saviour. Whether or not the tradition is founded on fact, we need not stop to inquire. That the tree, as it now stands, is of very great age, there can be no manner of doubt; and that its roots may have borne previous growths, one of which might have been flourishing when the Holy Family came down into Egypt, and might have sheltered them beneath its branches, and thus given rise to the legend, is by no means impossible. At any rate, I looked at it, sat beneath it, and meditated upon the incident associated with it, if not in a state of undoubting faith, with no unwillingness to enjoy any pleasing associations which fancy might awaken in connection with the hallowed associations of the Eastern lands where once the feet of the Redeemer trod. And thus I mean to receive all traditions connected with sacred places in the land whither I am going. When no obvious improbability or credulous superstition obliges a rational mind to reject them, I shall suffer them to draw the imagination, to direct the train of reflections, and, as I trust, to warm and encourage the devout affections.

But this story, which would account for the sweetening of the brackish water of the "Fountain of the Sun," as it was once called, but now "of the Virgin," it is scarcely necessary to say I have no faith in. At this distance from the Nile, its

waters would very naturally ooze through the sandy soil, and, in fact, other wells of fresh water are found in the neighbourhood at a depth of from sixteen to twenty feet. The tradition also says that the Holy Family, having rested and refreshed themselves, directed their journey over the ground we have just travelled, and made their permanent abode during the lifetime of Herod at Musr el Atéekeh, or Old Cairo, about three miles south from the modern Cairo, and the site, or near the site, of Babylon in Egypt. Here, in the Greek monastery dedicated to St. Sergius, is shown the chapel which, it is said, stands upon the place where they dwelt. On each side of the high altar, a flight of some ten or twelve steps leads to a subterraneous cave or grotto about twenty feet long and twelve wide; and this, the tradition says, was their abiding-place, until "an angel of the Lord appeareth in a dream to Joseph in Egypt, saying, Arise, and take the young child and his mother, and go into the land of Israel; for they are dead which sought the young child's life. And he arose, and took the young child and his mother, and came into the land of Israel," most probably through the tract of country over which is to be our pilgrimage.

The route we are upon for the Holy Land may, therefore, be the same, and certainly is in the same direction, with that which the sons of Jacob took on their going down to buy corn in Egypt. But

what gives it a far deeper interest to us at this time from the course of thought suggested by the traditions of which I have just spoken, is, that this pathway may once have been trodden by Joseph and the humble animal that bore the blessed Virgin with the infant Saviour resting in her arms.

The Flight into Egypt.

OF the Flight into Egypt, the briefest possible account is given us by the sacred historian; and there remains no other authentic record of this remarkable event in the life of the child Jesus, except that which is left us, in few words, and by only one of the evangelists. The circumstances of the sacred journey, therefore, are almost as great a mystery to us, as the wonderful command from the skies, "Behold, the angel of the Lord appeareth to Joseph in a dream, saying, Arise, and take the young child and his mother, and flee into Egypt." A thousand interesting thoughts cluster around the Holy Family on their way, and in this weary banishment from their native land; but it is the sacred love within us for every spot once blest by the earthly presence of the Lord, rather than actual history, which must guide us here. From the fountain of our own souls we must be fain to

quench our thirst, since there is here no broad river to make glad the city of God. And, perhaps, it is a fitting thing that we should know little of so sad an event as the early exile of the only-begotten Son of God from the only chosen land of God. How touching a commentary upon the words of the beloved disciple, is this flight from the Land of Promise, back again, as we may almost feel, into the Land of Bondage! "He came unto his own, and his own received him not;" "He was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not." He who gave to the foxes their holes, and to the birds of the air their nests, had not where to lay his head; but while even vile ones of the dishonourable world had vast possessions upon its surface, there was not a spot upon it which its Maker and Master could call his own. The plan of mercy seems indeed a mystery, and the cross a contradiction; unto the Jew a stumbling-block, and unto the Greek foolishness.

Yet, how many Christian hearts have since mused upon the flight into Egypt, until the sacred fire was kindled within them; till burning thoughts demanded utterance of the tongue, and devout and glowing pictures in the soul sought their pious expression from the pencil! Who has not seen, in thought, this humble but holy band going forth upon their exile, with sorrow indeed, but chastened by a lively hope? In his mother's

heart lies a rich treasure of promises and prophecies, which she has heard from the lips of aged saints on the earth and archangels from heaven, from Simeon and from Gabriel. The one announced, and the other waited for, the consolation of Israel. What matter, then, if He who shall purchase our redemption from a worse than Egyptian slavery, is himself, for a short period, brought into the house of bondage? It was necessary that the Captain of our salvation should be made perfect through sufferings; and the Sun of Israel must shine forth from the night of Egypt. By the same way that the child Joseph was taken a slave into Egypt, that he might go before the people of God to preserve the lives of many, by that way must the child Jesus be carried, on the threshold of a life into which he entered, not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to supply the famine of the world with bread from heaven. On these things ponders the faithful and affectionate heart of the mother of our Lord, consoled by the thought, that as one of the great ancestors of Israel went through the desert of exile and suffering to his glory in Egypt, so shall the infant on her bosom, fulfilling in patience his period of banishment from home and heaven, return to his purchased possession of glory in the paradise of God. These footsteps of suffering let us trace and follow: to this reward let us also aspire, until our exile in the land

of bondage being ended, we may gird up our loins, take our staff in our hand, and march gladly out of Egypt for the Land of Promise.

Heliopolis—Gushen.

THE site of Heliopolis is indicated by considerable mounds of rubbish, smoothed over by time, and containing quantities of crude brick, and reddish fragments of earthenware vessels. These evidences of once peopled cities we observed in many places on our route; and here, as the only vestiges of the habitations of a people once famous for arts and learning, for wealth and luxury, but sunk in gross idolatry, they brought to mind the prophet's denunciation: "Woe unto him that striveth with his Maker. Let the potsherd strive with the potsherds of the earth. Shall the clay say to him that fashioneth it, What makest thou? They shall be ashamed and confounded, all of them: they shall go to confusion together that are makers of idols." As the brittle potsherds of these heaps have been broken to pieces, so the works of idolatrous man—massive, well-founded, and beautiful as they were—are now so utterly destroyed, that scarce a trace of them can be found. There is, indeed, one remarkable monument remaining, as if to prove what

magnificence of architecture must once have adorned the Temple of the Sun. It is a noble obelisk, about six feet square at the base, and rising more than sixty feet above the level of the ground, standing erect upon its original site. Its whole height cannot be ascertained, as its base and pedestal have been covered up to a considerable depth by gradual accumulations of earth. Probably this was one of a pair which stood like majestic guards on each side of the entrance to the Temple; and it is said to be of the age of Osirtasen I., the Pharaoh who réigned when Joseph came into Egypt. 'The hieroglyphics with which it is inscribed are now legible in but few spots, as it is covered with the cells of a species of bee, or wasp, which have the appearance of a coating of brown mud dried in the sun. Swarms of these insects were flying around the shaft, from top to bottom, which seemed to guard it as their own property; and they certainly gave to it, standing as it does in the midst of a cultivated garden, a less striking appearance than if it stood solitary and unobscured upon the naked sand.

After leaving this only remarkable vestige of a city, once famous for its temples and its learning, where Joseph found his wife, the daughter of Potipherah, priest of On, and where Moses probably was instructed in all the wisdom of Egypt, we continued our ride through a green and cultivated

land, probably a part of the land of Goshen, which stretched away on the left as far as the eye could see. To the right, however, we got glimpses of the desert, and, as we went on, its yellow, sultry sands seemed to encroach upon us more and more. But these sands were not, surely, the borders of the wide desert, for occasionally we saw lakes of smooth water, with groves of palm-trees on their banks, and then basins of the sea, with low promontories of sand almost encircling them; and beyond, in the far horizon, the long line of the sea itself, all becalmed; the outlines of water and of sand, however, sometimes changing more frequently than our slow progress would account for. This, then, was the mirage of the desert we had so often heard of; and certainly, so perfect is the illusion, that reason as you please, and assure yourself over and over that by no possibility can there be actual water where you are looking, you cannot undeceive the eye.

Another circumstance now occurred, as if to impress us more strongly with the feeling that we were travelling amongst scenes of Scripture history. Immense flights of locusts occasionally filled the air, and dropped in multitudes around us, and upon the fields of green things, which they would quickly consume, but were driven off by the loud cries of men and boys, set to guard against them. They would light like countless flocks of birds, and

rise again when scared away, flying a short distance; and when in the air, the sun shining upon their wings would give them the semblance of flakes of snow upon a gusty day. We could easily imagine what grievous pests they must be, when they appear, as they sometimes do, in clouds that darken all the air, and spread themselves far and wide, so that no noise or violence can drive them away; and what a fearful instrument in the hands of the Almighty, when he sent them as one of his plagues upon the land of Egypt, to eat "every herb of the land."

We continued our route, its interest, I may say, increasing at every step; for, on our left, the green fields of mingled pasturage and heavy crops, as of barley, wheat, and flax, with groves of palms and fig-trees interspersed, showed us that the land was still as when Pharaoh said to Joseph, "In the best of the land make thy father and brethren to dwell; in the land of Goshen let them dwell." On the right were the barren sand-hills of the desert, drawing nearer and nearer to us, to warn us of the toilsome pilgrimage we must make ere we can reach that better and more beautiful land—not only "a land of wheat and barley, and vines, and fig-trees, and pomegranates, but a land of brooks of water, of fountains, and depths that spring out of valleys and hills."

At El Khanka we found our camels, with their

keepers and the other attendants, all prepared and waiting for us. We paid the men and boys who had accompanied us with their donkeys from Cairo, and received their thanks, with their farewell salutations; which were given after the Egyptian method, by kissing our hands and pressing them to their foreheads. Our last link with the city where we had seen and enjoyed so much was now severed, and we fairly entered upon the wearisome, though interesting road which lay before us, anxious, if possible, to get up to the city of Zion in time to celebrate there our Paschal Feast.

Travelling in the Desert.

BUT as a new mode of conveyance is to be tried, and one of which you have had no experience, a brief description of it may not prove uninteresting. The first undertaking is to mount the camel. This proved to us an easier task than we had anticipated. You have heard of both camels and dromedaries, and perhaps suppose them to be different; but they are precisely the same species of quadruped, only the dromedary is selected for riding, as having an easier gait. The difference is that which we find between a saddle horse and a cart horse. When you are preparing to mount, the animal,

whose head is up in the air beyond your reach, is taken by the halter, and the keeper makes a quick succession of sounds like hawking from the upper part of the throat. This brings him unwillingly upon his knees, then his haunches, and he gradually gets upon his belly, with his awkward legs and cushioned feet beneath him. Then the saddle, which is a wooden frame padded, and fitting upon the hump, with pommels like short round posts about eight inches high before and behind, is filled out with cushions, spare coats and cloaks, or with the bed-mattress, and the whole covered with a thick soft carpet, shaped like a hearth-rug, thrown across, called in Arabic a *segâdeh*, or prayer carpet; because the Mussulman uses it at home, and carries it with him in travelling, to stand and kneel upon at his frequent devotions, and for this purpose there is on its surface the figure of a niche in the mosque, towards which he prays, as making him look in the direction of Mecca. This we found a very useful and comfortable article, not only to ride upon, but also to lay in our tents or spread upon the sand when we wished to rest. Thus arranged, the rude saddle changed into a broad pillion-like seat, with pommels before and behind to hold on by, and with stirrups fastened to the front one, you may ride as on horseback. You can take other positions, however, seating yourself lady-fashion, or with both legs on either side of the camel, or

else turn completely round and ride backward, or if you have dexterity and suppleness enough, you may sit cross-legged like a Turk. Thus you may face to or from the wind or the sun, or change posture for relief, and this, together with being raised up nine feet above the effects of the sand, and in a free current of air, gives the camel great advantages over the donkey or the horse as an animal for crossing the desert, in addition to its essential qualification in the power of enduring thirst for successive days. But to the mounting. Here, however, the growling of one of the camels near the tent in which I am writing, reminds me that I have omitted to mention that all the while your saddle is preparing or the load being put on, the surly animal keeps up a constant grumbling and snarling, turning his head back by means of his long supple neck, and showing his teeth, as if he would bite you, which he very rarely has the courage to do. He seems to be complaining bitterly, and showing all the resentment he dares at your treatment of him; and your pity might be excited for him, but you find that it makes no difference whether your load is light or heavy, and after it is put on, if you only attempt to adjust a rope or throw on your cloak, he begins his complaints again. All being prepared, you take your seat while the animal is still on the ground, and are told to hold on fast—a caution by no means use-

less—for as he raises himself up on his haunches, then his knees, and at last gets to his feet, you are in danger of being thrown over his head, or over his tail, or off on one side. When he is fairly up, you feel safe after a little while, though at a somewhat giddy elevation to one who has been accustomed only to a horse or a donkey. Your ship of the desert (as some poet, after the Arabs, has fancied to call it) now gets under way, and considering the smooth sea it has to cross, it is certainly a very uneasy craft; for, moving the two oars, as we must call the legs, on the same side alternately, your body is jerked forward at each stroke, as if you were making a succession of quick ungainly bows, and you have no change of motion or rest till you come to anchor for the night, except when you pause for half an hour in the middle of the day. After the ride of the first two days I was excessively tired; never, I think, was I so completely exhausted by fatigue before. Now, however, having discovered that our dragoman was riding an easier dromedary than mine, which he had cunningly taken for himself, I made him exchange with me, and thus got along with comparative comfort. We carry with us a canvass tent, bought in Cairo, about sixteen feet in diameter, for our own use, with a smaller one for the cook and dragoman. We have also camp-beds, a table and stools, boxes and panniers for kitchen

apparatus, with charcoal for fuel, provisions, and, as articles of prime consideration, casks and leather bags for water. All this is a load for five camels, which, with three dromedaries to ride on, make up our cavalcade, or, more properly speaking, camelcade.

To our own, we have the agreeable addition of another party, consisting of my friend the Rev. Mr. Spencer, and Mr. Pratt, an intelligent and well-educated young gentleman, with whom he is travelling, who have with them nine camels; and thus we make quite a considerable caravan, although small enough compared with those which often cross the desert. We left Cairo together for companionship, and also for mutual protection. This last reason brought into our company six pilgrims from India, who came from the Punjaub to Mecca, from thence to Cairo, and who are now on their way to Jerusalem, whence, having performed their devotions at the mosque of Omar, they will return home. And all this tedious circuit they make on foot, with nothing but the scanty and worn clothes they have on, a staff in their hand, and a bag and a gourd to carry their small supply of food and water. Yet they are patient and cheerful, and grateful for the notice we take of them. They walk along, usually at some distance from us during the day; but as the sun declines they come near, to learn where we are about to

encamp. When we stop, they prepare to rest near us, and light a fire with the dry shrubs which they pick from the desert, and make a low hedge of the same to protect them from the wind. After their evening prayers, which they are very punctual in performing, they eat their simple meal, lie down on the sand and sleep, and start with us in the morning, with their thin clothing at times all wet with the dew till the sun dries it.

Life in the Desert.

Of desert life you may get some idea, by the description of a day's work; and I will take this very one. We rose at a little past five o'clock, and opening the curtain of our tent, found our camp already in motion. The camels had risen from the circle in which they are tethered for the night to keep them safe, and were browsing upon the coarse and bitter shrubs with which the desert is here dotted over, in small scattered clumps. Our cook was kindling his fire of charcoal, to boil our tea-kettle and cook our eggs; our dragoman was coming with his tin basins of water, in small quantities, however, as too precious to be used for washing. Soon the sun rose beautifully, as from a horizon of the sea, and our friends and their

attendants, their camels and tents, at a short distance from us, standing on the dead unbroken level of the desert, and contrasted only with its dwarfish shrubs, seemed grown to double size since the night before, and our pilgrim companions were like six giants, stalking off across the plain. While we were washing and making our simple toilet in the fresh invigorating air, our dragoman was employed in moving our folding table from the tent, and spreading it outside, for our breakfast. This was soon served; and, as we were eating, all our attendants were occupied in striking our tents, packing our household stuff, and collecting and loading our grumbling camels. This is no small job; and, ordinarily, takes more than an hour. With our best exertions, we did not get ready to start before seven o'clock. Our friends were ready at the same time; and, mounting our dromedaries, the two trains, in lengthened file, turned back into the track which we had left, for the purpose of encamping. In steady, monotonous pace, of about two miles and a half an hour, we have travelled all day, till within half an hour of sunset, except that we stopped at noon, for some thirty minutes, to eat our lunch. The camel needs no bating and no breathing time; but, when once started, will move along, in his even stride, the whole day, patiently, and without repining, with no refreshment but a chance mouthful of a bitter

shrub which he may crop by the way. All his sulkiness is shown at starting; and, when he stops for the night, he is content with a small mess of beans, and, once in five or six days, with a draught of brackish water. So, with all his ungainliness, stupidity, and querulous temper, and his destitution, above all domestic animals, of qualities to draw human sympathies, he is invaluable for the desert; and there is nothing to supply his place. We begin now to look about for a suitable place to encamp; and having found one, the line of march is broken, the camels are brought together, made to lie down, and unloaded. In a little more than half an hour, our moveable house is built, our carpet laid down on the sandy floor, our beds placed on each side of our single room, with our table between them, our candles lighted, and we at work reading or writing. Meantime, our cook has pitched his tent, got all his apparatus in order, and prepared our dinner, or supper rather; for now, at eight o'clock, the dragoman has come to announce that it is ready, and he wants to lay the table; so our writing materials must give place for a time.

We have finished our meal, and I have just been outside of the tent, to look about and enjoy a night-scene on the desert. The stars are shining out brilliantly, as in a winter's sky at home, and there is not a cloud to be seen. Our Arabs are seated round their fire, which lights up their tur-

bans and dark faces, talking and singing merrily, although they have walked all day, a distance of between twenty and thirty miles, for the most part in a heavy sand. The camels are in a circle, resting contentedly, and crunching their hard food—a pleasant sound to us after the severe work we have put them to. On the other side of a small sandy ravine, we can see the tents of our companions and the glimmering lights within; and their little camp—tents, camels, and men—all painted, as it were, on the dingy background of the desert, by the ruddy flames shooting up once in a while. The pilgrims are between us, sleeping soundly, under our protection, beside the dying embers of their fire. The hum and bustle which have thus invaded a small spot in the silent waste, will soon be hushed, and we shall all be asleep except our watch: for two of the men are always on guard during the night; and often, when I wake, I hear them singing, in a low tone, their national songs. Their singing is a kind of chanting, with singular guttural inflections on certain notes. It has not an unpleasing effect when heard in the stillness of the night; though not very musical, according to our ideas of music. But it is time to go to rest, and prepare for our early rising and hard day's journey to-morrow. So we close the curtain-door of our tent; put out our lights; think of our dear families in Rome, and far away at home; com-

mend them, with ourselves, to God's protection; and give ourselves up to the repose for which fatigue has well prepared us.

Aspect of the Desert.

How difficult it is, by words, to depict natural scenery, so as to place it before the mind's eye of the reader, any one must feel who has compared the actual look of some place, new to him, with the idea which he had previously formed from a description. While, therefore, I attempt a sketch, or rather a series of pictures, of the desert, as it gradually revealed itself to me, it is with a faint hope of conveying to you some general impressions only, which may be truthful, or of removing others that are erroneous. I found that I had formed many inaccurate notions of what I should see, and was often struck with appearances quite unexpected, and even unimagined, notwithstanding the accounts of travellers which I had read; and, very often too, descriptions that had conveyed no distinct idea to my mind, while reading them, became glowing and lifelike when aided by the actual sight. In what I am about to say, then, I shall strive to profit by my own experience; and, when I can do so, will call in comparisons with what

you have seen, to aid me in giving you some conception of the general aspect of the desert.

It is, then, neither a dead level, nor a wide waste of shifting sand, or naked rock. While it appears in the distance, for the most part, like a flat surface, you find it, as you come nearer, somewhat undulating and broken, with occasionally smooth plains of coarse gravel, or hard sand, tufted with knots of grass and dwarf shrubs. Sometimes you descend shallow ravines, or cross low and lengthened hills of sand. It is much as Hempstead Plains, on Long Island, would look, with the grassy turf removed; and I was often reminded of the region of country between Jamaica and Rockaway. Between El Khanka and Salahiéh, nothing would forbid the supposition, that the greater part of the land, in ancient times, had been fertile and under cultivation. Indeed, bordering upon what was the Pelusiac branch of the Nile, before that outlet was choked up, a supply of water would be had in abundance; and this alone is wanting to restore vegetation.

There are evidences, too, that the whole of this district was once thickly peopled. At some miles north-west of El Khanka, and again near Belbáys, where there is now a large modern town, we passed considerable mounds, like those of Heliopolis. These are the ruins, doubtless, of ancient cities; and they bear, to this day, the name Tel el Ye-

hood, or the "Mounds of the Jews." One of them is supposed to mark the spot where stood that temple built in the reign of Ptolemy Philometor, of which an account is given by Josephus, in the third chapter of the thirteenth book of his *Antiquities of the Jews*: "How Onias built a temple in Egypt like to that at Jerusalem." This high priest, seeking a refuge from the persecutions of the Macedonians, who then held Jerusalem, wrote to Ptolemy and Cleopatra for permission to build this temple; and says, in his letter: "Now I found a very fit place; this place is full of materials of several sorts, and replenished with sacred animals." He alludes, moreover, to that remarkable passage in Isaiah xix. 18: "In that day shall five cities in the land of Egypt speak the language of Canaan, and swear to the Lord of Hosts; one shall be called the City of Destruction." The marginal reading of the Bible in this place is, "The City of the Sun." Upon this very striking passage, Whiston, in a note, observes: "A strange name, *City of Destruction*, upon so joyful an occasion; and a name never heard of in the land of Egypt, or, perhaps, in any other nation. The old reading was, evidently, the *City of the Sun*, or Heliopolis; and Onkelos, in effect, and Symmachus, with the Arabic version, entirely confess that to be the true reading."

The verses in Isaiah following the one above

quoted, are remarkable: "In that day shall there be an altar to the Lord in the midst of the land of Egypt, and a pillar at the border thereof to the Lord. And it shall be for a sign and a witness unto the Lord of Hosts in the land of Egypt: for they shall cry unto the Lord because of the oppressors, and he shall send them a Saviour, and a great one, and he shall deliver them." Who this Saviour would be, has been a question of much dispute among the commentators. One of them, Doctor Gill, supposes that our blessed Lord is here alluded to. Without expressing an opinion upon this point, however, we are assured that THE SAVIOUR was once bodily present in Egypt. We believe that he passed over this region, which was once so extensively peopled by his brethren after the flesh; and although it had already greatly declined from its ancient prosperity, it had not yet become the barren and desert land which it now appears. Indeed, we have every reason to believe, that, about the time of our Saviour's birth, the journey from Bethlehem down into Egypt, and back again, was accomplished with far less danger and privation to the poor wayfarer, than in our day. Numerous towns and villages then existed, the very sites of which can no longer be traced; and there was, doubtless, a highway from place to place, much frequented, in consequence of the intercourse between the Jews in Egypt and those

who remained in their native land. Many of the former must have been passing upon that highway, especially on the return of the great festivals, which summoned them to Jerusalem.

One portion of that highway, however, was then, as it always had been, and always must remain, "a wild, waterless, howling wilderness." At the entrance to this is Salahééh. Here the traveller is obliged to lay in his supply of water for four days' journey; as none but bitter, brackish water, which the camels alone will drink, can be found beyond, and even that in but few places. At this station we arrived on the 23d, having travelled between seventy and eighty miles in three days; and here we halted for a while, just outside of the village. Our attendants were sent some little distance to fill our water-casks; and the inhabitants of the village came out in numbers, with eggs, poultry, and dates, to sell. Some of the leading men, also, urged us to pitch our tents there for the night, as we should then be more safe from an attack by some tribe of Arabs. But we had something of the day left: the danger of an attack we had to encounter sooner or later; and our past experience had taught us, that it was more in talk than in reality.

After obtaining our supplies, we took up our line of march, and plunged at once into the desert. For some two or three miles, a noble grove of palm-trees appeared in the distance, on our left;

indicating that the influence of the Nile waters was still felt there; but, in an hour, it had disappeared; and we were now, for the first time since leaving Cairo, utterly out of sight of the evidences of man's cultivating hand. The land of Goshen was all behind us, and we were surrounded by the barren sands. Our prospect was bounded by the sky and the desert; but, to my surprise, the latter had not the appearance of a wide, yellow-coloured waste, nor did our camels find a wearisome footing in a soft sand. The whole surface was firm, and gravelly rather than sandy, covered, moreover, with small clumps of dwarf shrubs; and as the eye looked across the somewhat undulating surface, it presented the appearance of a sea of brownish-green on every side.

Having selected our place for encamping, on a gently rising ground, the clumps of bushes were dug up, and a smooth space made for our tents. While thus employed, the sun set, beautiful and cloudless, behind the margin of an unbroken horizon: the twilight was soon gone: the stars came out in their clearest lustre; and we could see them all around, from the top to the very edge of the blue concave: the air was salt and bracing, like that of ocean; and, to complete the illusion, as we looked up from our sandy footing, the sense of motion left by our day's sail on our ship of the desert, put us once more at sea.

The next day we pursued our march for some time over the barren waste, our course tending more to the east. How to keep the true path would be a mystery to one inexperienced in desert life, especially without the aid of a compass; which I never saw used by the Arabs. Their general direction, however, they take from the sun and the stars; and the track is sometimes, though not often, marked by the footprints of caravans that have gone before. But these are easily obliterated. A surer indication is found in the whitened bones of camels which have fallen and died, and in the traces which the living animal leaves behind it. These marks, however, are sometimes slight, and separated by considerable spaces; and occasionally, when the sand is loose, they are covered up altogether. The camel leader (for each party of camels travels in single file, each tied by the halter to the trappings, and sometimes to the tail of the one before) follows his course without hesitation; and only once did I see the men at fault, and that was while crossing some hills of deep sand.

We now struck into a wide road, banked with sand on each side, and said to have been constructed by Ibrahim Pasha, to facilitate the march of his army into Syria. Probably, however, he only restored an old road, by digging out the sand; for I have seen a description of this road, from the pen of a

traveller long before Ibrahim's day. Following this road for some time, we gradually lost trace of it, and passed, on our left, what seemed to be an inlet of the sea. The ground beneath us also began to be marsh-like, with here and there ponds of salt water; and, in places where the water had evaporated, the ground was covered with a white efflorescence like fine salt; but it was of an acrid taste, more like the carbonate of soda than the muriate, or common salt. We had next to cross what appeared to be the sandy bed of a river, with a bridge thrown over it, of very ancient structure, and now almost in ruins. There were also, near by, the remains of two other bridges, which are supposed by some to indicate the place where the Pelusiatic branch of the Nile emptied itself into the "great sea." By some it has been supposed that this is the deserted bed of the ancient river Sihor, mentioned by the prophet Jeremiah, when he rebukes Israel for their perverse ingratitude in forsaking the "fountain of living waters," and putting their trust in idols. "And now, what hast thou to do in the way of Egypt, to drink the waters of Sihor?" Jer. ii. 18. Others, however, contend that the Sihor of the prophet is the Nile itself. But, if I may venture an opinion, it would rather coincide with that of those who place the Sihor farther north, and make it the southern boundary of the land of Canaan. This opinion

seems to be sustained by the description of Joshua, xiii. 3: "From Sihor, which is before Egypt, unto the borders of Ekron northward, which is counted to the Canaanites." But I am not geographer enough to discuss such points. The existence of these bridges, as it seems to me, clearly points out the spot where, formerly, the road between Egypt and Syria must have passed; and if so, the probable route of the Holy Family was here. At any rate, these proofs of a frequented way naturally turned my thoughts to them.

At the present time, it is little travelled, except by pilgrims to the holy city; the commercial intercourse between Syria and Egypt being chiefly carried on by sea. The whole of this day, we met but one small company, of three or four travellers on foot. Occasionally, the sense of solitude was quite depressing; for no living or moving thing could be seen beyond our caravan, except the lizard of the desert gliding out of our way, and now and then a silent, solitary, melancholy-looking little bird. There was no sound but the measured tramp of our camels and the tinkling bell of the leader; for, in the heat of the day, the talk and song of our Arabs were stilled. The 25th was Sunday, and we journeyed on as usual, only making an earlier stop. The question of travelling on this day, we had before settled, in conference with our friend, the Rev. Mr. Lieder, at Cairo.

We considered that, to keep our camels, now beginning to require water, another day from the well, which was only some hours' distance from us, would be preferring sacrifice to mercy. Our Lord's-day offering of prayer and praise we did not, however, entirely omit, but brought it, I trust, with feelings not less devout than if we had been in a consecrated temple, and with an interest enlivened even by the peculiarity of our situation. We had kept out our Bibles and Prayer Books; and, at a suitable time, we contrived to make our dromedaries move on, side by side, and thus read together the morning service. Never did I more truly appreciate the devotional power and beauty of our responsive liturgy, and its admirable adaptation to social worship, than as my friend and I thus repeated it aloud, on our way through the silent desert. In the afternoon, when the two trains drew near and halted for the night, we united with our companions in one of the tents, and celebrated the evening prayer together.

As we drew near to Katééh, the camels moved with a quicker step. Our attendants, who had been silent, and almost flagging in their pace through the heavy sand and under a broiling sun, began to be lively and loquacious. There was water there—water! water! Or, as the Arabs called out, *Móie hel'wa! móie hel'wa!*—fresh water! fresh water! The very sound seemed like

a cooling breeze upon one's parched brow, and a cordial to one's fainting spirits.

"Then shall the lame man leap as an hart,
And the tongue of the dumb shall sing;
For in the wilderness shall waters break out,
And streams in the desert."—ISA. xxxv. 6.

No wonder that the Scriptures and Oriental poetry are full of fresh and invigorating allusions to brooks, and streams, and rivers of water; for, whoever has known the pangs of thirst in the desert, can heartily cry out, from a full soul, in such words as burst from the lips of the Greek poet—

ἄριστον μὲν ὕδωρ.

Truly the best of things is water.

We had not, indeed, been deprived of this chief necessary of life, but our supply had become warm and discoloured, and tasted strongly of the skins and casks. The exclamation, therefore, was a cheering one to us. But, if you anticipate that we are coming to a spring gushing from the earth, and running off in a babbling brook, fringed with green, or to a deep well, from which rises a "moss-covered bucket," all cool and dripping, to seize hold upon with our swollen and heated hands, and press to our parched lips, you will be disappointed in a greater degree than we were, for we had been somewhat prepared. The well is merely a deep

pit, with sides built up with bricks. It is some ten or twelve feet in diameter, and about fifteen deep; and the water, which did not cover the whole surface, but seemed to flow into a small hollow on one side, was quite brackish to our taste. The camels, however, drank of it freely; and it appeared to be by no means unpleasant to the Arabs. The water was drawn up in buckets, and poured into a trough for the animals; and the work was done, as is usual with Arabs, to the measure of a song. I could get but an imperfect translation of it from one of our dragomen, as he had not English enough at command. It ran in this way: "Allah be praised! He sends us water. Here I am, poor camel, to draw for you; and, if I had nothing else to draw it up with, I would take even my shirt for your sake!" This is the first water our camels have tasted since their leaving Cairo five days ago.

26th, Monday.—The desert has somewhat changed its character. We have no longer a firm footing, but often wade through heavy sands. Our course brought us near to the sea; and once, from the summit of a sand-hill, we caught a distant view of the Mediterranean. Not far from this, as we toiled through a valley, bounded, towards the west, by a high ridge of sand, we saw a number of people, men and women, with camels, asses, sheep, and goats, around some pits, fresh dug; others were

scooping up the sand with their hands into baskets, and removing it. This is done to an Arab song; which seems to be a sort of responsive chant. The person digging sings, "Allah a ma wil fater," or, "God, we give thee praise;" and the one carrying the sand away replies, "El moié ta wil hater" — "and do thou give us water." After thus digging down a foot or two, water flows freely into the hollow. We tasted it; but, though drinkable, it was brackish, as well as turbid. It seemed, however, to be much prized, not only by the thirsty animals, but the Beddoween women were provided with vessels, and carried it away to their encampment. This place was called Beer el abd, or the "Well of the Slave;" but for what reason, I could not learn.

The desert scenery changes again. The mounds of sand become more frequent and higher, and have lengthened valleys between them. Occasionally small clumps of palm-trees, with their naked stems and feathery tops, refresh the eye. How they should spring up from the very sand, seems remarkable. It is said that they grow from the stones of dates thrown away by travellers, who have in former times encamped on these spots, and that the instinct of the vital principle in these seeds, discovering that there is water at no great distance below, the root is sent down to find it; then the tree shoots out joyously above, and flourishes, and in gratitude to

the tribe of pilgrims, to whom its life is owing, gives shelter to successive generations, and points them where the all-preserving element can be found. I should rather suppose that the stones had been buried in the sand, so as to be brought into contact with some moisture at least, for the date stones scattered where there is no water within reach below never fructify.

In places, over the smooth surface of the sandy hills, we have seen to-day the frequent track of the fleet and timid gazelle, and once a flock of those beautiful and harmless creatures dashed by us, and were out of sight in a moment. The monotony of a low and level horizon is now broken, and in the distance we see a range of high hills, but not the slightest spot of green upon them. They are yellow and barren, and must be the abodes of silence and death.

March 27th, Tuesday.—We rose very early this morning, broke up our encampment, and were on our march by half-past six. We had not proceeded, however, more than two miles, when, having occasion to make a note, I found that the little pocket-book in which I keep my minutes was missing. I had been writing in it the night before, and knew, therefore, that it was not lost during yesterday's journey. I was about to turn back for it, to our place of encampment; but my ever attentive friend insisted upon going for me, as his dromedary could

trot faster than mine, so that he could overtake us without arresting our progress. He therefore took two of our Arab attendants, and went back. The place where we had encamped was more than usually sandy, and the search seemed fruitless, when one of the Arabs bethought him of scraping in the sand where the tent had been pitched. Fortunately he soon turned up the little book from the spot where my bed had stood. It had fallen off, and got covered out of sight; for we made it a point, the very last thing before moving off, to look carefully over the whole surface of our camping-ground, lest anything should be left. I felt much rejoiced to get my little book again, as it contained memorandums which I could not have replaced; and in this case very cheerfully gave the "backsheesh" a gratuity, which these Arabs expect, and are ever ready to demand, upon the performance of the slightest service, and often for no service at all. As to my friend, this was only one of a thousand occasions which called for my thanks for his uniform kindness and attention.

The bones of dead camels have almost lined our path for some distance, but to-day the grave of a pilgrim was pointed out to us by the roadside. Here, overcome by disease, or sinking under fatigue, he had fallen, and had been buried in the sand by his companions. At the head and foot of the rude heap, as not a stone was at hand, the bones of a

camel had been placed. They had fallen, and were replaced by our Arabs ; but soon the wind will level the small mound, and no trace will be left of that poor pilgrim. Piety for the dead prompts the living to cover up their remains ; and thus, though hundreds must have died by the way, yet no human bone has grieved our sight. From some fragments of the clothing, which were left beside this grave, our attendants supposed it to be that of a pilgrim from India. Whether any sad reflections had been excited in the minds of our six companions, who were trudging on at some distance before us, or whether, indeed, they saw the grave, we cannot say. A similar fate might attend any one of them, for they had before them a wearisome and dangerous journey of many months, before they could reach their home in Hindostan. But when we stopped, soon after, at noon, for refreshment, they happened to make their rest near us, and seemed as cheerful as before. Here I had the opportunity of observing a peculiar ceremony connected with Mohammedan devotion. It was one of the five times of daily prayer which are enjoined upon all the followers of the prophet. The pilgrims, kneeling down, took sand in the palms of their hands, and, lifting up the arm, let it glide down the inner part to the elbow, and then went through the form of washing the arms and face with sand. Upon asking our dragoman, who was a Muslim, the meaning of this,

he told me that this was a substitute for that washing of the hands and face which is required by the Koran as a preparation for prayer. When water cannot be procured, ablution may be performed with sand or dust.

We have been in the neighbourhood of the Beddowees to-day, and have seen several large flocks of their camels browsing upon the clumps of shrubs which have again appeared on the desert. In the afternoon we passed near to one of their encampments. The construction of their tents is extremely simple. Three stakes are driven into the ground in a line; and on these another is placed horizontally. This is the whole framework, and upon it is thrown a large brown, or else striped, white and black cloth, made of goats' or camels' hair, one border of which is carried back some distance, and pinned to the ground. The front is generally open, but can be closed with a curtain. Some of these tents cover a considerable space, and are divided into two parts, one of which is the women's apartment. To move from place to place costs them little or no trouble, for their house, which is all they need in this climate, as it shelters them from the sun, the rain, and the dew, is easily put up and taken down, and is a light load for a camel. Their fare is extremely simple, consisting principally of camel's milk, and coarse bread made of wheat, which they do not, however, always raise, but buy

with the increase of their flocks and herds. Their manners and mode of living are probably such as they were centuries ago, with the exception of their having learned the use of firearms and tobacco. The chief of this tribe, as we came along, was sitting in the tent door in the heat of the day, as Abraham might have been; but he was smoking his pipe. He rose upon seeing us, but not to ask us, according to the custom of patriarchal hospitality, to "turn in," and rest and refresh ourselves, but with sabre by his side, and gun on his shoulder, to demand tribute-money for passing through his country. The trifle, amounting to a few cents for each of us, was cheerfully paid, and the chieftain, having walked some little distance, wished us farewell in Oriental fashion, and returned to dream away his life at the door of his tent, with no labour but that of driving his camels and milking them, and no excitement but an occasional quarrel with a neighbouring tribe.

We have been drawing near to the sea for some time, and have passed a bay inclosed with a sand-bar, again like the South Bay of Long Island, and are now encamped within sound of the roar of the Mediterranean. It breaks upon us now near, and now murmuring afar off, as the shifting of the wind affects it. What a grateful change after the drear stillness of the desert! It seems to have brought us again into companionship with the men of this

world, for, while you are in the desert, your whole mode of life and course of thought is such, that, though in the world, you seem to yourself not to be of it.

El Areesh.

ON Wednesday the 28th, after leaving our encampment, our route for two hours was over broken ground like a rough prairie, with clumps of coarse grass and shrubs ; but an hour before reaching El Areesh, the scene was again changed. As far as the eye alone was concerned, we might have supposed that we had suddenly plunged into a waste region in mid winter, and at the far north ; for we saw before us the sand, in colour and appearance like immense banks of snow. Amidst these we wound our way, sinking deep at each footstep ; but while the reflection of the brilliant sun from these drifting wreaths of sand was not less distressing to the eye than from snow, the sweltering heat effectually destroyed any such illusion.

El Areesh is a place of some consequence, from its position as the frontier town of Egypt. It maintains a small garrison, and travellers from Syria are here put into quarantine. It is of historic celebrity, for it was the Rhinocolura of the Greeks, so

called, as has been thought, from two Greek words signifying *the nose* and *to mutilate*, because persons convicted of capital crimes were anciently banished to this place, first having their noses broken or cut off. In the old ruined castle we saw the stone sarcophagus of a child, with an inscription, indicating that it had belonged to one of the Ptolemies. It is supposed that in this neighbourhood the rebellious Israelites, during their wandering in the desert, were fed with quails. At the present day, in certain seasons of the year, large numbers of these birds are caught.

The place now consists of a large brick castle, in a ruinous state, with a number of poor mud-walled houses. If a view of it were taken, from a short distance, the picture would represent a fortified place, dismantled, on the edge of a desolate treeless waste, and surrounded by the snows of mid-winter. This was our last experience of the sandy desert, and, after a journey of two hundred miles from Cairo, it seemed an appropriate as it was a welcome conclusion to our pilgrimage through the wilderness of Shur.

From El Areesh, by a gentle descent, we came into a shallow, sandy, and gravelly ravine, the Wady el Areesh, or Valley of Areesh, supposed to be the bed of an ancient torrent, the *Flumen Ægyptiacum*, or "River of Egypt," so often mentioned in the Old Testament, and, perhaps, the Sihor before alluded

to. It is the boundary between Syria and Egypt, and the line of demarcation between two continents.

Upon the further bank on the Syrian side, we dismounted a while for refreshment, and here we had the opportunity of testing the power of endurance of the Beddowee in travelling through the desert. The mail was to leave Cairo in four days, by the overland route from India to England. Anxious to avail ourselves of the only opportunity that would present itself for some weeks of giving our families notice of our movements, at the suggestion of the dragoman, a proposition was made to one of our camel-men, whom we could spare, to go on foot, and carry letters for us. The promise of the reward of four dollars, to be paid by an order on our banker, if he succeeded in reaching Cairo in time, was sufficient to stimulate him to a most difficult and hazardous undertaking, as it would appear to us. This was no less than to walk two hundred miles in four days, for a great part of the distance over the waste and waterless desert. But to the poor fellow the prize was great, as it would be adequate to his support for several months, and he was eager to try for it. We were assured that he would run no risk of life, and that the worst which could probably happen would be his failing in regard to time. We therefore sat down upon the sands, finished our letters, and despatched them,

after this primitive manner, by our fleet and trusty messenger ; and so he proved to be, for the very letter which introduces this narrative was the one put into his charge.

JOURNEY THROUGH SYRIA TO GAZA.

WHEN we reached the borders of Syria, the face of the country began gradually to change. Occasional patches of green, with fields under a rude tillage, seemed for a while to hold a contest with the sands of the desert ; but at last alternate hills and valleys, covered with grass and brightened with flowers, proclaimed the victory won. Still the landscape was nowhere diversified by masses of forest, and the only trees we saw were small scattered orchards of the olive, and a few fig and almond trees. Absence of shade is a striking characteristic of this, and, indeed, of the larger portion of Syria. While travelling on the barren desert, we do not expect to find a shelter from the sun, and, therefore, are not disappointed ; but here, when we are treading upon a turf-covered soil, and the sun begins to beat down in the middle of the day, we naturally look round for the cool shade of some tree with spreading leafy branches, and finding none, we feel the force and beauty of the prophet's figure, when he likens the

blessed influence of Messiah's reign to "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

As we advance, the landscape, though bare, becomes at times quite picturesque. In contrast with the region we have just passed over, it would even assume a familiar and homelike aspect, but for some incident which brings us at once to realize how far we are from Western life, as well as from the land of the West. Here, for example, is a plain of rich pasturage. Numbers of camels are grazing over it, and it is strange to see the huge humps of these tall, mis-shapen animals, which stalk about, in place of cows and oxen with their beautiful horns and sleek mottled skins. As we pass near the camel, it stops feeding, and raises its small head with a long, snake-like neck, to look stupidly at us, instead of gazing with a mild, honest face and inquiring eye. Again, if we meet a flock of smaller animals, we are sure to find as many goats as sheep, and here they seem always to be mixed together, on their way and in the pastures. It is only when they come to be folded that "the shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats." Once more, upon the sloping side of that hill they are preparing to sow the barley or the wheat: but we do not see the sturdy farmer bending earnestly over his share, and, with the help of his pair of spirited horses, or two or more yokes of oxen, turning up a deep and wide furrow; but the ploughman is a slender Arab,

with long garments circled about his loins, and smoking his pipe, while one hand guides a light crooked beam attached by a rope to the hump, and sometimes to the long tail of a camel. Thus he saunters along, and with his short coultter scratches only the surface of the soil.

Towards sunset we were joined by two Beddo-wees returning from the pasturage of their herds, as appeared by one of them carrying the fresh skin of a young camel which had just died. The bargaining for the purchase of this by my friend brought on other conversation, through our dragoon acting as interpreter. They seemed amiable, and were communicative. We learned that their tribe was called Sowarkee, and numbered about two thousand, and that its boundaries were from El Areesh to Gaza along the coast, and extending five or six days' journey back into the desert. Each man has an interest in the camels, and their milk is the principal food of their families. The men never leave their tents to go even to their nearest herds without their long guns and sabres. We asked if they were afraid of an attack from an enemy, or from one of their own tribe. "No," they replied; "we are at peace now, and there is no danger from our own people; but it is our custom always to go armed—we are not women." They brought us in the evening some wooden bowls of camels' milk, which was rich, but strong flavoured,

and by no means so pleasant as that of the cow. Though they refused money in payment, they were very eager to get gunpowder, and were greatly pleased with what we gave them.

Before we parted, they told us, with a sort of exultation, and as if they thought scorn of this pleasant land, that this was not their home; for they belonged far away, six days' journey across the sands, and were here only for a short time to pasture the female camels while they suckled their young. Thus, true to his nature and his destiny, the Beddowee of the desert loves a wandering life, and prefers dwelling in tents to a fixed abode. While among the green fields and the hills, he longs for a free range over the yellow sands, and there alone does he feel the sentiment of home. Such is man everywhere.

“ The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease;
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.”

Thursday, the 29th.—It being very important for us to arrive at Gaza by sunset, in order to save a day's quarantine, we struck our tents, and were on our march by starlight. When the landscape


became visible, we found ourselves upon an open rolling country, with a soil of great fertility. Our path was evidently one very much travelled. It was not, however, a single, wide, beaten track, but fifteen or twenty separate paths, like wide cart ruts, following the same general course, but crooked, and constantly running into each other over a breadth of twenty or thirty yards. This appearance is produced by caravans of camels travelling always in single file. In various directions we saw tillage going on, and herds of camels feeding; but, though a comparatively cultivated region, the people were wild Beddowees of the desert, and not all, as it proved, like our friends of last evening. For we had not proceeded far, after it became daylight, when a man, armed to the teeth after their fashion, crossed our path, and in a rude, menacing way, demanded tribute. We did not stop, and he followed us in angry expostulation with our dragoman. By-and-by another came, and was about to arrest the train, by seizing the halter of the leading camel, when we were obliged to threaten him to make him loose his hold, which he did very reluctantly. Our dragoman told them we should pay at the proper boundary line, which was some distance ahead, and that we would not be robbed. Had we been a small company and unarmed, we should not have escaped so easily. In about an hour, five or six of the tribe came upon us, and, as we saw seve-

ral others at no great distance in the fields, it was time to compromise the matter. So we stopped to make our payment. But now the question was, who should receive it. Each insisted on his right, and an angry altercation arose between themselves. So, to end the matter, we gave the required amount to one of them, who immediately took to his heels, the others following in full chase, while we pursued our course. Had the sheik of the tribe been present, the proceeding would have been orderly, and the tribute-money would have gone to him, professedly for the benefit of the tribe, but really, as we were told, for himself. His authority can keep the tribe in some check, but in his absence the prophecy concerning Ishmael extends even to their own social condition: "Their hand is against every man, and every man's hand against them." And, therefore, they are all armed, and always armed, and if any one is too poor to own a gun or a sword, he never moves without a long stout club over his shoulder. This custom is not confined to the Bed-dowees, but pervades all Syria, and we never met a man upon the road who was not prepared after some fashion for acts of violence.

Like the Pharisees of old, the zealous followers of Mohammed "build the tombs of the prophets, and garnish the sepulchres of the righteous." An instance of this kind of devotion presented itself to us during our morning's ride. Descending into

a pleasant valley, we came to a small square building, covered with an oven-shaped cupola, and were informed that it was held sacred, as the burial-place of Sheik Juideh, from whom that valley was named. The tomb within was covered with a green and yellow pall, and before it a small lamp was burning. The oil for this purpose is supplied by the contributions of devout persons. Our dragoman, after saying his prayers at the tomb, gave his mite to the attendant who has the place in charge, and is bound to keep the lamp burning night and day.

A ride of several hours over an undulating and pleasant country, here and there tolerably well cultivated, brought us to a more extensive valley, famous in history for the sanguinary battle fought between Antiochus the Great, king of Syria, and Ptolemy, the fourth king of Egypt, in which the latter gained a decided victory. In this valley, at a short distance from the road, lay Raphia, a city of great antiquity, and where, it is said, but upon how good authority I know not, that the daughter of Pharaoh was met by the elders of Israel, who were appointed to conduct her to Solomon. Two columns standing upright upon a mound, and fragments of three others with a marble capital, almost hidden by the grass, near a deep well, are all that remain to designate the place. My friend and I had left our caravan, and turned aside on foot to gratify



our curiosity. Here we stood alone, upon a mound, apparently with ruins beneath, but the surface was a smooth sod, beside the columns, which were covered up to more than half their height. Not a sound was heard save the buzz of insects, not a human being to be seen, for even our caravan had disappeared behind a rising ground. Yet in all directions the earth had once been overspread by habitations of men, and splendid fanes sacred to their gods. For centuries, the din and roar of a great multitude had swelled by day, and been lulled at night. On yonder plain the shock of armies had made the earth to tremble, and from the temple which crowned the summit of this hill where we are standing, might they have been seen flying and pursuing, with chariots, horses, and the trained elephant. Then there rolled up hither the mingled screams of the wounded, the shouts of victory, the blast of the trumpet, and the neigh of the war-steed; but now it is a level, silent plain, and only two solitary columns still standing, call up associations which acres of prostrate ruins could not so readily have aroused.

We thought we had bidden a final farewell to the desert; but before reaching Khan Yoones, we plunged into a region of heavy shifting sand, over hills and through valleys of which our poor beasts had to wade, while we were almost blinded by the reflection of the sun, and melted by its heat. Nor

was there a breath of air to relieve us. Our agony, however, was not of long continuance, for on winding round the last hill, a beautiful green plain lay before us, as far as the eye could see ; and below us, at its entrance upon rising ground, a large village embowered in trees, and surrounded with gardens inclosed in lofty hedges of the prickly pear. With us this is a creeping plant, with leaves not larger than the palm of the hand ; but here it grows up to the height of eight or ten feet, with stout angular stems of woody fibre, and the thorny leaves are of the size of two hands, and are an inch thick. Therefore, in process of time, it forms a hedge which no beast can break through, and which it would be a serious undertaking to cut down. Its appearance is grotesque, but not unsightly, and may be likened to a fence of dead, stunted, crooked trees, to which have been fastened, in all sorts of fantastic ways, thick, oval, green-coloured tiles.

From the top of the last sand-hill, a horseman, who had been on the watch for travellers, galloped down to within twenty feet of us, and after the Arab fashion, brought his horse to a sudden stop. He then told us that we were in quarantine, and must proceed under his guardianship to Gaza, touching no person on the way. He rode a short distance before us, warning all whom we met to keep out of our road. A word was sufficient, and everybody gave us, as the sailors say, a wide berth ; for who-

ever should have touched us or any of our things, would be obliged to go into quarantine with us.

From Khan Yoones, where we obtained a refreshing draught of pure, cool, sweet water, the first we had tasted since we drank at Heliopolis, from the Well of the Virgin, we entered at once upon the beautiful plain. And if it was grateful to our sight, as we looked down upon it from the sandy hills, it was even more delightful as we rode through it. It was perfectly level, highly cultivated, but not marked by a single separating line, except that made by the differently tinted growths of barley, wheat, beans, and pasturage, the latter sprinkled over with white and yellow flowers, and the whole warmed with a profusion of the red poppy. It Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of the lilies of the field, surely the palace floor of no prince of the earth was ever covered with a carpet so gorgeous. Nor could any perfume of man's compounding equal the fragrance wafted to us upon the gentle breeze. Music, too, was added to cheer us on our way; for numberless skylarks kept rising from the ground before us, filling the air with cheerful melody, and "singing up to heaven's gate." After some six or eight miles of this enchanting ride, the cultivated land gradually changed into undulating fields, over which herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, with white and brown coloured fleeces, were grazing at will. Before us, in

the distance, a range of high hills began to appear—the mountains of Hebron—and upon the summit of one of them the tomb of a celebrated sheik, Ab Ali Montar, with its white walls and dome against the blue sky, produced a fine effect. Farther to the left we soon saw the minarets of Gaza gleaming in the setting sun. This was our destination, and anxious were we to reach it, for fatigue began to oppress us. We crossed the Wady Gaza, which was like the dry bed of a mountain torrent, and laboured up the rising ground and over the high plain before us. It seemed as if our place of destination never would be reached. At last we arrived at the fortress-like walls of the quarantine, situated a little less than a mile from the town. On entering the arched gateway, after fifteen hours of almost constant riding, it was with difficulty that I could dismount from my dromedary and walk a few steps. But we had the satisfaction of knowing that by far the longest and most tedious portion of our journey to the Holy City was ended. We had now reached the border of the Land of Promise, and henceforward every step of our way would be over land consecrated by associations with sacred history. Not that our journey since leaving Cairo has been without the interest thus excited. The road we have travelled is to this day called “El Sikkah Soltan,” “The Highway of Kings.” It was used as a channel for commercial intercourse

long before Joseph was carried away captive by the Midianite merchantmen. By this road, too, "Solomon had horses brought out of Egypt, and linen yarn: the king's merchants received the linen yarn at a price. And they fetched up and brought out of Egypt a chariot for six hundred shekels of silver, and a horse for a hundred and fifty: and so brought they out horses for all the kings of the Hittites, and for the kings of Syria by their means." From the days of Nebuchadnezzar, six hundred years before our Saviour, to those of Napoleon, and more recently of Ibrahim Pacha, hostile armies have passed and repassed and fought upon it. It has been called "the Debateable Land between Egypt and Syria, whether its possessors were Babylonians or Persians, Greeks or Romans, Saracens or Christian Crusaders." But to us, with a visit to the sacred places before us as the chief motive to our pilgrimage, it is looked back upon with an interest far different and far higher. Twice over this pathway travelled One, unknown to the rich and mighty of the world, and unnoticed even by those who met Him on the way; often too dependent upon strangers for food and shelter, and exposed to sun, and wind, and dew upon the naked desert; yet though then a feeble infant, borne upon the breast, was He the King of earth and heaven. That Joseph, with the young child and his mother, went to Egypt and returned from it by the route

we have just accomplished, I entertain no doubt. But what direction they took from Bethlehem to Gaza, and from Gaza back to Nazareth—whether by way of Hebron or by the road we shall travel—is a question upon which it is safest to form no conjecture.

Quarantine at Gaza.

Friday, March 30.—This morning we rose with a sense of extreme fatigue. While in motion, and with the prospect of getting forward, excitement prevented our perceiving to what degree we had been exerting ourselves; but now learning that we must remain quietly here for five days, we have discovered that our detention will prove a benefit. But for this imposed rest, we should have been too much exhausted for a pleasant or profitable visit to Jerusalem. Formerly the quarantine was by no means strict, and a bribe would purchase exemption from it, unless the plague were actually raging in Egypt. Now, however, a commodious building having been erected, and a new system of police established, no persuasions could induce the superintendent to shorten the time in our favour. The establishment is surrounded by a high wall, and consists of stone buildings divided into small rooms, on the four sides of a hollow square, with a large

well in the centre. As it is intended to be a safeguard against the introduction of the plague, all the arrangements are made with this view. Soldiers are constantly stationed at the gateway to prevent all egress without a permit. Each separate party within is under the charge of a guard, who provides that the persons over whom he is placed, together with all articles belonging to them, are kept from the slightest contact with other persons and things. So strict is the regulation, that if one going out of the lazaretto, after completing his time, should unfortunately touch another coming in, or anything belonging to him, the former would have to return, and be subjected to a new quarantine. The guard or guards, too, of a party, are in quarantine themselves for precisely the same time as those whom they have in charge. These guards are Arab servants, and, during the time of your detention, beside their duty of watching, they perform menial offices. Whenever you move from the door of your room, they are immediately at your side, and are constantly on the watch to prevent approach to any person or object that might compromise you. It is somewhat amusing to see different parties meeting or walking in the open area of the establishment, with these guardians on the watch, thrusting their badge of office, a long stick, between those who accidentally, or in the earnestness of conversation, come within five or six feet

of each other. It is disagreeable enough to be thus dogged about by a dirty Arab guiding your movements, as if you were cattle of some kind. It is a duty, however, to submit patiently to the sanitary regulations of a country when they are dictated by necessity, and put in force without needless restraints. As Egypt is now perfectly healthy, we might feel our confinement to be unreasonable; but we are scarcely disinterested judges, and there may be causes of which we are unaware for this system of precaution. It is at least applied as strictly to their own people as to strangers, and we have, therefore, no ground for complaint. The dragoman of an English gentleman in quarantine injured his arm severely by the bursting of a gun, and one of the surgeons of the establishment, who dressed the wound, was immediately obliged to leave his family, come into the lazaretto, and submit to its regulations.

Saturday, March 31.—We have been permitted to take a short walk outside of the lazaretto, but with an express direction given to our guards not to suffer us to pass a certain limit. As we had never been prison birds, we had now the opportunity of experiencing a sensation quite new to us—the inexpressible delight of escaping from a forced confinement; from stone walls to the fields and trees, to the song of birds, and a walk upon the green grass. If our short imprisonment produced

this effect, how must one feel after years or even months of a worse confinement; and if to us restraint was bitter, what must it be to the wild Arab of the desert? To them the quarantine is an object of perfect horror. They keep as much as possible beyond its reach, and, if they pass between Syria and Egypt, they make a long detour from the direct course. But the government keeps mounted guards, stationed at certain distances, for many miles around, and often the poor Beddowee is caught, after all, and brought by force to the lazaretto. To-day, hearing a great outcry, and the sound of the bastinado, we learned that an unfortunate fellow had been seized in attempting thus to evade the regulation. He was marched without resistance to the very archway of the building, but, as soon as he saw the gates, his horror overcame him; he lay down on the ground, and no beating could make him rise again. The soldiers were at last obliged to take him by main force and carry him within, and there he lies, moaning and disconsolate, and refuses to notice anything.

Sunday, April 1.—This is Palm Sunday, the first day of that holy week which we had hoped this year to celebrate at Jerusalem, and there follow, as nearly as possible, all its affecting history, while visiting in succession the scenes of sacred events upon the anniversary of their occurrence. Of so great a privilege we are in part deprived by this

inexorable quarantine which has so unexpectedly arrested our progress. We console ourselves, however, with the hope of being in time, at least, for Good Friday and Easter Sunday. To-day, we have had the privilege of social worship with our companions, a small, but, I trust, a devout congregation; and had the expression been, "where three or four are gathered together," instead of "two or three," it would have applied literally to us. How greatly would the interest of the service have been increased, could we have first walked over the road by which our blessed Saviour entered the city amidst the hosannas of the people, who "spread their garments in the way, and cut down branches off the trees, and strewed them in the way," and shouted, "Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord!"

Monday, April 2.—This morning, we were awakened early by the rain coming in upon us through the miserable roof. We rose to look out upon a sky which, for the first time since we left Rome, put us quite in mind of our own climate. In Egypt the weather was very different, and, during our month upon the Nile, we did not see one drop of rain, and hardly a cloud in the sky. An April day, therefore, is grateful, and, though the place and the people about us are strange, yet the face of the heaven is familiar, and its smiles and tears bring up thoughts of home. These have been

strengthened and sanctified, while we were engaged in the service for Monday in Passion Week, knowing that many dear ones have united with us in spirit in this offering of prayer and praise. The rain subsided, and we again obtained permission to go forth a while and smell the fragrance of the earth after fresh showers.

Tuesday, April 3.—This morning we have again united in reading the appointed service of the church. A party of English gentlemen who came into quarantine before us, and with whom we have formed a most agreeable acquaintance, have to-day completed the time of their imprisonment, and we saw them march joyously out of the arched gateway, in full freedom, to direct their course towards the Holy City. Were not our own escape so near, I doubt if it would have been in human nature to give them a cordial good-by. But this we could do only by words, for shaking hands with them, or touching even the hem of their garments, would have brought them back to stay out the remainder of our time; because, though they were proved to be free from infection, yet the plague might break out in our party to-day, and if so, it would, in this manner, have been communicated to them.

Wednesday, April 4.—Our quarantine is ended. The purification of ourselves, our clothes, and all our travelling equipage, with fumes of brimstone mixed with some strong smelling plant, has been

performed. With gay and elastic spirits, like schoolboys on the last day of term, we make our preparations. Our camels, refreshed by rest and pasture, come with their ungainly stride into the area of the lazaretto, and we rejoice to hear once more their grumbling complaints while receiving their loads. But, as there is now no desert to cross, we have preferred horses for our own use. All things being ready, our camels take up the line of march, and we mount to follow and overtake them. But first, we must satisfy our guards with "back-sheesh," and bid farewell to the Turkish superintendent, who has performed his duty with so much regard to our comfort. Though we have seen him daily many times, and have conversed with him in a friendly way, yet now, for the first time, has he shaken us by the hand. So farewell, a long farewell, we hope, to the discomforts and provocations of a quarantine.

THE LAND OF PROMISE.

Boundaries and Names.

WE are now fairly upon the southern boundary of the Land of Promise. Before we commence our journey over its sacred soil, it may be well to speak

of its general characteristics, and of its past and present condition. To review our knowledge upon these points, and bring it into a small compass, will probably add to the interest of the subsequent narrative.

Its boundaries include but a very small and almost an insignificant portion of the whole earth; and yet the widest of departed empires can awaken no such ancient or august recollections. From none of them, nor from them all together, have events arisen that have wielded, and will ever wield, an influence so mighty upon the moral and social condition of men. The names of its people, its cities and villages, its rivers, lakes, and mountains, have been familiar sounds from our earliest infancy; and now the imagination loves to transport itself to this region, where every rock is the symbol of a Divine revelation, every ruin a warning against disobedience, and an evidence of the judgments of heaven, and "in each echo the pious soul can hear the voice of God." Above all, here the Saviour of the world was born, lived, and died. This was the soil trodden by his gracious feet, as "he went about doing good;" and this the ground moistened with his tears and his blood. Yet so narrow is the space within which such wonders were performed, that one of the fathers of the church who made it his retreat in the latter years of his life, says, "One is almost ashamed to speak of the con-

tracted boundaries of the Land of Promise, lest we should seem to give to the Gentiles occasion to blaspheme." "Pudet dicere latitudinem terræ repromissionis, ne ethnicis occasionem blasphemandi dedisse videamur." (St. Jerome, 129th Epistle to Dardanus.) The ancient geographers, however, under the influence of their deep reverence for the Holy Land, placed it in the centre of the world then known.

Its precise limits have been variously stated; but, according to the largest computation, it could never have been more than two hundred of our miles in length, by about eighty in breadth. Probably it was always much less. From Dan to Beersheba, an expression made so familiar to us from the Sacred Scriptures, the distance is about one hundred and sixty miles, and the breadth about fifty from the coast of the Great Sea, as the Mediterranean was called, to the River Jordan. According to the Book of Genesis, this river formed properly the eastern boundary of the Promised Land, though portions of territory beyond it were assigned to the tribes of Reuben and Gad, and to the half tribe of Manasseh.

Its earliest name was the Land of Canaan, derived from the youngest son of Ham, and the grandson of Noah, who came hither, and settled upon it, with his eleven sons, after the dispersion of Babel. (Gen. x. 15-19.)

It derived its title, Land of Promise, from the Epistle to the Hebrews (xi. 9), because God, in his sovereign will, determined to expel from it the wicked descendants of the cursed Ham, and promised to give it, in perpetuity, on condition of their obedience, to the faithful Abraham and his posterity. (Lev. xxv. 38; Ps. cv. 11.)

When, in pursuance of this promise, the twelve tribes took possession, it was called the Land of Israel. It then comprehended all that tract of country which God gave to the children of Israel on both sides of the Jordan. By this appellation it is frequently mentioned in the Old Testament, and we find it used also by St. Matthew (ii. 20, 21).

It was called the Land of the Hebrews by Joseph (Gen. xl. 15).

The title, Land of Judah, was at first restricted to the portion assigned to this tribe (Deut. xxxiv. 2). After the rebellion of the ten tribes, Judah and Benjamin constituted one kingdom, which received this appellation to distinguish it from the kingdom of Israel. After the Babylonish captivity, the whole of Canaan was called the Land of Judah, or Judea. This name it thenceforward retained, and was so called when it became a province of the Roman Empire.

The Holy Land (Zech. ii. 12), The Lord's Land (Hosea ix. 3), Immanuel's Land (Isa. viii. 8), are

also frequently applied to it, for reasons which are sufficiently obvious.

Palestine, or Palestina, seems originally to have been a poetical appellation. We find it first in the triumphant song of Moses and the children of Israel after their passage of the Red Sea. (Exod. xv. 14.) Isaiah also uses it in one of his most animated prophetic effusions. (Isa. xiv. 29-31.) It is derived from the Philistines, a people who came from Egypt, and drove out the descendants of Ham from the south-western portion of their inheritance. Their fame for warlike deeds was so great, that their name superseded those of their weaker neighbours, and was often applied to the whole land. Thus no portion of the earth has ever had applied to it so many names.

Brief Historical Notices.

Its history has been, in a remarkable degree, eventful. What country has been subjected to changes so frequent, to so great a number and variety of masters; and what country has been so profusely bathed in human blood? Wonderful is it, indeed, a mystery beyond our power to fathom, that the land destined to give birth to the Prince of Peace, should yet, above all others, and from the earliest

records to the present time, have been the theatre of war and violence.

Before the twelve tribes began to take possession of the Promised Land, it was parcelled out amongst petty kings, the descendants of the eleven sons of Ham. Our very brief notices in the Book of Genesis show that they were constantly engaged in a kind of border warfare. When Joshua was chosen to lead the Israelites to their inheritance, the command was given to exterminate these nations who were sunk in gross idolatry; and therefore every step of his progress was recorded in blood. "After the death of Joshua, it came to pass that the children of Israel asked the Lord, Who shall go up for us against the Canaanites first, to fight against them?" Judah was appointed, and calling Simeon to his aid, they waged exterminating warfare against their enemies; and their example was followed by other tribes, who either destroyed the Canaanites that dwelt in their respective lots, or made them tributaries. For a time success attended their enterprises, because "the people served the Lord all the days of Joshua, and all the days of the elders that outlived Joshua." But "another generation arose which knew not the Lord, nor yet the works which he had done for Israel." When they "forsook the Lord, and followed other gods, the gods of the people that were round about them, he delivered them into the hands of spoilers

that spoiled them, and he sold them into the hands of their enemies round about, so that they could not any longer stand before their enemies." Then were they greatly distressed, and when they groaned under their oppressions, "the Lord raised up judges which delivered them out of the hand of those that spoiled them." These judges were also military chiefs, and were expressly appointed by God to lead the people out to battle, as well as to preside over their civil and ecclesiastical polity. They lasted about the space of four hundred and fifty years, until Samuel the Prophet (Acts xiii. 20), and their history is mainly a record of the wars they waged against the nations into whose hands the Lord delivered his people, from time to time, as a punishment for their idolatries.

In the latter years of the administration of Samuel, at the request of all the elders of Israel, and with the Divine permission, the government of kings was established. It began in the person of Saul, and continued in succession for the space of about five hundred and seven years. These were lengthened periods of foreign war and intestine commotion, with some intervals of rest and peace, of which the latter part of the reign of David, and the whole reign of Solomon, were the most remarkable. During these happy years, the Hebrew commonwealth reached its highest measure of prosperity, and possessed an extent of territory

beyond that of any former or subsequent period of its history. But this condition of things, which made the Jews the most powerful and flourishing nation of Western Asia, and procured for their wise and magnificent king the respect and admiration of the world, ended with his reign. The headstrong folly of his son and successor caused a disastrous change. The empire was rent in twain. Ten tribes renounced their allegiance, and formed themselves into a separate kingdom under Jeroboam, leaving to Rehoboam only the tribes of Judah and Benjamin.

Henceforth two rival kingdoms existed in the land, weakening each other by their frequent strife, and calling down upon themselves the judgments of God for their wickedness and idolatry. Israel exceeded in depravity, for not one righteous king reigned over it; and therefore the curse of God rested upon it from its beginning to its end. Judah was blessed occasionally with pious sovereigns; but all their exertions were ineffectual to reclaim the disobedient, self-willed people, and bring them back to the pure worship of the God of their fathers. After the death of Josiah, the kingdom of Judah rapidly declined. The Divine forbearance began now to be exhausted; and at last the cup of indignation overflowed, and swept the rebellious people from the land they were unworthy to enjoy. About seven hundred and twenty years before our Saviour,

Shalmaneser, king of Assyria, invaded Syria, slaughtered many of its inhabitants, and carried away the remainder, with their king, into captivity beyond the Euphrates. Thus was the kingdom of Israel, which had subsisted two hundred and fifty-four years, utterly destroyed. Thenceforward the distinction between the ten tribes began to be effaced, and soon they disappeared altogether from the sight and knowledge of the world. The kingdom of Judah for about one hundred and thirty-four years longer, held a precarious existence; but in the reign of Zedekiah, the time had arrived in the counsels of the Almighty, for the remainder of his once favoured people to pay the penalty of their repeated and long-continued transgressions. The Holy City was besieged for two years, during which the inhabitants suffered all the horrors of famine. It was then taken by the Chaldean army, its walls and houses were levelled with the ground, the treasures of its temple were carried away, and that magnificent edifice, the work of Solomon, was utterly destroyed. The miserable people were driven into captivity by Nebuchadnezzar, and for seventy years were they wasted with suffering, and wept away their days beside the rivers of Babylon. Palestine was now indeed a widowed and a mourning land. Utterly depopulated, except as tribes of wandering Arabs passed through it, its beautiful hills and fertile valleys untilled, its vines and fig-

trees dropping their ungathered fruits; its deserted habitations and ruined monuments a lair for wild beasts, it became one scene of desolation, an awful manifestation of the consequences of man's wickedness, and of the severity of God's judgments.

On the return of the Jews from their captivity, Judea was subject to the kings of Persia. Alexander the Great then achieved the conquest of this unhappy people. To him succeeded the kings of Syria and Egypt. At length the Maccabees, inspired with sacred zeal to vindicate the insulted religion of God, and to raise up his down-trodden people, obtained possession of the sovereignty of the Jews, and kept it for the space of one hundred and thirty-five years. The reign of Herod the Great put an end to their power, and at the death of this prince the Romans became absolute masters of Judea. But they were forced to maintain their authority at the point of the sword, and by imposing upon the captured nation a heavy and cruel yoke; for the Jews, as God's chosen people, felt that no Gentile could rightfully have the dominion over them, and therefore they were ready at all times to rebel and seize upon the slightest opportunity to shake off their bondage.

Thus was Canaan ever and eminently a land of suffering, persecution, and bloodshed. Though it was the land promised by God to the descendants of faithful Abraham, yet, in consequence of their

grievous sins, their stubborn disobedience, and their abominable idolatries, their possession of it was always precarious, and often was it absolutely wrested from them. Brief, indeed, were the periods when it could be said that every man sat peacefully beneath his own vine and fig-tree. What with perpetual and harassing wars against the Canaanites, whom they never effectually drove out, but who were "snares and traps to them, and scourges in their sides and thorns in their eyes," and what with repeated attacks of foreign enemies—Assyrians, Babylonians, and Persians on one side, and Egyptians on the other, and subsequently the Macedonians and the Romans—there was but little cessation of "the battle of the warrior, with confused noise and garments rolled in blood," until the Saviour's Advent. Then, indeed,

"No war, or battle's sound,
Was heard the world around.
The idle spear and shield were high up hung;
The hooked chariot stood,
Unstained with hostile blood;
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng,
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was by."

But this was a brief calm. The elements of contention, awed and lulled for a moment by the actual presence of the Prince of Peace, were gather-

ing up their strength for a whirlwind of indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish, such as the world never saw. The black cloud of woes, foreseen and foretold by the Saviour of men, burst at once upon the devoted land which had rejected and crucified the Son of God. Had the fighting armies of the historian descended from the sky, they could not have wrought more woe upon Palestine. Then arose the voice of wailing, when the four sore judgments of God—fire and sword, famine and pestilence—were poured out together upon his disobedient children. Who can call to mind that fearful epitome of misery, captivity, and blood, in the history of the ploughing up of the Holy City by the myrmidons of Titus, without exclaiming, with Him who wept over it, “O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, that killest the prophets!” Once brought under the yoke of the Romans, Jerusalem was ever after, and is still, “trodden down of the Gentiles.” The now effeminate Roman yields before the blaspheming Saracen; nor is the chivalrous prowess of the Crusaders, in that wondrous agony of Europe in her middle age, able to accomplish the redemption of the sepulchre of Christ. Alas! alas! with our own eyes have we seen, and, in anguish of spirit, have been moved to exclaim, “How long, O Lord, how long!” The bearded Turk still sits in the gate; the trembling Christian pilgrim begs an entrance of the haughty Muslim; the Jew crouches, in his

own city, to the children of the Saladin ; the Cross is yet in the dust, and the Crescent waves proudly to-day above the battlements of Jerusalem.

Physical Characteristics.

THE earliest and briefest description of the Land of Promise gives us also the most lively and accurate picture of its general aspect : " It is a land of hills and valleys, and drinketh water of the rain of heaven." (Deut. xi. 2.) It offers, herein, a perfect contrast to the Land of Bondage. Introducing the words just quoted, Moses says to the children of Israel, " For the land whither thou goest to possess it, is not as the land of Egypt, from whence ye came out, where thou sowedst thy seed, and wateredst it with thy foot, as a garden of herbs." A continuous plain forms the cultivated portion of Egypt, and upon the greater part of it rain never falls. This remarkable want is supplied, for a time, by the annual overflow of the mysterious river, and by artificial means from the same source, when the Nile has again receded within its banks. The water is then distributed to the fields from reservoirs, along small, shallow gutters, which are banked up or opened, as occasion may require, by pressing in

the earth with the foot. Thus was the land of Goshen watered. In the Land of Promise such labour and watchfulness were needed no longer; for there the hills attracted the frequent clouds, and the early and the latter rain descended to refresh the valleys.

Mountains and high hills shoot up in all directions, and greet the approaching traveller from every quarter. During the sacred pilgrimage he never loses sight of them, and when he leaves the consecrated soil they are the last objects to which he turns and bids a lingering farewell. These great features of the country are prominent in the Sacred Scriptures, and are presented in a livelier image by expressions which denote ascending and descending, in the journeys of individuals. Thus we "go up" to Jerusalem, but "go down" to Jericho. In whatever direction you travel in Judea, your course must cross or wind among the beautiful valleys embosomed amid these mountains and hills. Sometimes they are clustered together, but more frequently extend in chains or ranges, with a general bearing from north to south. The northern boundary of Palestine is a mountainous region, abutting upon the very shores of the Mediterranean Sea, upon the west, and stretching eastward to the valley of Damascus. This is Lebanon; not one, but many mountains. The high central peak which overtops them all is covered with eternal snows;

and hence its Hebrew name, which signifies "White Mountain." Sometimes Lebanon is lost in the clouds, or throws back the sun from its cold, white summits, while the sides of his hundred hills are clothed with majestic forests, or dotted over with villages, and the valleys at his base, watered by ever-running brooks, rejoice in extreme fertility. Hence that eloquent and animated description of the Arab poet, whose words, without his name, I have met in a French author: "Upon his head Lebanon bears the Winter, upon his shoulders the Spring, and Autumn reclines on his bosom, while Summer lies sleeping at his feet." But poets and prophets of a loftier inspiration—David, Solomon and Isaiah—have drawn from Lebanon frequent imagery, beautiful and sublime, to dignify the language of their inspiration, and illustrate to man the messages of heaven. From this region, rendered so familiar to us by our Bibles, and replete with ancient, deep, and holy associations, let us take our departure for a rapid survey of mountains, hills, and valleys more sacred still. This will be a good preparation for the fuller notice we shall give them in the progress of our tour. ●

Lebanon is the source of two principal ridges which run down, nearly parallel to each other, in a southerly direction, and now bear the names of Libanus and Anti-Libanus; though in the Bible

they are both included under the former appellation. They inclose an extensive and fertile valley, called by ancient profane authors Cœle-Syria, or Hollow Syria, but in the Bible the "Valley of Lebanon." (Joshua xi. 17.) In this valley, near the Anti-Libanus range, are found the ruins of Baalbeck, the colossal stones in the foundation of whose temple would seem to give weight to the supposition, that it is the same with Baa-lath, or Baal-gad, and one of the cities built by Solomon. At the southern termination of this valley, the two mountain ranges come together, and from their midst, in majestic beauty, swells up Mount Hermon, with its snow-capped summit, and from its base it nourishes the springs which form the source of the Jordan. The mountain ridges now retire again to the west and east, and give space for this river to run into its first basin, the small lake where, in the days of Joshua, "the kings came and pitched together at the waters of Merom to fight against Israel." (Joshua xi. 5.) These ridges continue their direction south until that on the western side ends in Mount Naphtali (Joshua xx. 7), now called Safed. Upon one of its lofty summits is a city, whose white walls and houses can be seen at a far distance around, and this is supposed to have been the one to which our Lord made his allusion, when, in the Sermon on the Mount, he said, "A city that is set on a hill cannot

be hid," for it is in full view from the spot where this sermon was spoken. The other ridge embraces the Sea of Galilee on the east, and both ridges become depressed into high table lands, in which this sea reposes as in a basin. From Lake Merom, the Jordan pursues its course, forcing its way through the high table land till it falls into the lake of Gennesareth, or Sea of Galilee, which is about thirteen miles in length by about seven in breadth. Upon the high plain to the right of the Sea of Galilee, looking south, rises up to the height of about three hundred feet, a hill distinguished from surrounding elevations by its lengthened and level top, terminated by two prominences, which might cause it to be described as saddle-shaped. This is the Mount of Beatitudes, where our Lord pronounced his sermon, and near the base of which he fed the famishing multitude with the two loaves and fishes. At some distance farther south, you see a remarkable mountain, which is disconnected from all the others, and rests upon the plain as though piled up by Cyclopean labour. It is cone-shaped, with a truncated top, leaving a level surface of about a mile in length. This is Tabor, called also the Mount of Transfiguration. From this noble platform, a most commanding view may be had of an extensive portion of Palestine. In the far north, Hermon lifts its white crest; nearer by, in the same direction, is the table land of which we

have spoken, in whose hollow the Sea of Galilee reposes. The Jordan flows through this sea, but, as it is said, without mingling with its waters, and finds an outlet at the southern extremity. From thence it pursues its course for seventy miles with a rapid descent, till lost in the Dead Sea. Beyond this river toward the east lie the mountains of Gilead. To the south-west stretches out the broad, beautiful, and fertile plain of Esdraelon, the largest in Palestine, being about thirty miles in length and about twenty in breadth. This plain is surrounded by lofty and innumerable hills. To the north, and six miles west from Tabor, from whose summit we are looking, are the hills of Nazareth. Upon the eastern edge of the plain are Little Hermon and the mountains of Gilboa. On the south, a series of hills and valleys extend for fifty miles as far as Jerusalem. From there, running north and west, an extensive range, springing up abruptly from the plain, partly encircles it, and terminates on the lofty promontory of Mount Carmel. This juts out into the sea, and at its base the "ancient river Kishon," which, rising from the foot of Tabor, had watered the northern portion of the valley, finds its way to the Mediterranean.

We leave now our lofty point of observation, and travelling southward across the plain of Esdraelon, leaving Little Hermon and the mountains of Gilboa on our left hand near by, and the range of Carmel

far away on our right, we come to Samaria, a region of confused hills, with valleys winding through them in all directions. This is the very centre of the Holy Land. The northern portion comprises the mountains of Ephraim and of Israel. Of these, the most celebrated are Mount Ebal and Mount Gerizim, which stand fronting and quite near to each other on opposite sides of a narrow valley.

The mountains of Judah, or Judea, in which dwelt the Amorites of old, are of the same range with those of Israel, and are not divided from them by any natural boundary, but run south through the whole extent of the Holy Land, and beyond it, till they are lost in the desert. Amongst these Jerusalem is situated, upon its own sacred hills, with "the mountains round about." Upon the east, and separated only by the narrow valley of Jehoshaphat, through which runs the brook Kedron, is the Mount of Olives. From its top, looking west, the Holy City lies spread out beneath you, upon Moriah, Zion, and Calvary; and beyond, on every side, is the hill country of Judea. Now turning towards the north-east, the eye meets only rocky hills and barren valleys. In this desolate region, tradition says that the temptation of our Lord was endured. These hills run all along the valley of the Jordan and the borders of the Dead Sea, till, at its southern extremity, they meet the

mountains of Moab, and there form the high dam which shuts it in. The Mount of Olives being still your point of observation, looking east you have the valley of the Jordan; south-east, you catch a glimpse of the Dead Sea, and beyond it is a range of mountains rising peak above peak. These are the mountains of Abarim and of Moab. The highest of these peaks is pointed out as that to which "Moses went up from the plains of Moab, unto the mountain of Nebo, to the top of Pisgah, that is over against Jericho." (Deut. xxxiv. 1.)

The mountain region extends to the south of Jerusalem, and forms a portion of the "hill country of Judea." In this direction are Bethlehem about six miles distant, Hebron twenty, and Beersheba twenty more from the Holy City. To the west the same succession of hills and valleys stretches away towards the sea, until it ends upon a wide tract of level country. This beautiful and fertile plain extends along the Mediterranean, from the foot of Carmel on the north to Gaza on the south. It is broken occasionally by high grounds, and watered by several brooks, the chief of which is Sorek, in the valley where Samson found the false Delilah. From Gaza as far north as Joppa, lies "the pleasant land of the Philistines;" and here were their five cities, Gaza, Ashdod, Askelon, Ekron, and Gath. From Joppa to the foot of Carmel, is the

plain of Sharon, so famed for its beauty, that in the Song of Songs the royal poet compares his bride to the rose of Sharon; and so remarkable for its fertility, that when the prophet Isaiah sought a contrast to the wilderness and the desert, he chose "the glory of Lebanon, and the excellency of Carmel and Sharon." (Isaiah xxxv. 2.)

We have thus taken a rapid view of the principal physical characteristics of the Land of Promise. We have seen how well it accords with the description of Moses, that it is "a land of hills and valleys." It is not like Switzerland, a land of mountains, large portions of which are inaccessible and unfit for cultivation. There is perhaps no part of the globe of the same superficial extent, capable of yielding so large a return of so great a variety of products to the hand of cultivation. It must not escape our observation, however, that the actual surface of the Holy Land is far greater than the mere geographical estimate in square miles; for the constant succession of arable hills gives to the husbandman's care the two sides of the triangle instead of the base. Wherever this care has been exercised in even a moderate degree, the valleys repay it with an exuberant fertility. The hills too, with few exceptions, might now be cultivated to their very summits, were they laid out in terraces, as was probably the case in ancient times. For this arrangement they seem to be admirably

adapted by their original structure. The rocky skeleton lies rib upon rib in horizontal strata, presenting at a distance the appearance of wavy lines of a dingy colour, running round from top to bottom, and alternating with strips of green. Now they are naked, and furnish only a thin pasturage for sheep and goats; but were the artificial walls and embankments restored, the soil, which has been washed away during ages of neglect, would soon accumulate, and give rich support to the vine, and the fig-tree, and the olive. Then once again "the little hills would rejoice on every side, and the valleys would stand so thick with corn that they would laugh and sing."

The climate also of Palestine favours in a remarkable degree this great variety of vegetable productions. If its latitude is so far south as to bring it near to the influences of a tropical sun, its mountainous formation moderates this excessive heat, and a few leagues or even miles often cause a sensible change in the temperature of the air. Hence, within the compass of a small district you find in equal luxuriance the palm-tree, the orange, the fig, and the almond, with many productions that elsewhere grow only in more northern regions. The account, therefore, which Moses gave to the Israelites of the fertility of the Land of Promise, was not less accurate than his description of its general aspect: "For the Lord thy God bringeth

thee into a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills; a land of wheat and barley, and vines, and fig-trees, and pomegranates, a land of oil-olive and honey." Such being its capabilities, were it now inhabited by a virtuous and industrious people, under a wise and paternal government, the inspired promise in relation to its inhabitants might still be fulfilled: "A land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness: thou shalt not lack anything in it."

The Past, the Present, and the Future of Palestine.

OUR cold and accurate northern language can add nothing to the glowing Oriental images by which the Holy Scriptures delight to portray the beauty, fertility, and prosperity of ancient Palestine. That "pleasant land of the Philistines," if we may use this expression in its largest comprehension, is called by the prophet Ezekiel "the glory of all lands," and one which God himself had "espied" or chosen out of all countries for his own people. It has long been a household expression in Christendom, that it was a land "flowing with milk and honey." This is made yet more striking by a comparison with Egypt, which nevertheless was

famous for its fertility. And the children of Israel had been planted in the best of that good land, for Pharaoh said unto Joseph, "The land of Egypt is before thee: in the best of the land make thy father and thy brethren to dwell; in the land of Goshen let them dwell." Yet God had said, "I will bring them up out of that land unto a good land and a large." And before they had received the inheritance promised to Abraham, they were told that it nourished a mighty people: "Hear, O Israel: thou art to pass over Jordan this day, to go in to possess nations greater and mightier than thyself, cities great and fenced up to heaven: a people great and tall, the children of the Anakims, whom thou knowest, and of whom thou hast heard say, Who can stand before the children of Anak!" When, by the commandment of God, Moses sent a man from each of the tribes to "spy out the land," they were so astonished at its fruitfulness, that knowing their report would not be credited, they brought of the fruit of the land; for "they came unto the brook of Eshcol, and cut down from thence a branch with one cluster of grapes, and they bare it between two upon a staff;" and their report was, "We came unto the land whither thou sentest us, and surely it floweth with milk and honey;" and then pointing to the silent but eloquent witness of a single cluster of grapes which was a burden for two men, they exclaimed triumphantly, "This is

the fruit of it." And of the inhabitants they said, "We were in our own sight as grasshoppers, and so we were in their sight." So disheartened were the people by the report of the spies concerning the greatness and prosperity of the promised land, that they were ready to rebel, choose them a captain, and return in despair to the bondage of Egypt.

This warm and vivid picture of the ancient glory and fertility of Palestine, which is so often set before us by the sacred writers, is corroborated by the testimony of the profane historian. Though the judgments of God seemed to concur with the prejudices of the East, to prevent our knowledge of its ancient statistics, we may still believe that the inhabitants of the land, in its highest prosperity, were scarcely less in number than four or five millions. To support this vast population on a territory comparatively small, the whole country must have been a garden, and as such it is always described. It is well known that the Oriental nations are far more abstemious than ourselves; and this is especially the case with those who dwell near the tropics. The climate and the conformation of Palestine were peculiarly adapted to produce in the greatest abundance those fruits in which the people of the East have always found their principal nourishment, leaving to the dwellers in a colder clime the grosser sustenance of animal food. Hence the fertility of the country is chiefly

set forth by descriptions in which the fruits of a southern sky occupy a prominent place. Its hills, as we have seen, were cultivated to their summits, and rejoiced in the fatness of the olive and the richness of the vine. Its plains teemed with abundance of wheat, and the eye roamed over a very "wilderness of fertility." The rich soil of the valleys and the hills basked in a perpetual summer, and yielded successive harvests without stay or stint. The majestic cedars of Lebanon and the strong oaks of Bashan waved on the mountains above the olive-orchards, the vineyards, and the fig-trees, which clothed the hill-sides with richness, while below them still the plains and the valleys were stored with an abundance of bread. Everywhere the little rills ran among the meadows, and the leaves of the trees were green that were "planted by the rivers of water." The prayer of Isaac when he gave his blessing to Jacob, was indeed answered; for God gave his children "a field which the Lord had blessed—the dew of heaven, and the fatness of the earth, and plenty of corn and wine." "The sun smote not by day, nor the moon by night; the birds sang among the branches; the dew lay thick in Hermon. There was balm in Gilead. The lign-aloe drooped from the river-bank. Kedron and Jordan poured forth their streams, the rain also filled the pools. Lakes glistened in the landscape, and cooled the drought.

Beautiful for situation was Mount Zion. The cattle browsed on a thousand hills. The 'excellency of Carmel' and 'the glory of Lebanon' set their pinnacles against the deep azure of Canaan's sky. The year was crowned with goodness. The Lord God cared for that land, and his eye was always upon it."

But alas! how changed is all this prosperity, this glory, this fruitfulness, this wealth of her children! "How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people! how is she become as a widow! she that was great among the nations, and princess among the provinces, how is she become tributary!" The beauty of the land, her sacred hills, her famous rivers, her memorable places, may remain, but the beauty of Israel is departed! The cold and forbidding winter upon the head of Lebanon continues unchanged, and a few of his matchless cedars still remind the pious traveller of that grove of his God; but the promise of spring, the maturity of summer, and the fulness of autumn, are there no longer! There is yet a rose in Sharon, a lily in the valley, but few grapes at Eshcol. The fragrance of the spikenard, the myrrh, and the camphire, is wafted no longer from the gardens of spices! The vineyards upon the hill-sides have been neglected and have perished; the olive trees are cut down, and the fig-trees are blasted and withered! The terraced gardens of the hills have disappeared, the

rich mould is washed away, and sterile and arid rocks deform the landscape. Instead of fields waving with luxuriant green, or yellow with a golden promise, or already "white unto the harvest," the traveller crosses a waste covered with heaps of stones, or is impeded on his melancholy way by the weeds, and thorns, and briers which beset his path. The pastures are no longer clothed with flocks; but a few sheep and goats pick a scanty subsistence from the ungrateful plains and the barren hills. The ploughman no longer overtakes the reaper, nor the treader of grapes him that sowed the seed. The wretched inhabitants are not filled with the finest of the wheat; the barns are not burdened with plenty, nor do the presses burst out with new wine. The joy of the little hills has ceased, the song and the laughter of the valleys are gone, and the clouds drop their fatness no more upon Palestine!

And why is all this? whence so sad a change? The answer is at hand. It is enough for the Christian pilgrim to know, that this melancholy picture is the visible witness to the certainty of prophecy. The Holy Land is at this moment a double monument of the justice and the truth of God. "If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land; but if ye refuse and rebel, ye shall be devoured by the sword: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." (Isa. i. 19, 20.)

All reasons, therefore, for the barren, wasted, and unhappy condition of Palestine, may be summed up in one, Disobedience. For the sin of disobedience, the whole nation lingered forty years in the wilderness, until that generation had passed the boundaries of the grave, but not the fords of Jordan. Nor did the children learn wisdom from the example and the ruin of their fathers. Disobedience marked their entrance into the land which was to be the reward of their loyalty to Jehovah; for they had scarcely crossed over the miraculous river, before they dissembled with God, and were punished for their avarice by falling before the men of Ai. Thus was the first bloodshed, from which that doomed land has never long been free, directly caused by their sin. God had commanded them to destroy the idolatrous nations, and establish his pure worship; but, after a while, they forgot his words, "were mingled among the heathen, and learned their works." They were strictly enjoined to make no marriages with the people of the land, lest this also should be a snare to turn them away from the true God; but they gave little heed to the command, and were punished with pestilence. Nor was it the voice of pity to which they listened; for there is no record that they ever hearkened to the cry of humanity when it interfered with their avarice, their interest, or their pleasure. They were ever disobedient, to serve selfish ends.

Saul could say, indeed, "the people spared the best of the sheep and of the oxen to sacrifice unto the Lord;" but he was sufficiently rebuked by the answer of Samuel, "Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams."

Thus they continued a rebellious and stiff-necked generation throughout their national existence, until they filled up the measure of their iniquities, by rejecting and crucifying the Son of God. From that awful day, according to their own fearful imprecation, his blood has, indeed, been upon them and their children.

But the blessings which should reward their obedience, and the curses which should beset their stubbornness, are fully prophesied by Moses in the twenty-eighth chapter of Deuteronomy. The pen of history would fail in the attempt to chronicle the woes that have been the portion of a disobedient people, should she endeavour to find, in her portraiture of the past, a more unerring guide than the picture which the inspired penman drew from his vision of the future.

But while I refer you to this remarkable portion of the Scriptures, there are some passages which so fully explain the difference between the ancient and the modern Palestine, that they cannot be left unquoted here: "The heaven that is over thy head shall be brass, and the earth that is under thee shall be iron." "Thou shalt become an astonish-

ment, a proverb, and a byword among all nations." "The stranger that is within thee shall get up above thee very high; and thou shalt come down very low." "The Lord shall bring a nation against thee of fierce countenance," "whose tongue thou shalt not understand." "And the Lord shall scatter thee among all people, from the one end of the earth even unto the other." Who can look, at the present day, upon Palestine, and the condition of the Hebrews, and fail to be filled with awe, while perceiving that these are the words of prophecy, and not the words of history?

But is there any cheer in the Future, that bright point to which we always turn while we give our regrets to the Past, and our tears to the Present? At this question the heart of the Christian becomes a well-spring of Hope, and the patient eye of Faith gladly hails the sunbeam breaking through the dark clouds that hang over the land of Immanuel. Joyfully we remember the promises that the Lord will not utterly forsake his people, and that kings and princes shall make haste to restore them; that the Gentiles shall come to their light, and kings to the brightness of their rising.

It was not without significance that the ancient geographers called Palestine "the centre of the world;" for whatever title she may have to this distinction, from her remarkable physical position, she certainly has that claim upon the minds of men.

More especially do the eyes of all Christians turn to the Holy Land as a central point of attraction. Upon her hills, and in her valleys, were first uttered those sacred songs which have attuned the heart of Christendom to melody and devotion. Over those fields walked patriarchs and prophets, inspired and gifted poets and seers. What hovel, from the banks of the Ganges to the Father of waters, has not been cheered and enlivened, and built up to do and to suffer, by the strains which the stripling in Israel sang on the hill-side, when he tended those few sheep in the wilderness! Who would not rejoice to see God's people restored to the city of God, and to behold the desire of all nations coming again to his temple! Therefore is Palestine even now the centre of the world. Does she not sit as a princess of the provinces between the riches of India and the civilization of Europe? And shall the Holy Land have no lot nor part in either? Shall she receive nothing from the children of the Crusaders, nor from the Saxon conquerors of the East? Shall Ethiopia stretch out her hands unto God, while Palestine is for ever trodden down of the Muslim? No, it cannot be! The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad once more for the outcasts of Israel, when they are gathered from all places among the Gentiles; when the times allowed to the Gentiles shall be fulfilled, Jerusalem shall be trodden down of them no more; plenty

shall be again in her valleys, and olive-yards upon her plains; the vine and fig-tree shall adorn her hills; the myrtle shall creep upon the sides, and the cedar tower upon the summits of Lebanon. Armies shall cease to contend in her fields, for the Prince of Peace shall be enthroned in the hearts of her children; the long ages of exaction, tyranny, and bloodshed shall cease, for "violence shall no more be heard in the land, wasting nor destruction within her borders."

Let Palestine, then, be to me what she ever has been in the world, from the earliest ages, emphatically the Land of Promise. It was the Land of Promise to that pilgrim of old, who wandered here, without a spot that he could call his own, but believed in God, and became the father of the Faithful. It was the Promised Land to the children of Israel, when they left the slavery of Egypt for the freedom of the people of God. It was the Land of Promise to all nations, when they looked for a Deliverer, in whom all the families of the earth should be blessed. It is the Land of Promise to that wonderful people, who are scattered throughout the world, but not mingled with the tribes of other men, ever looking forward to their restoration to the good land which the Lord God gave unto their fathers.

So shall it be to me. Whether I look as now, from its borders, expecting soon to behold the con-

secrated sites which have been dear to me from the dawn of reason; whether my mind turns to the page of prophecy, so distinctly foreshadowing its future glory; whether I behold the living argument of a whole people praying, and expecting their return to the land from which they are gone out; or, whether I consider the great salvation, and the hopes that were bought for me and mankind upon its sacred soil, it must ever remain to me, and to all who look for his second coming, without sin, unto salvation, the Land of Promise.

JOURNEY FROM THE BORDERS OF THE LAND OF PROMISE TO JERUSALEM.

HAVING now prepared ourselves to enter upon a sacred pilgrimage in Palestine, we look forward to the events which lie before us in the Holy Land. Full of the affecting considerations awakened by a thoughtful survey of its narrow limits, its sacred names, its eventful history, its natural features, its past and present condition, and with hearts buoyed up by hope in its unknown destiny, we enter once more upon the narrative of our journey.

Wednesday, April 4.—We were no laggards this

morning, but were up by daylight, to hasten our departure from an irksome confinement. To load our camels, and bring up the horses which we had engaged for the rest of the journey, occupied the men longer than we had anticipated, and it was seven o'clock before we were fairly under way. At the distance of half a mile from the lazaretto, we passed the town of Gaza. A ruinous pile of masonry was pointed out to us as the site of the gate carried away by Samson. We heard that it was much larger some years ago, and had the appearance of having been a very considerable structure. Probably it was part of the wall which surrounded the town; but its arches or recesses becoming a resort for thieves, and serving as a cover for their depredations upon travellers, it was demolished, leaving only the present shapeless ruin. We are told that Samson "took the doors of the gate of the city, and the two posts, and went away with them, bar and all, and put them upon his shoulders, and carried them up to the top of a hill that is before Hebron" (Judges xvi. 3); and as this ruin is towards Hebron, there seems no improbability in its being upon the site of Samson's achievement. Perhaps, if the foundations could be closely examined, they would give evidence of great antiquity; but the size of the ancient Gaza, so renowned, and so named for its "strength," can only be estimated by the extent of the hill on which it was situated.

There is a tradition here, that seems probable enough, which points out the hill to which the strong man carried the gates of Gaza "the strong." The situation of Gaza, on the borders of the desert, and on the great route from Egypt to Palestine, made it a city of much importance to ancient commerce; and it must always remain, in modern times, a place of outfit and replenishing for caravans and travellers, who are about to enter upon the journey across the desert, or are already exhausted by passing through it. It was a place of high antiquity, as appears from Gen. x. 19, and was the southern boundary of Palestine. Ancient and modern travellers speak of its population and riches. Bernard the Wise, in the year 867, says: "After Albacara, the earth becomes fruitful, and continues so to the city of Gaza, which was the city of Samson, and is very rich in all things." In the fourteenth century, Sir John Maundeville says: "The city of Palestine, which was of the Philistines, now called Gaza, is a gay and rich city; and it is very fair, and full of people, and is at a little distance from the sea." In the fifteenth century, "Bertrandon de la Brocquière, a native of the duchy of Guienne, lord of Vieux-Chateau, counsellor and first esquire-carver" to Philip, Duke of Burgundy, wrote out an account of his "short travels, in order that if any king or Christian prince should wish to make the conquest of Jerusalem,

and lead thither an army overland, or if any gentleman should be desirous of travelling thither, they may be made acquainted with all the towns, cities, regions, countries, rivers, mountains, and passes in the different districts, as well as the lords to whom they belong, from the duchy of Burgundy to Jerusalem." He tells us that "Gaza, situated in a fine country near the sea, and at the entrance of the desert, is a strong town, although uninclosed. It is pretended that it formerly belonged to the famous Samson. His palace is still shown, and also the columns of that which he pulled down; but I dare not affirm that these are the same. Pilgrims are harshly treated there."

Our road passed near a mosque, built upon the foundations of a church, said to have been erected by the Empress Helena. It then led into an extensive grove of very ancient olive-trees. Gaza certainly seems to be beautiful by situation in a fertile region. Immediately in its vicinity are fields separated from each other by thick hedges of the prickly pear, which makes a very formidable and not unsightly fence. After passing some sandy hills, a spur from those which run along the coast and thus form a high barrier between the sea and the fertile soil, we came to an extensive plain, bounded at a long distance by high hills, which we knew to be the district called the hill country of Judea. What associations did the sight of these

hills awaken? We were now travelling along the pleasant land of the Philistines, and truly it is still well worthy of that name. For the whole day our road wound through rich fields of wheat, interspersed with meadows, bright with flowers of various hue, and especially the red poppy, which, in spots, almost obliterated the green. We passed a few villages or small towns near our path, and saw several at a distance upon the tops and sides of the hills. While we were crossing the desert, we had gained a vivid impression of the punishment of the children of Israel, when, upon the very borders of the Land of Promise, they were compelled to wander yet forty years in "the waste howling wilderness," where they murmured "against God and against Moses, Wherefore have ye brought us up out of Egypt to die in the wilderness?" "It is no place of seed, or of figs, or of vines, or of pomegranates; neither is there any water to drink." But here, the smiling villages, rising upon the hill-sides, out of the heart of a beautiful and fertile country, reminded us of their continued disobedience, when God suffered the Philistines to remain in large numbers in this fruitful land, and to wage war, not always unsuccessfully, with his chosen but rebellious people. Either from the force of the strong contrast with the desert which we had left behind us, or, as I am inclined to think, from the surpassing richness of the country through which

our road now lay, it appeared to me rejoicing in abundance, and crowned with the goodness of God. It once contained a very large population, and nourished many valiant warriors, and even now appears fitted to maintain a brood of giants and strong men, like Samson and the champion of Gath.

We rode for miles through fields of flourishing wheat, on both sides of us, and over a country of an undulating surface, with the lofty hills at some distance on the right. These we were constantly approaching, and the landscape therefore as constantly changed its character, as to the general features; but we had ever before and around us the refreshing verdure, and were cheered by the sight of the flowers, and the music of the birds, that had been so pleasant on our road to Gaza.

Towards afternoon the ground became more uneven, and was broken into hill and dale. The hills, so distant in the morning, became more defined in their outlines, appearing now to lap one over the other. The tombs of the Mussulman saints, built up to the height of ten or fifteen feet, of substantial stone-work, surmounted by a white dome, gave an Oriental aspect to the scenery, and reminded us of the wonderful vicissitudes among the peoples and the religions which successive ages had seen to rise, flourish, and decay in this interesting land. Here Dagon, the helpless idol of

the Philistines, had been worshipped and overthrown; and here for ages the followers of a false prophet had held the dominion; but who can doubt that the Ancient of Days, Jehovah of the Hebrews, who had revealed himself through his Son, in the last ages, as the God of Christians, shall yet take to himself his great power, and gloriously reign over his own people in his own land? With this hope we consoled ourselves for the desolation of Israel and the Church of God.

A beautiful view of the "Great Sea" enlivened one part of our journey to-day, and the people of the villages attracted our attention, and, I am sorry to say, our commiseration also; for many of them live in wretched huts, disorderly, dirty, and uncomfortable. It is hardly necessary to add, that they seemed rather morose than lively, though they were willing to impart information, and thus to assist rather than retard our journey. But the apathy which comes from long oppression had set its seal upon them.

We were glad to reach a resting-place at sunset, and encamped upon the slope of a hill, excessively fatigued by eleven hours of constant riding. As soon as we could get our tents pitched, and refresh ourselves with a cup of tea, we retired to rest, that we might be well prepared to go up to Jerusalem on the morrow.

Thursday before Easter, April 5.—We left our

encampment about five o'clock, in order to avoid the heat of the day, and to reach Jerusalem in good season. For the same purpose we proceeded with the horses, committing our camp equipage to the care of our attendants, with directions to follow us with the camels as soon as practicable. This was an April day, for we had frequent showers, and the appearance of the day put us strongly in mind of our own, being very different from any that we had passed in Egypt. We had not proceeded far before we crossed a small running stream, the first we had seen for many days. Indeed, although we had been on the waters of the majestic Nile, we had not heard the sound of a running brook since we had been upon our expedition. Very delightful and cheering it was to us now, so recently from the barren and thirsty desert, to be among green fields, and swelling hills, and running brooks, and to hear the constant song of the skylark, which has accompanied us every step of our way yesterday and this morning. We could now realize the full force of the promise made to the Israelites, when coming from the wilderness, that they should be brought into a good land—a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills (Deut. viii. 7). But gradually, as we approached the hills, we could perceive their characteristic features; ridges of rock running from top to bottom, in uneven lines, with green strips

interspersed. At last a gorge, or narrow valley, presented itself, into which our path led, and which we were to follow until we came near to Jerusalem. This was the main road from Ramla, and has for centuries been the principal road to the Holy City in this direction. We had been incommoded by showers during the day, and this rendered the path, at best but very bad, exceedingly disagreeable to travel. It would be utterly impracticable for wheels, and it seemed surprising how camels loaded could make their way over it. Horses not accustomed to it could not possibly travel it with safety to the rider. It was narrow, rocky, in ledges and broken fragments, often precipitous and winding amongst the lofty hills which rose abruptly on both sides. It led us by degrees higher and higher, until at last arriving at one summit, we obtained a distant view of the green plains which we travelled over yesterday, of the sandy hills that bound them, and the Mediterranean Sea beyond. When within about four hours of the city, we descended into a valley where there was a greater extent of cultivated ground. Here we saw, for the first time, vines, and in the same inclosure, fig-trees; but the people to whom the promise had been made that every man should sit under his own vine and fig-tree, had been driven far away. They had broken the conditions, for they had been disobedient, and strangers who were their enemies and

oppressors now possessed the land. It is "overthrown by strangers."

We were now approaching the point whence we should gain the first view of the Holy City, and shared the emotions of the ten thousands of pilgrims who had visited before us the most remarkable spot on the earth. We should soon behold with our own eyes that city in the world, which God had chosen out of heaven, and which the King of kings had delighted to honour. Who can number the thoughts that crowd around the walls of Jerusalem! The voice of history, sounding to us from the distant ages, tells us of a city here, more venerable by antiquity than any other which the world has now remaining. Athens and Sparta are young in presence of the age of Jerusalem. Homer, and even his oldest heroes and fabulous demigods, Nestor and Hercules themselves, are but moderns compared with the ancient men of Jerusalem. Here the majestic temple of Solomon already raised its pinnacles; and David had sung upon the hills and in the valleys of Jewry before the exploits of Agamemnon and Achilles had been made immortal by the "Eagle of Song." More than a thousand years before Rome, "the Eternal City," was founded, we are presented with the sublime and affecting picture of Abraham the patriarch blessing the priest and the prince, who was Melchizedek, the king of Salem, this city of

peace. Above all, He of whom the king of Salem was but a type, had walked in her streets, and preached to her multitudes. He had moistened the very earth with his tears and his blood. Prophets, apostles, martyrs, had been here, and the pilgrims of all nations and ages had gone up to Jerusalem before us.

The season, too, joined its influence to these and kindred thoughts to fill our minds with solemnity and awe, as we drew near to the consecrated site. It had been our earnest desire to arrive in time to celebrate the services commemorative of our Lord's Passion in the Holy City. We should have walked over the same ground, and visited in succession all the places rendered memorable by that week—the week above all others of sacred mysteries—beginning with Palm Sunday, when our Lord, accompanied by his disciples, crossed over the Mount of Olives, seated upon a “a colt, the foal of an ass,” and entered the city in triumph. We trust we may yet fulfil our purpose, so as to have a full association of places with our Lord's Passion, though we shall not be able to do it in strict anniversary.

At length the road ascended the last, long rocky hill; and when we had reached the summit, it seemed as if the very landscape around us had suffered from the vengeance of heaven. Vegetation had almost ceased. A stony plain, a desert of

rocks, announced our approach. We press on over the rocky way, slightly descending; we gain the point where the first view is obtained of the city, and now, buried in silence, we behold thy walls, O Jerusalem!

By this road the city is first seen only about ten minutes before you enter the Jaffa, or Bethlehem gate. As it stands upon a hollow opening to the east, the walls being built upon higher ground to the north and west, you cannot see the interior from this direction. The city being situated upon a slope from you, none of the principal objects of interest, as the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and the Mosque of Omar, are visible here; but you see the battlemented walls and the large tower of Hippicus. The hills around are higher than those upon which Jerusalem stands: "The mountains are round about Jerusalem." (Psalm cxxv. 2.) These are destitute of trees, and barren, except in strips of green between the rocks. There are deep valleys in all directions, and in these the land is more fertile.

Most travellers have been disappointed in their first impressions of Jerusalem, and we were not to be an exception. How did Jerusalem impress us? how did its sacred places appear? and what have we seen to recall the history of the Bible? I must confess that in many things we were disappointed. The approach to the city is by no means imposing.

But there was one circumstance that filled me with astonishment, and I may almost say with melancholy. I mean the absolute silence and desertion that lay about the city, as if she had been bereft of her inhabitants, and abandoned to solitude. Not a living creature was to be seen in any direction. Animal life seemed almost extinct. Not a sound was heard. Not a bird was seen in the air. There was no distant roar like that which usually proceeds from the heart of a great city; no noise of carriages passing to and fro in her streets. Like a cemetery rather than a living city, she sits amid the dead silence, widowed and solitary!

We approached, with our own feelings subdued by this mysterious and awful stillness; and had it not been for the single human being that sat by the way-side, waiting for travellers like ourselves, that he might conduct us to some hostel, we might have appeared, and even imagined ourselves to be, a caravan of mourners drawing nigh to some city of the dead. How singular, to behold battlements, walls, and towers before you, where not even the hum of life disturbs the stagnant air!

The mystery is explained by our approaching soon after the noonday repose, and still more by the fact that this is the most rocky and barren part of the environs of the city, and therefore the inhabitants choose to extend their walks in some other direction. The people in the East are fond of

leaving their homes and their towns, and passing the afternoon in the country, or under the olive-trees and among the vineyards ; and had we approached Jerusalem from any other quarter, we should doubtless have seen more evidences of a populous place. As it was, we entered the city by the Jaffa gate, under a singular train of reflections, which solitude in such a place could not fail to awaken.

JOURNAL OF TEN DAYS' RESIDENCE IN JERUSALEM.

"OUR feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem!" (Psalm cxxii. 2.) Such had been our earnest desire, and now it was mere hope no longer! Our aspirations were realized, and the great object of all our toil and travel was attained.

As a preparation for what I wish to say of Passion Week and the sacred places, I must give you some account of the general aspect of the city, and of what we were enabled to accomplish during each day of our brief, too brief, sojourn in this place of interesting localities. We had arrived on the afternoon of Holy Thursday. There is nothing picturesque or majestic in the appearance of Jeru-

salem. It was only the thought that this was indeed the chosen city of God, the appointed spot where infinitely the most important events that the world has known took place; Jerusalem, once "the joy of the whole earth," and perhaps one day to become so again: it was such reflections only that could give its appearance any peculiar interest. We entered about four o'clock, and ascending a slight elevation, were upon Mount Zion! Leaving the new English church, which is on this mount, upon our right we descended a succession of steep streets, where the horses could hardly keep their footing. These narrow streets, with their wretched, mean-looking houses, and the intolerable filth, were sufficient to do away with all the anticipations which we had formed, although these had been kept in check by the accounts of previous visitors. Jerusalem is now a degraded, and in some respects, a disgusting city. Still, though no longer the favoured city of the Lord, there are places in it which can yet be identified, and historical and sacred associations connected with it which impart an interest to the Christian such as no other place ever can possess.

We dismounted in a wet and dirty narrow court. Thus far all had been disagreeable in the highest degree. The streets were worse regulated and far more filthy than any we had ever seen, and the houses externally were miserable enough. But when we

got inside, and up a flight of stone steps, we found quite comfortable accommodations. The houses are flat-roofed or terraced, and are covered with small oven-shaped domes. These, with a slight inclination in the roof, answer the purpose of more effectually turning off the rain.

It was the anniversary of the evening when our blessed Lord celebrated the paschal supper, and endured his agony in the Garden of Gethsemane! We would have visited both the places which tradition has for ages marked out for these sacred events. We had time only for one. We therefore went to Gethsemane. We should have preferred visiting it in the evening; but as the gates of the city were closed at an early hour, we could not accomplish our purpose. It will serve to manifest the feelings which occupied our minds, when I state, that after our long and wearisome day's journey from a very early hour in the morning, we could not wait for any refreshment, but procured a guide, and set forth immediately upon our first pilgrimage to the sacred localities of Jerusalem. We went down to the gate which faces the Mount of Olives. This is sometimes called St. Mary's Gate, because it leads to the tomb of the blessed Virgin; but more frequently the Gate of St. Stephen, because that martyr was stoned in its neighbourhood. The place is still pointed out to which the holy man was taken, when "they cast him out of the city,

and stoned Stephen, calling upon God," and also that where Saul, who "was consenting to his death," kept the loose garments of the executioners. We went outside of the gate. Here the Mount of Olives lay in full view before us, and we looked down into the valley of the brook Kedron, which Jesus crossed when he went to Gethsemane: "He went forth with his disciples over the brook Kedron, where was a garden, into which he entered, and his disciples." (John xviii. 1.) The garden therefore lies on the opposite side of the Kedron, or rather the ancient bed of this brook, for water very rarely flows over it now. The road is rough and rocky, and rapidly descends into the deep valley of Jehoshaphat. The Mount of Olives rises abruptly on the opposite side. At the foot of this mount, where there is a little level land, lies the garden. It is, in fact, almost a part of the base of the hill; and therefore, while two of the evangelists have told us that the place was called Gethsemane, and St. John has said simply, it was a garden whither "Jesus oftentimes resorted," St. Luke informs us that he "went, as he was wont, to the Mount of Olives." Whatever doubt may attach to many other spots to which tradition has assigned remarkable events, there certainly can be no hesitation here. The garden itself we could not enter at this hour, as it is inclosed, and the keeper was at the Latin convent. The ground belongs to the

Convent of the Fathers of the Holy Land; and in order to preserve the few remaining trees which pilgrims and other persons were fast destroying, by taking away portions year after year, they had built around it a substantial stone wall. The inclosure is about one hundred paces square, and contains eight olive-trees, remarkable for their size and obvious antiquity. From our position on a hill, we could look directly down upon this garden, and see the whole space, and every tree within it. It may be easy for the cold sceptic to ask, How can you tell that this was the actual spot, and how can you believe that these trees existed in the days of Jesus of Nazareth? Is there a tree of such antiquity, and if so, have we not an authentic account that all the trees around the city were cut down at the siege by the order of Titus? In reply to this, it is known that the olive is a tree of remarkable longevity, and will last, it is said, even more than two thousand years. Its growth is so slow, that it has given rise to the proverb, "No man who has planted an olive has ever tasted the fruit." And as to the order given by Titus, it is well known that such orders are not literally obeyed, and the position of Gethsemane, in the valley and at the foot of the hill, was such, that the trees there could not interfere with military operations. Or if the trees were actually cut down, the roots would remain, and from them the present venerable trees

may have sprung. They certainly have the appearance of greater age than any trees that I remember to have seen.

If the city, in some respects, had disappointed us, there was much satisfaction in beholding Gethsemane; for there could be no doubt that our Lord, in the days of his flesh, had looked many times upon the place which we now saw, and that he had often walked over parts of this garden.

In regard to sacred sites, where there is so much of certainty, the eloquent description of a distinguished pilgrim will find an echo in every pious heart: "I observed behind me about an acre of land, touching on one side the elevated bank of the torrent of Kedron, and on the other, rising gently to the base of the Mount of Olives. A low wall of stones, without cement, surrounds this field, and eight olive-trees, standing at about twenty or thirty paces' distance from each other, nearly cover it with their shade. These olive-trees are amongst the largest of their species I have ever seen; tradition makes their age mount to the era of the incarnate God, who is said to have chosen them to conceal his divine agonies. Their appearance might, if necessary, confirm the tradition which venerates them; their immense roots, as the growth of ages, have lifted up the earth and stones which covered them, and rising many feet above the surface of the soil, offer to the pilgrim natural benches, upon

which he may kneel or sit down, to collect the holy thoughts which descend from their silent heads. A trunk, knotted, channelled, hollowed, as with the deep wrinkles of age, rises like a large pillar over these groups of roots; and as if overwhelmed and bowed down by the weight of its days, it inclines to the right or left, leaving in a pendant position its large interlaced, but once horizontal branches, which the axe has a hundred times shortened to restore their youth. These old and weighty branches bending over the trunk bear other younger ones, which rose a little towards the sky, and had produced a few shoots, one or two years old, crowned by bunches of leaves, and darkened by little blue olives, which fall like celestial relics at the feet of the Christian traveller. I separated from the caravan, which had tarried round the tomb of the Virgin, and seated myself for a moment on the roots of the most solitary and oldest of these olive-trees; its foliage hid the walls of Jerusalem from me, and its large trunk screened me from the observation of some shepherds, who were tending black sheep on the brow of the Mount of Olives.

“I had nothing within sight but the deep and rugged ravine of Kedron, and the tops of other olive-trees, which, from this spot, cover the extent of the Valley of Jehoshaphat. No noise arose from the dry bed of the torrent; no leaf trembled

on the tree; I closed my eyes for a moment, and reverted in thought to that night, the eve of the redemption of the human race, when the Divine Messenger drank to the dregs the chalice of agony, before meeting his death at the hands of man as the reward of his celestial message. I inquired of my heart what part I had in the salvation he came to purchase for the world at so heavy a price; I represented to myself the extremity of anguish which must have rent the bosom of the Son of Man when he contemplated at a single glance all the misery, the darkness, the bitterness, the vanity, the iniquities of the lot of man; when it was his will, alone, to lift the burden of the crimes and misfortunes under which human nature, bowed down and groaning, passes through this valley of tears; when he perceived that even a new consolation, and truth itself, could not be brought to man but at the price of his life; when drawing back in terror before the shadow of death, which he already felt upon him, he said to his Father, 'Let this cup pass from me!' and I, feeble, ignorant, miserable man, I also may cry at the foot of the same tree, 'Lord, may my cup of bitterness pass from me, may it be poured by thee into the chalice already drunk for us! He had strength to drink it to the dregs; he knew Thee; he had seen Thee; he knew wherefore he was about to drink it; he knew the immortal life which awaited him

beyond his tomb of three days; but I, Lord, what do I know, except the sufferings which rend my heart, and the hopes which they have taught me?’

“ I arose, and admired the Divine predestination of this spot for the most mournful scene of the Saviour’s passion. It was a deep and narrow valley; inclosed on the north by dark and barren heights, which contained the sepulchres of kings; shaded on the west by the heavy and gigantic walls of a city of iniquities; covered at the east by the summit of the Mount of Olives, and crossed by a torrent, which rolled its bitter and yellow waves over the broken rocks of the Valley of Jehoshaphat. At some paces’ distance, a black and bare rock detaches itself like a promontory from the base of the mountain, and, suspended over Kedron and the valley, bears several old tombs of kings and patriarchs, formed in gigantic and singular architecture, and strides like the bridge of death over the valley of lamentations.

“ At that period, no doubt, the sloping sides of the Mount of Olives, now nearly bare, were watered by brooks from the pools, and by the still running stream of Kedron. Gardens of pomegranates, oranges, and olives, covered with a thicker shade the Valley of Gethsemane, which delves like a sanctuary of grief into the narrowest and darkest depths of the Valley of Jehoshaphat. The Man despised and rejected, the Man of Sorrows, might

here hide himself, like a criminal, amongst the roots of trees and the rocks of the torrent, under the triple shadow of the city, the mountain, and the night; he might hear from hence the secret steps of his mother and his disciples as they passed by, seeking their Son and their Master; the confused noise, the stupid acclamations of the city rising around him, to rejoice in having vanquished truth and expelled justice; and the moans of Kedron rolling its waters under his feet, soon destined to behold its city overthrown, and its sources broken up in the ruin of a blind and guilty nation. Could Christ have chosen a more suitable spot for his tears? Could he water with the sweat of his blood a soil more furrowed by miseries, more saturated by griefs, more impregnated with lamentations?" *

As the gates of the city are closed at sunset, we now returned, and, on our way, passed through a portion of the street called the Via Dolorosa, or the "Way of Sorrow," because this was the way which our Lord passed along from Pilate's house to Calvary. The places where the Judgment Hall and the house of the Roman governor stood were pointed out to us, and the spot whence the Santa Scala, now at Rome, was taken by the Empress Helena. After spending as much time as we could

* Lamartine's Pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

before dark in contemplating these places, we found ourselves so fatigued by our long journey of the morning and our evening walk, that we retired early to rest, that we might be better prepared for the solemn services of the next day ; for it was the eve of Good Friday.

Good Friday.—" And the servants and officers stood there who had made a fire of coals, for it was cold ; and they warmed themselves." (John xviii. 18.) All the evangelists have mentioned the fire which was kindled on account of the cold at the time of our Saviour's trial ; and this agrees with the climate, which we find at the same season in Jerusalem ; though it is well known that it is colder here than the latitude would seem to warrant, and that the temperature is usually higher than in ancient times. But the preceding winter had been very cold, and there had been two falls of snow, one of them more than six inches deep ; and lying upon the flat roofs, it had caused most of them to leak. The thick capotes which we wore yesterday to shed the rain, and the substantial bedclothes last night, were by no means uncomfortable. The streets are muddy and wet, and nothing can be more disagreeable than the narrow ways and lanes of Jerusalem.

Our first privilege was one denied to travellers a few years ago, viz., to attend the services of the church, in " our own tongue wherein we were born."

We went accordingly to the church which has been recently erected on Mount Zion, upon some of the highest ground in the city. We made our way up to it through the narrow, dirty streets, in some places so steep that they are ascended by paved steps. The church is a neat Gothic edifice. The interior is built in the form of a cross, with two small transepts; but under the same roof is a house for the residence of the British consul. This arrangement was necessary, because the firman from the Sultan, which authorized its completion, required that the church should be within the limits assigned to the consulate. Its dimensions are about sixty feet by thirty, and it will seat about three hundred persons. It was commenced by the English "Society for the Conversion of the Jews," and finished by aid of the subscriptions of a lady of Cheltenham, who gave £3000 for that purpose, besides endowing the church. It was begun by the permission of Mehemet Ali, but after the English had driven the Egyptians out of Syria, and restored Jerusalem to the Turks, they were rewarded by an absolute prohibition to build the church. After several years, the Rev. Mr. Nicolayson succeeded in obtaining the necessary firman from the Sultan, and the building of the church was completed. It was necessary to remove a vast quantity of accumulated rubbish before the foundations could be laid upon the rock of Mount Zion; and this could not

be accomplished until the builders had penetrated to the depth of forty feet below the modern surface. Remains of masonry and a subterranean passage were found, the latter, it is said, leading to Mount Moriah.

There was a respectable congregation, composed of travellers, of whom eight or ten were Englishmen, and the families of the British consul and the clergy, together with thirty or forty persons who appeared to be converted Jews. The service was read by the Rev. Mr. Nicolayson and Mr. Ewald, and the sermon preached by Bishop Gobat, from Luke xxiii. 46. He is the second bishop upon this foundation, and, according to the arrangement between England and the King of Prussia, was nominated by the latter; England having named the first. It is now a principal branch of the Church of England Mission to the Jews, and large sums of money have been expended upon it. It is kept up amidst many difficulties, and has to contend with great opposition, not only in Jerusalem, but in England and Prussia. Many doubts have been expressed as to the correctness of the principle on which it is founded; and great care has to be exercised lest the converts should renounce Judaism, and embrace Christianity, through merely interested motives. But to us it was a great privilege to worship here on this day, and we naturally gave more than ordinary attention to the second lesson and the gospel, being within so short a distance of the

actual places where the affecting events therein recorded transpired.

A visit to the Wailing Place of the Jews occupied a part of the day. It is a portion of the wall supporting the great level platform on Mount Moriah, where the Mosque of Omar now stands, but where the temple once stood. In the wall where it rises from a deep valley, and at the very foundation, are seen several immense blocks of stone laid in courses. They are very different in size and appearance from the rest of the wall, which is high, extensive, and comparatively modern. These stones are supposed to be a part of the foundation which was raised from the valley to the level of the hill on which Solomon's temple was built, and to have remained just as they were placed in his day. Their immense size and appearance would lead to the conclusion, that, if they had not always been, since the building of the temple, in their present position, they are probably a part of the stones of the foundation. The Jews have the greatest possible veneration for them, believing them to be the only remains of their temple. They go there every Friday afternoon, and, taking off their shoes, they stand facing the stones, kiss them frequently, repeat the penitential psalms of David, confess their sins, wail over the fallen condition of their nation, and pray for the restoration of Jerusalem. This is a custom which extends back very many centuries,

how far from the destruction of the temple under Titus is not known ; but, after that event, the Jews rebelled again, and, in the second century, the Emperor Adrian ordered all that Titus had left to be destroyed, and that no Jew should be permitted to come near Jerusalem. Its name was changed, and it was many years before they were permitted even to look at Jerusalem from the adjacent hills. At last they were suffered to make an annual visit, and bewail their sad estate. "But," says St. Jerome, "they bought with a price permission to weep over the ruins of their city ; so that those who once purchased the blood of Christ, now bought their own tears." On the anniversary of the day when the Romans had overthrown Jerusalem, the Roman soldier demanded money of the weeping Jews before he would grant them permission to wait still longer and weep.

In former times, and perhaps occasionally now, a loud wailing or lamentation was set up. We heard nothing of this, however. There was quite a number, at least thirty, going through the accustomed ceremonies of the place, each reading to himself in an under tone, constantly swaying the body to and fro, or from side to side ; some leaning with their foreheads upon a projection of the stones, and bent down as if in sorrow. Many appeared quite careless and indifferent, as though performing a mechanical ceremony ; but a few old men seemed

to be deeply impressed with the service in which they were engaged. It was deeply affecting to see below us Jews of all ages, some of them very old, Hebrews of the Hebrews, out of all nations, well versed in the law, who had come hither to die in the land of their fathers. In the posture of lamentation, with low and plaintive voice, they were spending the remnant of their days in weeping over their departed glory. It reminded us of that touching history, "But many of the priests and Levites, and chief of the fathers, who were ancient men, that had seen the first house, when the foundation of this house was laid before their eyes, wept with a loud voice." (Ezra iii. 12.) Their Bibles were open at the Psalms, and their complaint might be, "O Lord God of Hosts, how long wilt thou be angry against the prayer of thy people? Thou feedest them with the bread of tears; and givest them tears to drink in great measure. Thou makest us a strife unto our neighbours; and our enemies laugh among themselves" (Ps. lxxx. 4, 5, 6); and their prayer, "Return, we beseech thee, O God of Hosts: look down from heaven, and behold, and visit this vine" (ver. 14). How gladly would we utter the words of the prophecy, which, perhaps, even now, is awaiting its fulfilment: "Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned." (Isa. xl. 2.)

Upon the anniversary of the day when their forefathers crucified the Lord of glory, and said, "His blood be on us and on our children," it was most striking to see a few of this despised and scattered race, here, in the city of their former glory, and before the remains of their once magnificent temple, thus giving evidence of the fulfilment of prophecy, and showing how the curse, imprecated so many ages before, was still discharging its vengeance upon them.

From this sad scene we went again to the English chapel, and there beheld a ceremony well suited to awaken a very different train of reflections; for we saw three converted Jews baptized into the Christian faith. Here, again, was a remarkable coincidence; for this mission may be instrumental in bringing about a restoration of the lost sheep of the house of Israel: and, when generally they turn to the Lord, and acknowledge him as Messiah, they shall not wail, as now, before the few remains of their ruined temple; but, restored to their city, and gaining possession of the site of their temple, they may there worship Him whom they now deny. Surely this is a Good Friday that we may well long remember!

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

AFTER the morning service, we went to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. The church itself stands in a prominent position, and its lofty cupola may be seen from every eminence in and around Jerusalem ; but the approach to it is through narrow streets, and in one place through a low-arched doorway, where two persons can with difficulty pass each other. It is built upon the supposed site of Calvary, and covers a very considerable space ; for it is rather an assemblage of churches and chapels than one church. The Latins and the Greeks, as well as the various branches of the Eastern Church, the Armenians, Abyssinians, Jacobites, Copts, Georgians, and Maronites, have distinct portions, with the exclusive privilege of celebrating in them their own rites, though the whole is free to the access of all. The church is under the control of the Turkish authorities, and the times of admission are regulated by them. We found it closed, and the keys deposited with the Turkish officers, on account of the frequent, shameful, and sometimes bloody conflicts between the pilgrims of the Greek and Latin Church. It is no wonder that the Mohammedans look with contempt and scorn upon these degraded, professed Christians, who sometimes come to blows upon the very

spot where they believe that the Founder of that religion which should unite all men in one great brotherhood of peace and love, died for their sins and the sins of the world. Were it not for the necessity, it might almost excite our indignation to see, whenever the church is open, a Turkish guard at the door, for the purpose of enforcing order, and to collect a tribute from all who enter. On public occasions, when a great crowd is expected, a body of armed Mussulman soldiers is introduced into the church. However astonishing and sad it may appear, this is by no means a useless precaution; for the conduct of the members of the different communions has often been disgraceful in the highest degree. Even upon these sacred sites, the holiest spots on earth in their estimation, and which they have travelled so great a distance, endured so much hardship, and braved so many perils to behold, they can forget themselves so far as to engage in sanguinary contests, till the Turkish authorities have been obliged to interpose and separate the combatants. These terrible scenes occur more especially at Easter, and on the repetition of the shameful imposture of the Greek "holy fire," against which the venerable Coray so forcibly and affectionately warned the more superstitious among his deluded countrymen. In 1834, the excitement of the crowd and their eager fury were so great, that hundreds were trampled upon

and killed, and their dead bodies drawn out into the court, while Ibrahim Pasha himself was looking on.

As we were not present to witness, with our own eyes, scenes so disgraceful, I will call your attention to the graphic but sad account given us by Elliott. He says, "Our visits to the Church of the Sepulchre were frequent, as we happened to be present in Jerusalem during the 'holy week' of both the Latins and the Greeks, one of which immediately followed the other. Once in three years they occur together; the second year they succeed each other, as on this occasion; and the third, an interval of seven days elapses between the termination of the one and the commencement of the other. It is when both parties require access to the tomb at the same, or nearly the same time, that the most disgraceful scenes are witnessed. The church is then crowded to excess by pilgrims, all anxious to obtain the best places, and scuffling for them without shame or awe; so that children, women, and even men, are often killed. But accidents constitute the least melancholy part of the drama. With or without provocation, the opposite parties, animated by religious hate, and impelled by their priests, proceed to blows; the hallowed shrine is stained with the blood of murderers and the murdered; and Turkish soldiers are forced to interfere, and drag violently from the fray

Christian combatants ; nay, Christian priests wielding their bludgeons over the sepulchre of the Prince of Peace ! Could anything rival the horror of such a scene, it would be that inspired by the conduct of the Turks themselves. Accustomed to regard Christians as dogs, and to detest them as idolaters ; too long habituated to the riots and murders of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre ; and justly considering the pilgrims and priests who figure there as among the most foolish and degraded of their race, the indignities they inflict on them know no bounds. If a Turk of rank, or a Frank gentleman, wish to pass through the crowd, a *kowass* will precede him with a stick, dealing his blows right and left with a mercilessness that makes the beholder shudder ; and the hierarchy at the very altar crouch and bleed under the strokes of the infidel."

The church, or rather the combination of chapels ; the Greek convent, with very extensive buildings for the accommodation of the pilgrims, who only dwell there for the season, providing their own food ; and also the Latin convent, with many dwellings of the Christian population, are gathered as closely as possible around this venerated site. The original church was erected by the piety and munificence of the Empress Helena, and the mother of Constantine spared no pains nor cost in the structure. The place is still pointed out within the church, where she sat when the true cross is said to have

been discovered, and a commemorative chapel erected over the spot. It was burned by the Persians in the year 614; but as the tomb in the rock could not be injured, the reputed sanctity of the place remained, and received the reverence of the Christians of those times. They restored it within fourteen years, under the Emperor Heraclius, and when the Mohammedans obtained possession of Jerusalem, they revered and protected the sacred edifice. It continued safe for three hundred and seventy years, when it was attacked with fanatical fury by Hakem, the caliph. It was afterwards restored, and thus continued until it was entirely destroyed by fire in 1808. But the zeal of modern Christians has again rebuilt it with somewhat of its former grandeur, and, as far as possible, on the ancient model; or, at least, in the same shape which had been venerated during so many ages.

"The church, especially in its exterior," says Lamartine, "forms a vast and beautiful monument of the Byzantine age; its architecture is severe, solemn, grand, and rich, for the period in which it was built; and it is a temple worthy of being erected, by the piety of man, over the tomb of the Son of Man. In comparing this church with others which the same epoch produced, it will be found superior to them all. St. Sophia, much more colossal, is also much ruder in its structure; outwardly it is but a mountain of stone, flanked by

little hills of stone : the Holy Sepulchre, on the contrary, presents an aerial and carved cupola ; its scientific and graceful figure, with its doors, its windows, its capitals, and its cornices, displays, in addition to its massiveness, the incalculable cost of that ingenious fretwork, by which stone seems converted into lace, to render it worthy of a place in this monument erected to the grandest of human conceptions ; and it bears impressed, no less on its details than on its aggregate effect, the idea to which it is dedicated. It is no longer, indeed, that Church of the Holy Sepulchre constructed by St. Helena, the mother of Constantine ; the kings of Jerusalem, successively, retouched it, and embellished it with architectural ornaments in that half western, half Moorish style, of which the East furnished them both with the taste and with models. But such as it now stands, the exterior, in its Byzantine mass, its Greek, Gothic, and Arabesque decorations—even its fractures, the impress of time and barbarism upon its front—offers no revolting contrast to the thoughts we bring to it—the thoughts it expresses : its aspect excites no painful perception of a grand idea inadequately represented ; of an exalting reminiscence profaned by the hand of man : on the contrary, the involuntary feeling inspired by it equals what I had expected—man has done his best. The monument is not worthy of the tomb, but it is worthy of the human agents,

whose wish has been to do honour to this illustrious sepulchre; and we enter the vaulted and sombre vestibule of the nave under the influence of this first and serious impression."

Several of the localities mentioned in the history of our Lord's Passion were, in a remarkable manner, brought all within a narrow space, so as to be covered by one roof, or rather an assemblage of roofs. But this is not all. Many places are pointed out, the creations of modern tradition, and therefore they are not only unworthy of credit, but they interfere seriously with the devout feelings which every Christian would wish to cherish, when he knows that he cannot be far from the spot where the Lord was crucified for us, where he was buried, and where he rose triumphant from the grave. Such as these are the large block of marble, surrounded by candlesticks and lamps, which stands immediately before you on entering the vestibule. You are told that the body of our Lord was laid upon this "stone of unction," to be anointed for the burial. At a short distance to the right, the place is pointed out where the nailing to the cross took place before it was elevated; and just behind this is the Chapel of the Sacrifice of Isaac, or the spot where the faith of Abraham was so severely tried, and behind that again is the Chapel of the Altar of Melchizedek! Places that are not mentioned in Scripture are here found, as

the prison of our Lord ; and there is even a Chapel of the Division of the Garments ! Separate localities are shown you as the very spots where Mary Magdalene stood, when our Lord appeared to her, and where the Virgin Mary and St. John stood during the crucifixion. Then there is the " Pillar of Flagellation," the " stone where the angel sat," and the " centre of the world." All this has the effect of lessening the interest we should take in looking at the more probable sites of the crucifixion itself, and of the Holy Sepulchre ; for these may have been near to each other ; or if the words of St. John, " in the place where he was crucified there was a garden, and in the garden a new sepulchre," are not to be understood so literally, we may well believe that we are near the place either of the crucifixion or of the burial. At least, while the controversy is so warmly maintained on both sides, as it has been of late by Dr. Robinson in his " Biblical Researches," against, and by Mr. Williams in his " Holy City," in favour of the present site, we may be excused for yielding to the voice of the universal and constant tradition since the earliest ages. Those who are in the habit of doubting, and almost denying, every tradition, may be expected to do so here ; but as there must have been some place where these stupendous events occurred, we shall be content with believing in this until the sceptics show us another, which

they have not yet attempted to do. The fact that Adrian endeavoured to desecrate this place, and obliterate the memory of the cross by building a pagan temple here in the second century, is proof that the tradition goes back to the earliest age; and Adrian's unbelief pointed out the sure place for the exercise of Helena's faith. At present, therefore, I prefer to believe in the old traditions, until I see some better reasons for discarding them than the modern traveller's measurements and opinions.

As to Calvary, although I may not believe that the hole in which the cross was placed has remained to this time, or could have been identified by the Empress Helena so many ages after the crucifixion, yet at present I see no sufficient reason to doubt as to the general locality. The universal tradition has more weight with me than modern measurements, and still more fallacious arguments. And to this conclusion of the understanding my heart gladly assents, and pours out its feelings upon the spot where the redemption of man was accomplished. I cannot afford to come to the Holy Land for the sake of doubting. There is enough of that at home. I prefer to believe.

The rent in the rock is remarkable, and has evidently been produced by some convulsion of nature, and not by art. This is a very singular feature, and its contemplation fills the mind with awe. It is not accounted for in any other way

except that mentioned in the Scriptures. Although nothing is seen, at the present day, of the tomb hewn in the rock, yet the sepulchre may have been upon the spot designated, and now covered with the small chapel, over which the church is built. Henry Maundrell, in his journey from Aleppo to Jerusalem in 1697, has a very striking passage upon this subject, and one that may explain several difficulties: "In order to the fitting of this hill for the foundation of a church, the first founders were obliged to reduce it to a plain area, which they did by cutting down several parts of the rock, and by elevating others; but, in this work, care was taken that none of those parts of the hill, which were reckoned to be more immediately concerned in our blessed Lord's Passion, should be altered or diminished. Thus, that very part of Calvary where they say Christ was fastened to, and lifted upon, his cross, is left entire, being about ten or twelve yards square, and standing, at this day, so high above the common floor of the church, that you have twenty-one steps or stairs to go up to its top; and the Holy Sepulchre itself, which was at first a cave hewn into the rock under ground, having had the rock cut away from it all round, is now, as it were, a grotto above ground."

The remarks of the same honest traveller are so much to the purpose in reference to the changes which the walls, and position of parts of Jerusalem

itself, have probably undergone, that I shall add them here; as the principal doubts turn upon the point that the crucifixion took place without the walls. Calvary "was anciently appropriated to the execution of malefactors, and therefore shut out of the walls of the city as an execrable and polluted place; but since it was made the altar on which was offered up the precious and all-sufficient sacrifice for the sins of the whole world, it has recovered itself from that infamy, and has been always revered and resorted to with such devotion by all Christians, that it has attracted the city round about it, and stands now in the midst of Jerusalem, a great part of the hill of Sion being shut out of the walls to make room for the admission of Calvary."

On visiting the Church of the Holy Sepulchre again, in the evening, we found it filled with a crowd of pilgrims, and witnessed a succession of ceremonies, which I shall briefly describe without much comment. The crowd of spectators were looking upon the Latin Patriarch, and a procession of monks carrying a cross and a figure of our Lord, of almost life-like size. The first station was by the stone Pillar of Flagellation. A large piece of this relic, unknown to the Scriptures and to early Christianity, is kept in a cell, not far from the spot where Mary Magdalene stood, and where our Lord appeared to her, or the Chapel of

the Apparition. The fact that two other pieces, preserved, one at Rome, and the other in the church near the Greek Patriarch's house at Constantinople, are of a different mineralogical character, does not prevent the pilgrim from touching this with the end of his staff, and devoutly kissing that part which has come in contact with the holy stone. Here they sung a hymn, and a sermon was preached in Spanish, upon the scourging of the Lord. They next proceeded, in priestly array, to the Prison of our Lord, or the place where he was incarcerated while the preparations were made for the crucifixion. This is also a circumstance upon which the New Testament is silent. After the customary singing, a French sermon was preached in this place. The same ceremonies, with a sermon at each, took place at the altar and the Chapel of the Division of the Garments. The procession then ascended the steps, and went first into the chapel where our Saviour is said to have been nailed to the cross. Here they placed the large cross upon the floor, and performed the ceremony of affixing the image to the cross. Then followed another hymn and another sermon. The crucifix was next taken to the adjoining chapel on Mount Calvary, and set up in a hole in the rock. Hymn and sermon. Two friars, representing Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus, now approach the cross, and with an air of great solemnity and sorrow, draw out the nails and take down

the figure from the cross. As it is a flexible image, the two men who acted the part of mourners composed the limbs, bending the arms and arranging them in the usual manner, and then laid it in a winding-sheet and carried it to the stone of unction, followed by the procession. Upon this stone the figure was laid, and odours and spices thrown over it. After another sermon, it was placed in the Holy Sepulchre, and here, at least for the present, the performance ended. How much soever such scenes may annoy us, they cannot altogether destroy the associations of the locality, nor detract from the sublimity of the real events. We cannot forget that we stand upon or near the spot where the greatest problem that had hitherto troubled the world was solved for ever. During the long night of four thousand years, the nations, "sitting in darkness," had vainly endeavoured to discover whether "the shadow of death" was eternal. Here the veil was lifted: man had share in the secrets which lie beyond the tomb. After the Lord of Life had been three days subject to death, he came forth here triumphant, the first-born of his own glorious revelation and purchase—Immortality.

Saturday, April 7.—We rode out at St. Stephen's Gate, and again passing the spot where the first Christian martyr is said to have sealed his testimony with his blood, we went down into the

Valley of Jehoshaphat, crossed the brook Kedron, and rode along, ascending the side of the Mount of Olives, to Bethany. This village is about two miles distant from Jerusalem, or, as we are told in the Scriptures, "about fifteen furlongs off," and on the road which our Lord travelled when he came from Jericho. Bethphage appears to have been somewhat more distant; but no traces of its existence can be found at the present day. The hamlet of Bethany probably occupies the site of the ancient village to which our Lord loved to resort, the abode of Martha and Mary, and the scene of one of his greatest miracles. It is now a poor place, and contains only some fifteen or twenty families. It is, however, delightfully situated, and affords a fine view of the valley of the Jordan. The house of Mary and Martha, and the tomb of Lazarus, are pointed out; for in the Holy Land every sacred event has its modern locality. The tomb is cut out of the rock, and is descended by twenty-five steps; but as it would appear, from the account given us by St. John, that the grave was not in the town, we are led to suppose that either the modern village or the tomb may not be upon the ancient site. The latter is described simply as "a cave, and a stone lay upon it." But it was sufficient for us that we had gone over ground which had often been pressed by the hallowed feet of our blessed Lord, and that we looked upon a

beautiful prospect, down one of the valleys, which his eyes in the flesh must have often beheld. On our return, we crossed the summit of the Mount of Olives, and had a fine view of the Dead Sea. At the top of the Mount is the Church of the Ascension, built over the rock, in which a foot-print is shown, and which tradition assigns to the last event in the earthly life of our Lord, though the account by St. Luke places the ascension at Bethany itself, rather than the summit of Olivet: "And he led them out as far as to Bethany, and he lifted up his hands and blessed them. And it came to pass, while he blessed them, he was parted from them and carried up into heaven." (Luke xxiv. 50, 51.) Approaching Jerusalem, we could see the city from the very summit of the mount. We could look directly down upon Jerusalem and upon the site of the temple, and felt the full force of the words which he addressed to his disciples, after they had said to him, "Master, see what manner of stones and what buildings are here!" And when they had retired to the place which we now occupied, "as he sat upon the Mount of Olives over against the temple," he uttered that fearful prophecy of the destruction of Jerusalem itself, as well as of the temple: "Verily I say unto you, this generation shall not pass, till all these things be fulfilled." (Matt. xxiv. 34.) What more affecting picture can be presented to the mind, than the

approach of the Divine Teacher from the humble dwelling of Martha and Mary, in the little village of Bethany, towards that great city of iniquities, whose riches and splendour were spread out indeed before his eyes, but only to be saddened and overclouded by the contrast with her coming and inevitable woes! He stood here upon the side of the mountain, and hence embraced in one view the whole of Jerusalem. The site of the temple, the whole circuit of the walls, the direction of the streets—all can be seen from this spot where “he beheld the city and wept over it.” After he had passed the night in the Mount of Olives, whither he retired for meditation and prayer, this was the way that he took on his return to preach “*daily*” in the temple, setting a high example of retirement combined with action. Below us is the Garden of Gethsemane, and yonder is the way by which, after his betrayal, he was led to the house of the high priest, thence for a mock trial to the hall of judgment, and then, alas! for our sins, to a cruel and ignominious death upon Calvary! The place upon which the temple was built is now occupied by a most prominent and most sacred object of Mohammedan adoration, the famous Mosque of Omar, which stands upon the broad summit of Mount Moriah. Into this we could not enter, as the faithful followers of the prophet alone are allowed within the sacred precincts; for the Mussulmans

have a superstition, that whatever shall be asked of Allah by any Christian within that holy place, will be certainly granted; and they naturally imagine that Christians would pray for the overthrow of their power and religion. We can scarcely wonder at Muslim bigotry and exclusiveness towards the disciples of another creed, who are infidels in their eyes, when we see the same spirit exercised by Christians, who should be of one household of faith. If, instead of the Turk, any one branch of the Christians that now contend for the Holy Sepulchre, had the exclusive dominion of Jerusalem, we fear it would go hard with the rest. Their superstition and credulity are scarcely less offensive, and we could not restrain some signs of impatience when they pointed out to us the very site of the fig-tree that was cursed and withered away.

This Saturday was the anniversary of the Passover, and we went, therefore, to the synagogues of the Jews. In that quarter of the city which is assigned to them, all business was suspended, and it was evident that "that Sabbath day was an high day;" for as we passed along we found not only every shop, but every house, closed, and the streets themselves silent and deserted. The men were seated upon benches in the synagogues, and one of them, also sitting, was addressing the rest in so familiar a manner, that at first we thought they

were occupied in conversation before the service. It was, however, a sermon from a Rabbi; and the posture reminded us of what we are told of our Lord: "When he had closed the book, he sat down." The people were moving about, and talking without any restraint, and appeared to pay so little attention to the Rabbi, that it is no wonder the evangelist records, as a remarkable circumstance, "And the eyes of all them that were in the synagogue were fastened on him." (Luke iv. 20.) The apparent want of reverence in their demeanour, and their unrestrained conversation, reminded us also of the remarkable scenes recorded in the New Testament, where the Jews in the synagogues disputed so freely with our Lord. When the roll of the law was taken up to a portion of the floor elevated above the rest, the people kissed it as it was carried by them. There were only men upon the floor of the synagogue, as the women do not enter here, but go into a gallery. Most of the Jews here are Polish and Spanish. Their dwellings and their synagogues are upon Mount Zion.

Going through the street of Mount Zion, and out of the Zion Gate, we were shown the place assigned to the house where the Lord partook of the Last Supper with his disciples. Near by is the "tomb of the prophet David." The spot is sacred in the eyes of the Mohammedans, who have built a mosque over it, which Christians are not permitted to enter.

The supposed site of the Palace of the High Priest is not far from here, whither Jesus was sent, after they who took him from the Garden of Gethsemane had brought him to Annas first, who sent him bound to the high priest. Here he was kept until the next day, when they led him early from Caiaphas to the hall of judgment, that he might appear before Pontius Pilate. There is no hesitation about showing you the very spot where St. Peter was questioned by the servants, and denied his master, and the identical place where the cock crew! There is now a church and convent of the Armenians here, and they keep, with religious care, the great stone which they succeeded in obtaining, many years ago, from the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; and it is declared to be the stone which covered the mouth of the tomb. We had more satisfaction in visiting places about which there can be no doubt, the upper and lower pool of Gihon, made for the purpose of collecting the water, which was conveyed hence to Jerusalem.

Easter Day, April 8.—On the festival of the resurrection of our Lord from the dead, I officiated in the English church by reading the service, and assisting in the administration of the Holy Communion, having declined preaching. Between the morning and evening service, we walked in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, meditating upon the stupendous event which, more than eighteen

hundred years ago, had overcome the tyranny of death, and opened unto us the gate of everlasting life.

The History of Christ's Passion in connection with the Sacred Places.

WE went up to Jerusalem with the cherished thought of celebrating the Holy Week in the Holy City. When, therefore, my eyes rested upon the very places described in the sacred history of those last days in the Lord's ministry below, the mind sought to associate, in the order of their occurrence, the wonderful events with each venerated site. Such an anniversary commemoration of the whole week was unhappily impossible; yet I still feel that I can speak of each day in the holy season with an interest little short of that which might have attended the fulfilment of our first design.

Every attentive reader of the New Testament is aware that the histories of the holy evangelists grow more and more circumstantial towards the close of our blessed Saviour's life on the earth. We have, indeed, a very particular account of his miraculous birth, and of the remarkable attestations given, even then, to his divine character. But from this period, until he entered upon his minis-

try, little is known of his abiding place, and even less of his employments. That he was occupied, in some way, with his heavenly mission, we cannot doubt. For when, at the age of twelve years, his virgin mother and Joseph found him in the temple with the doctors of the law, both hearing them and asking them questions, he replied to their expostulations at his absence, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business." From this time, for the space of nearly twenty years, we know nothing of the life of Jesus, except what is declared by the evangelist, that "he was subject to his parents," and that "he increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man." During these years he dwelt at Nazareth, and it has been reasonably supposed that, following the trade of his reputed father, he laboured as a carpenter. This, however, is mere conjecture. Whatever is necessary for our instruction in divine things, is faithfully and amply recorded. With this it is the part of wisdom, as well as becoming humility, to rest satisfied. The history of the Saviour's advent was not written to gratify a vain curiosity, but to give to the Church an authentic statement of such facts and teachings as were essential to its permanent establishment. Hence the reason why so little is related of our Saviour's life before he entered upon his ministry; and why, as we approach the awful scene of his propitiatory sacrifice, the sacred narra-

tives evince the importance of minute details. Upon this principle, the beautiful services of the English Prayer Book have been arranged, and the thoughts and affections of the worshippers are in a special manner concentrated upon one day as the queen of all the year, the day upon which our Lord arose triumphant from the grave, and upon the week of memorable days that have gone before in solemn, sad procession. As an humble servitor at the altar, I love this order, and feel inexpressibly thankful for the privilege that has been vouchsafed to me, of connecting the sacred history of these days, commemorative of the Lord's Passion, with the pathways which those blessed feet walked over, and the places where that Heavenly One abode. This privilege I would now share with you, by carrying you with me, in imaginary pilgrimage, during the Holy Week, to Bethany, Olivet, Gethsemane, and Calvary. I would paint before your mind's eye, with what power of description I can, scenes which I was favoured in beholding with the actual sight. And if, peradventure, this week may never have been sanctified to your thoughts by special devotional observances, yet its inspired history is the same to you as to me. As a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, you feel, in that history, as deep an interest as myself. Come, then, believer in the Gospel, be my companion, while for eight days, the most eventful of its history, we look

around, and upon "Zion, the city of our solemnities."

We begin on Sunday before the resurrection of our Lord. As the time of celebrating the passover of the Jews was determined by the course of the moon, on the same principle as that which establishes the festival of Easter, it is obvious that we may fix, with a high degree of certainty, the very days when the chief events transpired. The Jews in Jerusalem are now preparing for their great feast, which, during this week, bears precisely the same relation to Good Friday and Easter Day, as when "Christ our passover was sacrificed for us." For some days before, our Lord had been dwelling in Ephraim with his disciples. This was a city north from Jerusalem, in the direction of Jericho, and near the wilderness of the Temptation. He went thither to escape the excitement produced in Jerusalem and its neighbourhood by his miracles, especially the raising of Lazarus. He wished, also, to place himself for a time beyond the reach of the chief priests and Pharisees, who were already taking counsel to destroy him, saying, "What do we? for this man doeth many miracles. If we let him thus alone, all men will believe on him; and the Romans shall come and take away both our place and nation." But the passover being nigh at hand, and the people from all parts of Judea collecting together for its celebration at Jerusalem,

the Saviour also, with full knowledge of his impending sufferings, left his seclusion, and, with his twelve disciples, turned his face towards that city, and the altar of his sacrifice. His path was over a rough and mountainous region, ill cultivated and little frequented. A wearisome walk of about six miles brought him in view of a pleasant village, lying upon the slope of a hill towards the East. This was his well-known and favoured place of resort, and here was his frequent abiding-place in the house of his friend Lazarus. Beautiful as is the site of Bethany, in the midst of fertile fields, and surrounded by olive and fig-trees, it is now but a mean village. Its inhabitants are a few Turks and Arabs, and there is no longer a Lazarus or Mary to sit at the feet of Jesus. The ruined foundations of what is affirmed to have been their former dwelling-place, are still pointed out, and in memory of the friend of Jesus, the Turks, at this day, call their village *Lazari*. At a short distance, higher up upon the right, are also pointed out a few miserable huts, as marking the place where Bethphage stood. Here it was that our Lord, wearied with his walk over a mountain-road, or rather in view of the fulfilment of an ancient prophecy, sent two of his disciples to a neighbouring village, "Saying unto them, Go into the village over against you, and straightway ye shall find an ass tied, and a colt with her: loose them, and bring them unto

me. And if any man say aught unto you, ye shall say, the Lord hath need of them; and straightway he will send them." The direction having been complied with, our Lord, seated on the humble animal, and attended by the twelve, pursued his journey. Jerusalem, distant about two miles, may be reached by different roads—the one passing directly over the summit of the Mount of Olives, the other winding round its eastern declivity. Which was taken, it is impossible to decide, as by both, the pilgrim, on his way to the Holy City, will pass near that memorable spot where the Lord paused, and, as he beheld the city, wept over it, and foretold its destruction. It lies in full view; and when the Lord pronounced its doom in those fearful words, "The days shall come upon thee, that thine enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee round, and keep thee in on every side," he could follow out, in sad prophetic contemplation, the whole progress of these hostile movements. Descending from this point, by a steep and winding pathway, amongst groves of olives, and fields now deformed by rocks, or fertile only in narrow, intervening patches, but once probably rich in verdure, and divided into gardens of beauty, we pass by Gethsemane, cross the dry bed of the Kedron, now bridged over, where there was once a shallow ford, and begin the steep ascent of Mount Moriah.

But the noise of the great multitude, which has been gradually gathering about our Lord since he left Bethphage, and which has swelled the small procession of twelve into a vast concourse of people, excited to the highest pitch of enthusiasm by a heaven-inspired zeal, has already reached and roused the guilty city. We see the line of eager faces upon the wall and parapets, and the crowd rushing from the open gate fills every projecting rock with life. They look with astonishment upon a sight so unusual. The Mount of Olives rises up so straight before them, and so near, that they can distinguish the persons, and almost the features of those who are winding down the road. But it is not now single persons, or small companies, that are making their silent way towards the city. An eager and shouting multitude, cutting branches from the neighbouring palm-trees, are strewing them and their garments upon the way over which some honoured individual is passing. Their shouts can be distinctly heard, and from multitudes of voices, in united chorus, the cry is, "Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord! Hosanna in the highest!" As yet they see not the object of this exalted praise, so great around him is the throng of his disciples, of the blind, the lame, the sick, whom he had healed, and of the multitude, whom the fame of his miracles, and the gracious words that proceeded

out of his mouth, had collected to him. But nigh to the gate the ranks open, and what do they see to justify this tumult of zeal? Not the stately air of an earthly king or conqueror, nor his splendid array. "Behold, O daughter of Zion, thy king cometh unto thee, meek, and sitting upon an ass, and a colt, the foal of an ass." Well might the city be moved, and all cry out, "Who is this? Who is this, in appearance so unassuming, riding upon the humblest of animals, attended by poor fishermen of Galilee, and yet thousands are shouting his praise?" They hail him Son of David, and exhibit joy at his coming, such as David never saw, when returning most triumphant from his enemies. To the demand of simple, honest curiosity, and the question of scornful priestly pride, they answer alike, This is Jesus, the prophet of Nazareth of Galilee. The two blind men whom he has just healed, press forward, and say, This is he who had compassion on us, and touched our eyes, and immediately our eyes received sight. Lazarus and his sisters, Martha and Mary, proclaim him the conqueror of death and the grave. The sick restored to health, the lame man leaping as an hart, the deaf, whose ears are unstopped, the dumb, whose tongue is loosed, all eagerly and gratefully recount the wonderful deliverances wrought by him. Numbers, too, who had listened to his doctrine, cry out, "Never man spake like this man!" Once

more the shout is renewed, till the surrounding hills, to their very foundations, ring again, Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

The Prophet, Priest, and King, thus heralded by heaven-taught acclamations, proceeds at once to the temple. Behold it there, upon that beautiful and extensive platform, where now the Mosque of Omar stands! Alas! we cannot enter the sacred precincts, but at a distance we may walk around and mark the bounds thereof. And on the wall, facing the Mount of Olives, is a gateway, through which tradition says our Lord entered the outer court of the Holy Temple. It is now closed up with solid masonry, through an ancient and prevailing superstition of the Turks, that some king, an enemy to their faith, may pass through it, and take possession of the city. "Can this," it has been asked, "be the gate alluded to in Ezekiel?" (xliv. 1, 2, 3). "Then he brought me back by the way of the gate of the outward sanctuary, which looketh toward the East; and it was shut. Then said the Lord unto me, This gate shall be shut, it shall not be opened, and no man shall enter by it, because the Lord, the God of Israel, hath entered in by it, therefore it shall be shut. It is for the Prince; the Prince, he shall sit in it to eat bread before the Lord; he shall enter by the way

of the porch of that gate, and shall go out by the way of the same."

If, then, through this gate the Lord entered, he found the court of the Gentiles, a portion of this wide area, filled with tables of the money-changers, and the seats of them that sold doves. His power over the multitude was then unlimited, and at once he raised his arm, and purified his Father's house from this unseemly traffic. The fame of him had spread abroad, and the blind and the lame come to him in the temple to be healed. The little children now catch the enthusiasm, have learned and can shout the words, Hosanna to the Son of David! But, amidst all this triumph, the holy subject of it felt no exultation. His soul was troubled by the thought of agonies so near, the human nature was almost staggered; and for a moment he doubted in his prayer: "What shall I say? Father, save me from this hour? but for this cause came I unto this hour: Father, glorify thy name." Suddenly an awful sound is heard; the people imagine it to be, some, the muttering thunder, some the voice of an angel. But to him it speaks comfort, for it was a voice from heaven in answer to his prayer, "Saying, I have both glorified it, and will glorify it again." It was now eventide; but the Lord accepted no abiding-place for the night within the city's walls. He sought the repose of Bethany, and, crossing the Kedron,

before his toilsome walk over Olivet, rested for a while at its foot, in the garden to which "he oft-times resorted with his disciples."

Monday.—In the morning he early left his resting-place, and, passing by the cave from which the dead had so recently answered to his call, "Lazarus, come forth!" He ascended the rising ground behind Bethany, taking this direction towards the city over the Mount of Olives. On his way, being an hungered, he sees at a distance a fig-tree, in full foliage, giving the promise of fruit; but on drawing near, he finds it barren, and pronounces, in the hearing of his followers, a curse upon it, that the moral lesson might strike their hearts, and, perhaps, forewarn and save the traitor Judas. The tree had exhausted itself in outer show, it bare no fruit: "Let no fruit grow on thee henceforward for ever," saith the Lord: "And he departed, when presently the fig-tree withered away!" So with the hypocrite; notwithstanding his fair but deceitful promise, Christ shall leave him, and his hope shall surely perish.

When they were come to Jerusalem, going immediately to the temple, he finds that his admonition of yesterday has been forgotten, if not despised, and the money tables and the exchangers have again thrust themselves into the holy place. How pertinacious in their calling are the votaries of Mammon! With what difficulty are they expelled

from their places of resort, even in the spiritual temple of the heart! But the Lord again drives these traffickers away. They had never dared to enter the inner court, which the Jews held specially sacred, and would not suffer to be thus defiled; but they were permitted to occupy the court of the Gentiles, to the exclusion, or at least to the great hindrance, of those who, from Pagan nations, had become converts to the unity of God, and who desired to worship near his holy temple. These privileges, he who was to break down the partition-wall between Jew and Gentile, now vindicated on two successive days, saying, "Is it not written, my house shall be called of all nations, the house of prayer? but ye have made it a den of thieves."

After thus purifying the temple, Jesus continues his instructions; for we are told that he taught daily in the temple, and the people were very attentive to hear him. But this so much the more excited the indignation of the chief priests and Pharisees, and prompted them to seek how they might destroy him. He was still, however, in such favour with the people, that they dared attempt nothing openly, and suffered him peaceably to retire again to Bethany. In his return, a different road was taken from that by which he went to the city in the morning, because no observation is made upon the withered fig-tree, which could not have been passed without attracting notice. He, there-

fore, instead of crossing the summit of the Mount of Olives, took the shorter way around its eastern base.

Tuesday.—Again, in the morning, our Lord, with his disciples, leaves Bethany for Jerusalem, by the same path which he had taken yesterday, and now, as they approach the fig-tree, so lately covered with thrifty leaves, they find it withered away, and dried up from the roots. Peter draws attention to it, and Christ improves the occasion to speak to them of the power of an undoubting faith. Arrived at the temple, he at once enters upon his work of teaching the people, when he is interrupted by the captious objections raised by the chief priests and elders to his authority. The whole day seems to have been passed in the temple. He discoursed upon many important subjects, illustrated them by striking parables, and defeated the malicious attempts of the Pharisees, the Sadducees, and the Herodians, who tried successively to entangle him by insidious questions. At last, the measure of his forbearance having been exhausted, he turns to the multitude, and to his disciples, and gives them an earnest caution against these corrupt teachers, whom he denounces as blind guides and hypocrites. Then, sorrowfully reflecting upon the ingratitude and obstinacy which his benevolent labours had met with, and upon the merciless return he was about to receive, he utters that touching expostulation : “ O

Jerusalem, Jerusalem, that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!"

All these things took place, probably, in that inner court-yard of the temple in which was situated the treasury, where the people deposited, in chests prepared for the purpose, their voluntary contributions to maintain the service of the temple. Here Jesus saw that poor widow, whose name is unknown, but whose deed of self-denying, unostentatious charity, in casting in two mites, was more in the sight of heaven than all the offerings of the rich.

As our Lord was now retiring from the temple, one of his disciples directed his attention to the majestic structure, "Master, see what manner of buildings and what stones are here." Then came that fearful prophecy, so improbable as it doubtless seemed when uttered, but yet so literally fulfilled: "There shall not be left here one stone upon another that shall not be thrown down." This night he retired, we are told, to the Mount of Olives, but whether he went as far as Bethany we are not informed.

Wednesday.—Last night our Lord abode in the mount that is called the Mount of Olives. Early in the morning, as he sat there still, the disciples came unto him privately, to ask him when that

destruction of the temple should be which he had yesterday foretold. As they were gathered in a group upon the face of the mount, its summit towering above and behind them, the newly risen sun looking over it, began to throw his beams upon the pinnacles and porches of the temple. What more glorious object to behold than a majestic pile of buildings, on some lofty eminence, receiving the first salutations of the king of day! He gives a new existence to the beauty of its proportions, before confused or ill-defined, and bathes them now in a stream of golden light. So have we seen the Mosque of Omar seated in calm dignity and splendour upon its lofty platform, and its wide area filled with turbaned votaries, moving to and fro in their bright and many-coloured robes, or prostrate at their morning prayer. So to our Saviour and his apostles appeared, but far more beautiful and majestic, that temple of the Lord; its court of the Gentiles thronged with a mixed multitude, its white-robed priests ministering in their appropriate inclosure, and the smoke of incense and the morning sacrifice ascending in clouds to heaven.

Now they ask, "When shall these things be?" When shall this holy place, so adorned with goodly stones and gifts, be consigned to destruction, so that one stone shall not be left upon another that shall not be thrown down? "And what shall be the sign of thy coming, and of the end of the

world?" Then follow the fearful prophecies of the judgment and of the destruction of the city and temple: "There shall be wars and rumours of wars, nation rising against nation, and kingdom against kingdom, earthquakes in divers places, famines and troubles: these are the beginnings of sorrows. After the tribulation of those days, shall the sun be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light, and the stars shall fall from heaven, and the powers of heaven shall be shaken. And then shall appear the sign of the Son of Man in heaven; and then shall all the tribes of the earth mourn. But of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels of God, but my Father only. Watch, therefore, for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come." The earnest warning, Watch! is again enforced by the parable of the ten virgins and the talents, and the dread discourse is ended with the description of that day, "when the Son of Man shall come in his glory. And before him shall be gathered all nations, and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats; and he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left. And these shall go away into everlasting punishment; but the righteous into life eternal." In the evening of this memorable day, Bethany is for the last time honoured by the presence of her Lord. Simon the leper receives the Divine Physician who

had healed his loathsome malady, and Lazarus is one of them that sit at the evening feast. His sister Mary comes to serve, and in the fulness of her love brings an alabaster box of very precious ointment of spikenard. She pours part of it upon the head of Jesus, and with the rest she anoints his feet. To us, whose customs are so different, this may seem a singular expression of respect. But we may remember, that among the ancients it was no uncommon thing for the guests to be crowned with chaplets of flowers and perfumed with odours. The disciples objected to this action of Mary, not for its singularity, but its expense. The ointment, said they, might have been sold for much and given to the poor. The traitor Judas was the instigator of this complaint; not, says St. John, that he cared for the poor, but because he was a thief and had charge of the common purse. The objection, however, seems plausible to those who overlook its solemn significance, in the anticipation of the approaching sacrifice—the anointing of his body for the tomb, in which, for her and for our salvation, it was about to be laid. By those who overlook this, it may be asked why our Saviour, who was so unostentatious, so regardless not merely of the luxuries but even of the conveniences of life, so mindful of the necessities of the poor, and so ready to relieve them—why he should seem now to contradict the uniform tenor of his life, and

permit this profusion? But would it have been consistent with the gentle and amiable character of Jesus, to have rejected the pious offering of Mary? Her brother Lazarus had not long before been restored to life, our Saviour had honoured her family with particular marks of his regard, for "Jesus loved Martha and her sister, and Lazarus." In the warmth of her love and gratitude, and perhaps with melancholy presage of her approaching loss, she had exerted herself to procure the means of expressing outwardly the feelings of her heart. Cold and hard must be the soul of that man, who would wish to see the stream of pure and innocent love repressed by an unkind hand, and turned back, with the chilling influence of rejected affection, to the bosom of grateful Mary. Not such was that meek and holy One, who was all love and gentleness. He received graciously the proffered token, defended the conduct of Mary, and promised that wherever "this Gospel should be preached in the whole world, that which this woman had done should be told for a memorial of her." Yes, Mary, thou shalt still be remembered; and the piety which brought upon thee unmerited rebuke, is now recorded to thy praise. This prediction shall be fulfilled, and thy simple deed of love proclaimed to millions yet unborn. Much has been written about the symbolical meaning of this transaction, but the only authentic explanation is found in our Lord's

own words: "In that she hath poured this ointment upon my body, she did it for my burial."

While all this was passing in the house of Simon, the chief priests and scribes and elders of the people were assembled in Jerusalem at the palace of Caiaphas, the high priest. Here they were consulting upon the best method of seizing Jesus, that they might put him to death. In conducting this hateful enterprise, there was need of great caution, for Jesus was still very high in the esteem of the multitude. There were, without doubt, many now in the city, who had been the subjects of his miraculous cures, and many more who had been eye-witnesses of them; for the feast of the Passover brought the inhabitants of Judea from all directions up to Jerusalem. On this account, those who were plotting against the life of our Saviour, feared to seize him openly on the Feast Day. They were, therefore, consulting that they might take him with subtilty and kill him!

While thus debating, Judas appeared for their relief. Who would have looked for the traitor among those whom Jesus had selected for his particular friends, and whom he had distinguished by peculiar marks of confidence and affection? There were only twelve, but of this small number one was a devil. Judas appears to have followed our Saviour in the hope of sharing the advantage of that temporal kingdom which the apostles long

expected. But he was now weary of a service less lucrative than he had hoped, and awaited only a good opportunity to desert it, with some show of an excuse. This was afforded at the supper in the house of Simon. When our Saviour rebuked him for objecting to the pious deed of Mary, he felt the resentment of detected hypocrisy and disappointed avarice. He lost the opportunity of embezzling part of the proceeds of the box of ointment, and saw that our Lord looked through his plausible objection at the dishonest motive. Upon this, he left the house, hastened back to the city, and gratified both his revenge and his avarice by selling his friend and Master for thirty pieces of silver. Thenceforth he sought opportunity to betray him in the absence of the multitude; a deed of darkness, for which the fitting season was night!

Thursday.—On the evening of this day, the Paschal feast was celebrated by our Lord and his disciples, and then was instituted the Eucharistic commemoration of the sacrifice of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world. The occasion had been anticipated and spoken of for some time as one of the deepest interest. "With desire," said our Lord, "I have desired to eat this Passover with you before I suffer." In the morning, therefore, while they were yet at Bethany, his disciples came unto him, saying, "Where wilt thou that we go and prepare for thee, that thou mayest eat the

Passover?" Peter and John were accordingly sent to Jerusalem, with instructions as to the place; and our Lord, with the other disciples, probably passed the day in Bethany, or on the Mount of Olives; for there is no intimation of his being in the city until the evening. The two disciples must have gone far before they met the man bearing a pitcher of water, whom they were directed to follow, because his house was in that part of the city most distant from the Mount of Olives. They there found, as they had been forewarned, the guest-chamber; a large upper room furnished. Its site is still pointed out, on that part of Mount Zion which is now outside the walls, at a short distance from the Zion Gate, but the ancient city covered this space. A magnificent church, erected there by the Empress Helena, was laid in ruins by the Saracens. It was rebuilt, however, in process of time, and came into the possession of the Fathers of the Holy Land. In 1561 it was converted into a mosque, and as the tomb of David is within its enclosure, the Turks still hold it in great reverence.

This tomb is guarded with such jealousy, that no Christian may approach it. We were not, however, excluded from the place venerated by the Greek and Roman Christians as the *cœnaculum* or chamber of the Last Supper. A flight of twenty steps leads to a large hall, with a vaulted roof, supported by two pillars. We could not remain

there as long as we desired, for a Turkish procession, with banners flying, and cymbals and drums beating, was just entering ; and had we approached them in their bigoted zeal, we should have been exposed to insult, if not to injury. While they were engaged in their ceremonies at the tomb, we had time to examine the chamber, and to indulge in brief meditations which it naturally excited. Here, as in other instances, faith and incredulity were wonderfully combined. That this was the actual chamber where our Lord with his disciples assembled upon so august an occasion, we could not for one moment yield up our judgments to believe. But that here may once have stood that very house in which was the guest-chamber, we saw no reason to doubt. We were then near by, or perhaps upon that spot where first was celebrated the feast whose simple viands can never be changed ; to which the rich and the poor, the learned and the ignorant, and all the kindreds of the earth, are invited as to a common table, and which shall ever be, to the end of time, a pledge of pardon, a fountain of grace, and a symbol of love between men on earth, and between men and God in heaven.

Was not this, too, that same upper room mentioned in the sacred history as the scene of other events of unspeakable importance to the Church ? Was it not here that Jesus, after his resurrection,

more than once visited the disciples, and also confirmed the faith of Thomas? Here that Matthias was chosen to fill the bishopric which Judas lost by transgression? Here that, after the Lord's Ascension, he sent down, on the day of Pentecost, his Holy Spirit in cloven fiery tongues? And here, that the Church first stately sanctified the Lord's day, and the twelve constantly resorted with the faithful, until that period when, in obedience to the command of their Divine Master, they went forth to teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost?

The sun having set, the first day of the feast, according to the Jewish mode of reckoning from evening to morning, began. Jesus with his disciples enters the chamber, and they all recline at the table which had been prepared. Judas is amongst them, for his treachery is as yet known only to the Lord. His feet were washed by those Divine hands, but he was not thereby rendered clean, nor was his heart subdued by this manifestation of humility and love. The Jewish passover he may also eat, and take his portion of the lamb slain that morning; but was he permitted with those sacrilegious hands and those false lips to touch the symbols of that immaculate Lamb which, through his treachery, was now about to be immolated? When our Lord spake those words, which must have pierced his guilty soul, "What thou

doest do quickly," Judas soon left the room to complete his traitorous design.

The Lord has blessed the bread and the cup, and said, "This do in remembrance of me." This affecting service is ended, the promise of the Comforter given, and the hymn sung, when Jesus says, "Arise, let us go hence." To the Mount of Olives and the Garden of Gethsemane they now direct their steps. They probably left the city by the nearest gate, and, under the light of the full moon, found their way down the steep descent of Mount Zion without the walls, leaving the valley of Hinnom on their right. They cross a narrow dell, and wind around the base of Mount Moriah, their pathway skirting the valley of Jehoshaphat, while the foundations of the temple rise high above their heads. During this walk, through vineyards which clothed the hill-sides, he spake of himself as the true vine, and taught them, that if they as branches would bear fruit, they must abide in him. The instruction, warning, and admonition which St. John so fully records, filled up the precious hour. And once they rested, perhaps, beneath the overhanging walls of the temple, and within the murmuring sound of Siloa's brook, and there the Lord poured forth to his Father that earnest prayer for them and for all who should believe on him through their word.

As they approach the scene of betrayal, they are

warned again, "All ye shall be offended because of me this night." Peter protests, but his fall is foretold; they all protest their allegiance, but within a very short distance is the place, and ere the lapse of a few brief hours the time, when their promises are forfeited. They draw near the Kedron, and may suppose that they are on their return to Bethany. But never more shall they behold this beloved spot together, until he has risen a conqueror from the grave in which their faithless hopes have seemed all to be buried. The brook passed over, he leads them to the well-known garden. A few steps would bring them to Gethsemane. The mingled sentiments of awe, and love, and grief which this venerated spot must inspire in every devout heart, I have before endeavoured to convey in words far more impressive than mine.

The memory of each event is perpetuated by designating its place; although for their accuracy it might be hardihood to vouch. Yet, whose heart would not be moved as he contemplates the Grotto of the Agony, reflecting that, if not on the very spot where he reads the inscription, *HIC FACTUS EST SUDOR EJUS SICUT GUTTÆ SANGNINIS DECURRENTIS IN TERRAM*, it must nevertheless have been near, that the Son of God prayed earnestly for the bitter cup to pass from him, and in the anguish of his soul his sweat was as it were great drops of blood. And when pointed to the place, a stone's

cast distant, where the three apostles fell asleep, whose heart would not melt at the reproof, "What, could ye not watch one hour?" Who would not be roused by the admonition, "Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation?" And who not grateful for the merciful remembrance of human infirmity, "the spirit truly is willing, but the flesh is weak!" And turning to the spot called *Osculo*, who could repress his shuddering indignation at the recollection of that traitor's kiss which betrayed the Lord?

In the dead of night came Judas hither with his band of men and officers, and Jesus is seized; but the disciples, after a momentary resistance on the part of Peter, desert their suffering Lord. From this period to the crucifixion but a few hours transpire, yet more space is given to their record in the sacred narratives than elsewhere to months and years. In the time of Helena an attempt was made to find the true locality for each principal event in our Lord's progress from Gethsemane to Calvary. In some few instances these are, without doubt, in accordance with the truth; but the greater part must be considered as belonging to that system of pious inventions which unhappily have found too ready an acquiescence in superstitious minds. These localities are still venerated as stations, and as we follow them, although we may not give them our belief, they may yet serve to impress upon us

the regular series of events which took place on this road of suffering from the Garden to the Cross.

Again, and now for the last time, the Kedron was to be passed. Then follows the steep ascent of Mount Zion, and entering the city gate they proceed to the house of Annas, and thence to the Palace of Caiaphas. This is situated beyond the present walls, upon Mount Zion, and not far distant from the chamber of the Last Supper. In the Palace of Caiaphas, and under the shadow of night, a solemn assembly of the scribes and the elders had been called, under unusual excitement, and here Jesus was adjured by the living God to declare whether he was the Christ or no.

Peter, under the influence of an impulsive temperament, and urged by his ardent love for his Master, has now recovered, in some degree, from his fear, and following him afar off with St. John, has been admitted into the palace. But, alas! his courage is of short duration, and the zealous apostle, betrayed by self-reliance, ignobly falls, and, within the brief period foretold, thrice denies his Lord. The cock crew, and day drew on.

At early dawn, the elders, the chief priests, and the scribes, assembled in council, condemned and bound the Lord, and led him from Mount Zion to the palace of the Roman governor. This is still designated by the lower step only of the Santa Scala. Restrained by the Roman law, and unable

to wreak their malice and satisfy the spirit of revenge without the aid of Pilate, he is brought before the governor, who being assured of his innocence, and finding he was a Galilean, sent Him to Herod, the site of whose palace is still pointed out. Here he was mocked by the cruel emblems of royalty, being set at naught by Herod's men of war!

In the meantime, the traitor Judas, conscience-stricken, has cast down before his employers the reward of his fearful iniquity; and driven by despair to the Mount of Olives, has there laid violent hands upon his own life. The place of this awful suicide is still pointed out at no great distance from the peaceful village which his betrayed Master loved so well.

From Herod's palace, he is sent again to Pilate, who, satisfied of his innocence, brings him out to the enraged multitude, with the memorable words, "Behold the man! I find no fault in him." But they who, a short time before, shouted "Hosanna!" now shout with greater vehemence, "Crucify him! crucify him!" Like a lamb to the slaughter he is led through the "Sorrowful Way," that Via Dolorosa which has long been venerated as the path from a court without justice to a death without mercy! The street which bears this sad descriptive name, extends by a crooked course from the palace of the Roman governor to Calvary. It has

for centuries been annually travelled by Christian pilgrims, whose easy credulity has made them accept as truth traditions for which there is no satisfactory proof; but, at the same time, it may be conceded, that they need not all be set aside as utterly improbable. Our faith, indeed, was not sufficiently strong to arrest our steps at these separate places, while we gave way to devout thoughts and remembrances, such as filled our hearts on the Mount of Olives, at Bethany, Gethsemane, and in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. But it may not be uninteresting to you, to see what impressions are produced by them upon those whose religious discipline has caused them to be, not more devout we trust, but certainly more easy of belief. "Come along with me," says De Geramb, a Trappist monk, "to the Road of the Cross, and let thoughts of grief, repentance, gratitude, and love, accompany our steps. Nine of the fourteen stations are in the streets, forming the Via Dolorosa, so that the pilgrim is obliged to refrain from all external signs of piety, if he would avoid the insults and outrages of which Turkish fanaticism is not sparing. To satisfy their devotion in some trifling degree, most of the pilgrims seek to touch by stealth the object which marks the station, though frequently covered with spittle, and then to lay their hand upon their heart.

"The first station in the Road of the Cross begins

at the very spot where the last in the Way of the Captivity ends; that is, at the Lithostrotos, called in the Hebrew Gabbatha, where Jesus was condemned to die upon the cross.

“The second station is on the spot where Jesus, delivered up to his implacable enemies, was hurried away through a furious mob, loading him with imprecations, to be burdened with his cross, which he was to bear to Calvary. There is nothing to indicate the exact point of this station.

“To reach the third, you must pass under the arcade of the Ecce Homo. At the end of the street, turning to the left, near a Turkish bath, you come to a prostrate column of red marble, which, according to tradition, marks the spot where our Saviour fainted for the first time under the weight of the instrument of his execution.

“Forty paces farther, you enter a street which leads to the Via Dolorosa, in which there was formerly a church, known by the name of Notre Dame des Sept-Douleurs: this is the fourth station. On this spot it was that Mary, thrust back by the soldiers, met her Son toiling under the weight of the ignominious wood on which he was about to die. Without making explicit mention of this meeting, the evangelists infer it in their narratives, by showing us the blessed Virgin on Calvary, at the moment of the death of Jesus; and this tradition dates from high antiquity.

“Sixty paces farther begins the fifth station, at the foot of the hill which leads to Golgotha. Here it was that Christ, exhausted by his long sufferings, stumbled; and that the Jews, eager for his blood, stopped a Cyrenian, and forced him to bear the cross. ‘And, as they led him away, they laid hold upon one Simon, a Cyrenian, coming out of the country, and on him they laid the cross, that he might bear it after Jesus.’

“Proceeding about eighty paces, you come to the sixth station. It is the house of Veronica, or, more correctly speaking, the spot on which stood that house, the very ruins of which have disappeared, and on which is now seen the dwelling of a Greek family. You are shown the place where (according to an oft-confuted tradition) a heroic woman, forcing her way through the soldiers and the crowd which surrounded Jesus, and throwing herself at his feet, wiped his distorted features, the impression of which was left upon the cloth which had touched the august face of the Saviour of the world.

“About one hundred paces from the house of St. Veronica, is the Judgment Gate, through which malefactors passed who were to be executed on Calvary. This gate is walled up for half its height; behind, you can perceive the stone pillar on which the sentence of Pilate was posted. It is upright, and may be seen at a distance.

"It is about eighty paces from the Judgment Gate to the place where Jesus fell, for the second time, under the weight of his cross. It is marked by an incision made in a stone in the wall.

"From the Judgment Gate to the top of Calvary, the ascent begins to be steeper. The eighth station is about thirty fathoms from the preceding. It may be known by a thick column, placed before a doorway of mean appearance, and which is walled up. It was there that Christ spoke to the women of Jerusalem, who were shedding tears over his fate, and exhorted them to weep not for him, but for themselves and their children.

"The way which formerly led to Calvary, and along which our Saviour passed, no longer exists; it is covered with houses, amidst which is the ninth station, likewise marked by a thick column, the approach to which, Turkish fanaticism has taken delight to render disagreeable, by heaping up filth against it for the purpose of keeping off the Christians.

"The tenth and the last four stations are in the immense Church of the Holy Sepulchre."

I have given this account abridged from the words of Father De Geramb, a monk of the monastery of Notre Dame de la Trappe, as well as the narration of the singular ceremonies at the other "stations" in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, to show the interest which many still have in the

most doubtful places and traditions, and as a history of events which are constantly occurring in our own time in Jerusalem. Some men believe everything; and some think, with the great philosopher of old, that "nothing can be known with certainty." For my own part, since faith is a higher principle than doubt, I look upon the believer, even in the impossible, with greater reverence than upon the unhappy universal sceptic.

Saturday.—During the whole of this day, our Lord lay in the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea. This, as well as the other places, has been already mentioned in the account of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. As my wish has been to give a history of what is known as Passion Week in connection with the sacred places, and as the sufferings of our Lord ended with the words, "It is finished," we may feel that our solemn task is almost accomplished; for now the week of suffering and humiliation has been closed, and the day of reward and exaltation draws near. From the night of the grave and the silence of the tomb, he is now to come forth with the light of everlasting glory, and a life which shall never end; for "Christ, being risen from the dead, dieth no more." Death lost his dominion on Easter Eve, the last hours of his tyranny.

Easter-Day.—To begin the history of last Sunday, we endeavoured to accompany our Lord on

his triumphal entry into Jerusalem; when, by the power of divine wisdom, truth, and goodness, he seemed about to obtain an earthly victory over his enemies. But this was not to be; for his kingdom is not of this world. Therefore it was necessary that he should be humbled yet more, in order that his triumph may be greater. And now the hour is nigh. The entry into Jerusalem was but a lesser glory compared with his coming victory over the powers of darkness, death, and the grave, when he burst the bars of the tomb, and came forth, leading captive the last and now vanquished enemy.

Already, and on several occasions, we had walked around and examined the church in detail, but had never yet been admitted within the Holy Sepulchre. To this, then, on the great Festival of the Resurrection, our thoughts were naturally directed. Making our way through the crowd of pilgrims that always, at this season, fill the area of the church, we went directly to that portion of it which is called the Temple of the Resurrection and of the Holy Sepulchre. This is an immense circular edifice, about one hundred and thirty feet in diameter, erected over the mausoleum. Upon entering this temple, you see above your head a stupendous dome, supported by solid square columns, the spaces between them being occupied by arcades and galleries. Beneath this dome, and in the centre of the floor, stands the smaller edifice which contains

the tomb; forming thus a church within a church. It is an oblong building, but circular at the western extremity, against which stands the Coptic altar. The entrance is at the eastern end, which is square. It has in front a balustraded platform, with lofty candelabra at the four corners, and ascended by a low flight of marble steps. The whole building is cased in costly stones and marbles, and surmounted by a fretted dome of Saracenic architecture. Suspended above the platform, and extending to the interior of the outer dome, is a rich piece of tapestry, embroidered with a cross in the centre. Visitors, as they approach this platform, are requested to remove their shoes from their feet, in compliance with ancient and Oriental custom. What Christian would refuse to do this, remembering the words of Jehovah himself to his servant Moses, "The place whereon thou standest is holy ground?" So great were the crowds upon and around this platform, that some time elapsed before we could gain admission.

The interior is divided into two parts. The first is called the Chapel of the Angel, and in the centre is a square column, supporting a block of marble. On this we were told that the angel sat who announced to the women approaching to embalm the body of Jesus, "He is not here; for he is risen, as he said: come see the place where the Lord lay." This chamber, then, forms the vesti-

bule to the sepulchre; and in the opposite wall is a low, rectangular, narrow opening, from which poured out a powerful stream of light. Bending nearly double, we entered the chamber of the sepulchre, which is about six feet square, one-half being occupied by the marble that covers the native rock. It is white, slightly veined with blue, six feet long, three wide, and rises about two feet from the floor. It is not highly polished, but bears the appearance of exposure to the weather, an effect produced, doubtless, by the hands and lips of countless pilgrims. The marble covering was found to be requisite to secure the tomb in the rock from the depredations of the pious worshippers. From the ceiling hang perhaps forty silver lamps, beautifully chased, the gifts of various potentates and devotees. These are kept constantly burning, and are so numerous that they hide the inner dome, and throw a blaze of light through the chamber. Although the smoke and heat escape in part by three vents in the vaulted roof, we found the atmosphere oppressive through imperfect ventilation. If, instead of this gorgeous mausoleum, those silver lamps, and these costly marbles, we could have been permitted to stand by the tomb hewn in the rock, before the latter had been levelled to suit the purposes of the architect, how much more grateful and unmingled had been our emotions!

Excursion from Jerusalem to the Dead Sea, the River Jordan, and Jericho.

Monday, 9th.—This and the following day were allotted to an interesting excursion to the Dead Sea and the Jordan. It was made remarkable not only by the associations attached to the places visited, but by the time chosen for the excursion, and the company that surrounded us. It was the day on which the Greek pilgrims make their annual visit to the river Jordan, to bathe in the sacred stream. It is a dangerous journey, on account of the Arabs, who assemble at this season, like the eagles gathering over the carcass, and hovering around the caravan, are prepared to pounce upon and plunder all stragglers, on the established principle that "God gave the land of Canaan to Isaac, but to Ishmael the desert, and all that is thereon," and they make "the desert" mean any place that suits their opportunity. But, as Jerusalem depends chiefly upon the visits of pilgrims, and their absence would greatly diminish the income of its Mohammedan masters, the Turkish governor is careful to afford the pilgrims every facility, and therefore furnished them on this occasion, as usual, with a body of soldiers for their protection. It was a good opportunity to visit the places which I

have named, and we gladly embraced it. But, as we expected to visit the Dead Sea also, which is not a part of the Greek pilgrimage, we were provided with our own guard. Being joined by the English gentlemen and some other persons in Jerusalem, who availed themselves of our company for safety, we formed a party of some ten or twelve persons on horseback. But it was not merely a company of Christian pilgrims that set out together. It was also the time of the Mussulman pilgrimage to the tomb of the prophet Moses; for, strange to tell, though that lawgiver was never permitted to enter into the promised land, and the Scriptures assure us that "no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day," the Mohammedans have got over all the difficulties, and not only know the spot, and show the sepulchre, but have placed it within the borders of the Land of Promise! Going out of the gate of the city early in the morning, the road presented a most animated scene. Thousands and thousands of people—men, women, and children—were assembled on the steep banks that overlook the valley of the Kedron, to see the pilgrims go forth. The rocky projections, and every available spot, were alive with them, and their variegated dresses and turbans produced a most picturesque effect. It was not like our crowds, where the preponderance of black hats and dark clothes gives the whole a sombre appearance; but all was gay

with white, blue, yellow, red, and green, in every direction. Winding our way through this crowd of spectators, we were among the throng of the pilgrims of all ages and both sexes, and every way mounted, upon camels, horses, donkeys, and mules. There were loads of tents and provisions, as the pilgrims would be absent three days, and the country is inhabited by wandering Arabs only. The road led us along the side of Mount Olivet, and then over a broken, mountainous region, which occupies the whole space to the Valley of the Jordan. As we commenced our winding journey, it was a singular sight to see Jerusalem emptied of her inhabitants, and to watch the motley crowd of pilgrims, old men in panniers, on one side of a camel, balancing provisions, or women and children upon the other; winding down the steep descent to cross the bed of the brook Kedron, and then filling all the way along the side of the Mount of Olives. We were in a continuous crowd of men on horseback, armed with guns and pistols, dashing about, shouting and firing, as if they were going out to fight, or were upon a frolic, instead of a serious pilgrimage.

I found myself at first made so uncomfortable by an awkward Turkish saddle, that I should have been obliged to return, and lose this interesting excursion, had it not been for the great kindness of an English gentleman of our party, who, being

better mounted, and more accustomed to this mode of travelling, exchanged horses with me.

For some distance the road was the same for all the pilgrims; but after a time, when the mixed stream of people came to a certain point, the Mohammedans separated, and turned off down a valley to the right. We accompanied these, as it was our route to the Dead Sea. They had come from all the neighbouring region in processions, with flags flying and drums beating: they frequently showed their hatred to us Christians, by calling upon us to move out of the road; and as they accompanied these objurgations with the firing of their guns and pistols, so as to startle us and our horses as we passed, we were very willing to allow them as much room as possible. They were all armed, which is the case with almost every man you meet in Syria. The road was up and down the sides of the mountains and over the rocks, and was in many places so rough and steep, that you would think it impossible for horses to travel over it. But the Syrian horses are strong and sure-footed, and I have been carried by them over the rocks where I should hardly have felt it safe to go on foot. A wild region of barren rocks, a range of mountains, destitute of trees, and almost of grass, the rocks being in many places utterly bare—such was the desolate scenery that surrounded us on our way to the Dead Sea. The landscape is well calcu-

lated to fill the mind of the traveller with gloom, and these barren rocks and innumerable caves compel him to remember that they have been in all ages the resort and the dens of thieves and outlaws, who are able to defy the government, and sometimes carry their depredations up to the very walls of Jerusalem. And all this they do in the name of Allah; for they deem it a part of the Divine law that the plunder of the desert is theirs by the will of God. It is the right of the strongest that guides the children of Ishmael, and their hand is not only against every stranger, but against each other also, if one endeavour to defraud another of his lawful share of that property in plunder which Heaven assigns him. In their minds, there is no inconsistency between a high spirit of devotion to the religion of their Prophet and the practice of plunder; but, on the contrary, like the pirates described by the Greek historian, and like the red-haired spoilers of the North, they deem that they exhibit their chivalry and spirit by skilful robbery. Our company was so large, and our guard so strong, that we met with no misadventures of this kind. But every Frank does not escape so comfortably. The author of "The Crescent and the Cross" furnishes us with the relation of an adventure far more amusing to narrate and hear than pleasant to endure: "Shortly before my arrival at Jerusalem, an English traveller had joined himself to one of

these pilgrimages to the Jordan, for the sake of security as well as of curiosity. When about half-way to Jericho, he happened to linger behind the caravan, and was cantering along the lonely road to overtake it: suddenly his horse was checked by a resistless grasp, and himself thrown to the ground. The moment before, there was no living creature visible in that wild glen; now, on recovering from the shock, he saw an Arab bending over him, with his spear pointed at his bosom; two others stood by, and his horse had disappeared. Not understanding the menacing injunction to lie still, he tried to rise, and was instantly pinned to the ground by the Arab's lance. Seeing that resistance was hopeless, he submitted to his fate, and the two Arabs approached with the request, 'Cousin, undress thyself, thy aunt is without a garment.' As he displayed considerable reluctance in assisting the wants of his unknown relative, they stripped him with wonderful despatch. They soon left him in a state of utter nudity, and, in reply to all his remonstrances, only returned him his hat, which they looked upon with contempt, and useless even to his unscrupulous 'aunt.' They even took away the hat-band, and then left him to return as best he might to the crowded metropolis."

We passed Nebby Mousa, as it is called, or the Tomb of the Prophet Moses. It is a mosque, in a desolate region amongst the mountains, and is built

over the spot, it is said, where Moses died and was buried. Of this I have already spoken as a Mohammedan tradition, which, in place and circumstance, is utterly contradictory of the Scriptures. But it is an object of high reverence with the Muslim; and a great pilgrimage is annually made, that they may say their prayers over the grave of the Prophet Moses. Here, therefore, our Mussulman companions of the journey remained, while our party continued on the way that leads to the Dead Sea. At length we obtained the first view from the mountains; and the impression made upon us was very different from that which seems to have been received by most travellers. The scenery was of a far less sombre and melancholy character than we had supposed, and far other than the rocky and desolate road through the mountains might have led us to expect. In short, the imagination of its gloominess with which our minds were pre-occupied, went far beyond the reality. Much, no doubt, is due to association with the doomed Cities of the Plain; but the Dead Sea itself, as seen from the hills, is in reality a beautiful lake. It is picturesque in its shape, and its surface is of that charming blue tint, known to quiet inland seas in more favoured lands. The mountains among which it lies are indeed barren, destitute of trees and shrubs, but they are striking in their forms, and conduce far more to a lively than a sombre picture. The

level plain is indeed desert in strips here and there, but these are relieved by the clumps of flourishing shrubs which cover the greater part of the valley below. There is one feature in the scenery which is certainly wonderfully beautiful. On the north there is an opening among the hills and an extensive valley, bounded by the same mountains, with occasional glimpses of the river. This is the Valley of the Jordan, and its course is shown by the willows, alders, and other shrubs which fringe the borders of the sacred stream. As we looked up this lovely valley, a singular effect was produced by the fine particles of sand, raised in the far distance, very high, by a whirlwind, almost in the manner of water-spouts. The sun shining upon and through these remarkable columns gave them a very bright appearance, and they formed a novel and striking addition to the landscape upon which we were looking.

The mountains which rise above the Dead Sea on the east and west are very high, and their names are associated with many scenes of deep interest in the sacred narrative. The mountains on the west ascend from the wilderness of En-gedi. It was here that David dwelt when he was pursued by Saul, and among the caves or the stony holds of En-gedi he hid himself. The nature of the country appears from the description given us in the Scripture history, where we are told that Saul "went to seek

David and his men upon the rocks of the wild goats." Here David showed that noble example of forgiveness and generosity, when he cut off the skirt of Saul's robe, but spared his life, and would not put forth his hand against the Lord's anointed.

The Dead Sea is said to be about fifty miles in length, and ten or twelve in breadth; and, strange to say, has never been thoroughly explored until very recently; and perhaps no expedition of the kind could excite more interest than that which was so lately accomplished by the American exploring party. This, together with the accounts furnished us by Dr. Robinson and other travellers, will soon make the world familiar with a region hitherto, in a great measure, unknown, and therefore given up to such fables as that no bird could fly across its deadly waters! It extends towards the south into the kingdom of Edom, and on the north receives the Jordan from the plain of Jericho. It is a singular fact that there appears to be no outlet for this lake, though it receives so considerable a supply of water from the Jordan. Its surface is also five or six hundred feet lower than that of the Mediterranean, and therefore the wonder cannot be solved by supposing a secret or subterranean communication with the Great Sea. The evaporation from such an extent of surface would hardly seem to be sufficient to account for the disappearance of the supply of water which it receives from

the Jordan alone. The mountains of Moab and of the Amorites are those which lie eastward from the Dead Sea.

On descending the mountains towards the sea, we found the level ground, from the foot of the hills to the shore, wild and waste, with a soil resembling ashes, in which the hoofs of the horses sank at every step. This was much more in accordance with our previous impressions; and as we approached nearer, we found many things which distinguish this Mare Mortuum from all the lakes in the world. Instead of ripples dancing to the pebbly shore, as if they were alive, and breaking into a beautiful white crest of foam, the small sluggish waves struck the sand heavily, like melted lead. And yet the shore was not bold. There was, all along the shore, and to a short distance out, a disagreeable line of a kind of bituminous scum, which we had some difficulty in avoiding when we went into the sea to bathe. The waters are so buoyant, that it was a difficult matter to keep our limbs below the surface; and so acrid, salt, and bitter, that they produced a painful effect upon the eyes and the lips. When the waves broke or rolled heavily over our heads, they not only occasioned a sensation of pain, but they gave a disagreeable, viscous feeling to the hair.

The briny waters of the Dead Sea lie in the midst of a tract which modern researches have

declared not to be volcanic. "The Vale of Siddim, which is the salt sea," "was full of slime-pits" (Gen. xiv. 3-10), a remarkable description, which is supposed to apply to the pits of asphaltum that have now disappeared, and over which Dr. Robinson conjectures that the southern part of the sea may now flow. He also thinks that the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah were not on the present principal bed of the lake, which, he argues, must have existed before these cities were destroyed; and that the conflagration of the asphaltum in the pits, or some volcanic action, destroyed the fertile plain with the cities on the south of the sea, so that the plain would be lowered, and the waters rush in and form the southern bay. This would account for the disappearance of the pits, and for the fact that, after an earthquake, large quantities of asphaltum have risen to the surface, having been separated by the shock from the ancient pits, now at the bottom of the sea. Dr. Robinson says: "We travelled with Arabs of different tribes, inhabiting both the northern and southern parts of the western coast; and our guides were among the most intelligent sheiks of those tribes. We inquired often and particularly respecting the phenomena of asphaltum in this sea, and received a uniform answer from all. They had never known of its being found, except in the sea; nor there, except after earthquakes. After the earthquake of 1834,

a considerable quantity was found floating in small pieces, which were driven ashore and gathered. After the great earthquake of January 1, 1837, in which Safed was destroyed, a large mass of asphaltum was found floating in the water, one said like a house, another like an island, to which the Arabs swam off, and cut it up with axes, and gathered enough to sell for two or three thousand Spanish dollars. In both cases the asphaltum was found in the southern part of the sea. One sheik, a man fifty years old, who had spent his life here, said he had never seen asphaltum, or known of its being found at any other time." He also says, "small lumps of sulphur are found in many places on the shores of the sea." These facts, and many others for which I must refer you to the volumes of the learned traveller, are of the deepest interest to every one who meditates upon the signal destruction of the cities of the plain, Sodom and Gomorrah.

Although the mountains which tower above the Dead Sea are naked and barren, yet the shore itself, near the sea, supports many bushes and shrubs. We were informed that the specific gravity of the water is one-fifth greater than that of the Jordan, which flows into it. The excessive saltiness of the sea, and the variety of substances which it holds in solution, are in fact accounted for by its washing the foot of a mountain which is called by the Arabs, "The Stone of Sodom," and

is said to be composed of a kind of bitter rock-salt. The sea, therefore, having no outlet that is known, and being subject only to a decrease from evaporation, a waste which appears to be not more than supplied by the influx from the Jordan, and being thus furnished with inexhaustible supplies of impure salt and other chemical substances, would become almost or quite saturated with them in the course of ages. This accounts for its bitter, briny quality, and for the lead-like nature of its sluggish waters. These characteristics, with the undoubted fact that the doomed cities perished upon its site, or on that southern border over which part of the sea now flows, are sufficient to give to the very name of the Dead Sea associations of silence, desolation, and solitude, even in our time. How much more, when "the Asphaltic pool" was almost unknown to Europe, and its traditions were exaggerated by the heated brain of the Crusaders!

We found upon the bushes, on the borders of the sea, a singular fruit, which reminded us of that striking passage in the song of Moses: "For their vine is of the vine of Sodom, and of the fields of Gomorrah: their grapes are grapes of gall, their clusters are bitter." (Deut. xxxii. 32.) It is about as large as a common plum, and of a bright yellow colour,

"Whose fruit, burnished with golden rind,
Hung amiable."

But it is quite hollow, containing scarcely anything but the seeds. Warburton describes this fruit, which he says the Arabs call "Lot's Sea Orange," as being full of black dust, an effect produced, it is said, by the attack of a small insect. Dr. Robinson found several trees of a different species, ten or fifteen feet in height and six or eight inches in diameter. The bark was grayish and like cork, and the leaves and flowers like the milk-weed or silk-weed, and a similar milky fluid oozed from it when broken. The ripe fruit was like large smooth apples or oranges, in clusters of three or four. It was mellow, and tempting, but on being struck, it exploded like a puff-ball, being made of skin and fibre only. Add the marvellous of the old travellers and naturalists, and we have here, no doubt, the apples of Sodom. It required but a slight addition on the part of the ancient pilgrims, to make their listeners, if not themselves, believe—

"This more delusive, not the touch, but taste
Deceived; they fondly thinking to allay
Their appetite with gust, instead of fruit
Chewed bitter ashes."

The accounts which the travellers of five centuries ago give of this fruit, and of the Lake of Sodom itself, are quite wonderful, if not fearful. Sir John Maundeville, A. D. 1322, quaintly and honestly tells us that "the water of that sea is

very bitter and salt, and if the earth were moistened with that water it would never bear fruit. And the earth and land changeth oft its colour. The water casteth out a thing that is called asphalt, in pieces as large as a horse, every day and on all sides. It is called the Dead Sea, because it does not run, but is ever motionless. Neither man, beast, nor anything that hath life, may die in that sea; and that hath been proved many times by men that have been condemned to death, who have been cast therein, and left therein three or four days, and they might never die therein, for it receiveth nothing within him that breatheth life. And if a man cast iron therein, it will float on the surface; but if men cast a feather therein, it will sink to the bottom; and these are things contrary to nature. And there beside grow trees that bear apples, very fair of colour to behold; but when we break or cut them in two, we find within ashes and cinders, which is a token that by the wrath of God the cities and the land were burned and sunk into hell. Into that sea, by the wrath of God, sunk the five cities, Sodom, Gomorrah, Aldama, Seboym, and Segor, for the abominable sin that reigned in them. But Segor, by the prayer of Lot, was saved and kept a great while, for it was set upon a hill, and some part of it still appears above the water; and men may see the walls when it is fair and clear weather."

But we must leave the Dead Sea, an inexhaustible subject, and one which will long excite the interest and the wonder of Christendom, notwithstanding the light thrown over its mysteries by the researches of modern travellers and the triumphs of modern science. We pursued our way over the once fertile plain of the Valley of the Jordan. It is now entirely uncultivated and unfruitful. It is called by the natives el-Ghor, which means a low plain, and seems to be applied to the great valley of the great river by way of pre-eminence. That part of the valley in which the river flows is many feet lower than the two sides of the plain, and being filled with trees and herbage, at least on the brink of the river, offers a scene very unlike that presented by the rest of the plain. The valley is of very considerable extent, running for about fifty or sixty miles north from the Dead Sea, and is about nine miles wide. Ascending from the level of the sea and the channel of the river, you come to a wide strip of sand and gravel deeply gullied, and covered with thin coarse grass and clumps of shrubs. Between this and the base of the mountains the land becomes more level and fertile, and there are extensive sweeps of rank, reed-like grass. These form a cover for some wild animals.

In the course of our ride through it, a wild boar was started, to which some of the Arabs, and two of our English companions, with their characteristic

love of sport, gave chase for a mile or two, but without success. Soon after another incident occurred to enliven our journey. A sheik of one of the Beddowee tribes of the valley came up to us mounted upon a beautiful spirited steed, and accompanied by several of his followers. He saluted us courteously, and presented a long willow staff to one of our company, a young gentleman attached to the British consulate, who spoke Arabic. This, we were informed, was a pledge of amity, and an assurance that we should receive no molestation from his tribe. Had we not been well attended, and the soldiers of the Pasha near at hand, he would with equal readiness have robbed us, or levied a heavy tribute from us. After riding quietly for some time, when we came to a level space of ground, he started from us at full gallop a short distance, wheeled suddenly round, and, as he passed us, fired one pistol and then another at the ground close to our horses' feet, and then began brandishing a long staff, as if about to throw a javelin at us. These evolutions were repeated several times. The fine animal he rode was managed with admirable skill, being made to wheel round, or stop suddenly upon his haunches when at full speed. Several of our Arab attendants now took up the same mock combat, but with far less effect, as they were neither as well mounted nor as practised in horsemanship as this "wild man of the desert." We had here an

opportunity of witnessing the *djerid*, or the mock exercise of throwing the spear. The presence of so great a crowd of pilgrims, and they Christians too, was an opportunity for the Mussulman to exhibit his skill and prowess which could not be lightly thrown away. Each horseman is provided with a wooden staff, about as long as a spear, and which can do no serious injury, unless through the carelessness of the mock combatants; in which case the greatest damage would probably be a severe bruise only. Mounted on Turkish saddles, with high pommels and short straps, the feet are supported in so substantial a manner by the flat shovel-shaped stirrups, that the horseman can rise high in air, and, standing erect while his horse is at the top of his speed, dart his quasi-javelin with all his own strength added to the momentum of the horse. Woe to the luckless object of his aim who is not quick enough to evade the threatened blow, or sufficiently skilful to catch the flying javelin by the handle. The sport gives occasion to the exercise of every kind of skill, and not unfrequently some accomplished horseman will stoop, at full gallop, clutch the javelin that lies upon the ground, and dart it in an instant at the opposite party. Such was the amusing spectacle of wild but noble horsemanship exhibited before us on our way to the camp.

The place of encampment was near the ancient

site of Jericho, and was the one annually occupied by the pilgrims on the same occasion. It is a grassy plain, of no great extent, surrounded with trees and bushes, and bordered on one side with a lively brook of fresh water fed from the ancient fountain of Elisha, of which I shall speak presently. In the morning all around had been silent and solitary, and probably for weeks and months had been untrodden by the foot of man, and to-morrow, when we depart, it will be consigned to the same desolation. Now, however, a city of canvass houses had suddenly sprung up, gay and bright, with their white roofs and sides striped with green, blue, and red, and the lanes and avenues between were thronged with a noisy, bustling population, and with numbers of camels, horses, mules and donkeys, picketed in every direction. People of various nations were there, Russians, Greeks, Armenians, Copts, to the number of more than two thousand, besides the battalion of Turkish soldiers sent by the Pasha to protect us from the plundering Arabs. Many of the inhabitants of Jerusalem also, and of other parts of Syria, availed themselves of this opportunity of a safe conduct to make their pilgrimage to the Jordan. When we entered, we found the tide of social life in full movement, as if it had been ebbing and flowing there for centuries. There were persons buying and selling articles of food and clothing, blacksmiths at their forges, tinnen pre-

paring cans for the pilgrims to carry home the water of the sacred river, women passing to and from the brook with their water-jugs, or busy at the numerous fires preparing their evening meal; men smoking quietly at their tent doors, or gathered in little circles in earnest talk; and that which more than anything else gives animation to such a scene, the joyous voices and gambols of the children. A short march brought us to our home, where we found our faithful Asgoul preparing for us the meal, for which we ourselves after our long ride were well prepared.

In the course of the day we had fallen into conversation with a young man, a mechanic from London, who had been employed by the Society for the Propagation of Christianity amongst the Jews, to superintend the fitting up of the Mission Church at Jerusalem, and was still a resident there. Having been much pleased with his manners and conversation, we invited him to dine with us. This slight civility, which was more than repaid by the interesting information he gave us, he afterwards acknowledged, in a most delicate manner, by sending us a box accompanied with a note as follows:

MOUNT ZION, JERUSALEM, *April 12, 1849.*

DEAR SIRS,

Dispensing with formalities, I beg your acceptance of the inclosed specimens:—

1. Limestone from Bethlehem and Anathoth, used in the new church on Mount Zion.

2. Two carved capitals from the altar railing in the same.
3. Bituminous stone from quarries beyond the Dead Sea.
4. Specimens of paving-stone from Jerusalem, the red for best purposes, the other for floors and roofs.
5. Specimens of olive wood.
6. A branch from the oldest tree in the Garden of Gethsemane.
7. Roman block for tessellated pavements.
8. Sundry trifling articles in equal quantities, which you will please to divide.

I remain, dear sirs, yours respectfully,

WILLIAM STEVENSON.

Rev. Dr. Wainwright and Mr. Minturn.

Should these pages ever meet the eye of this amiable young man, I hope he will excuse the liberty I have taken in thus, without permission, using his note and his name. I do it to point a moral for travellers, and to show the kindly influence of even small civilities to those we meet.

After dinner, in the evening, we took a stroll through our city built in a few hours, and found it lighted up more brilliantly than London or Paris. Each tent had before it a pole stuck in the ground, about four feet high, supporting a round iron grate, in which was kept up a bright fire with some bituminous substance. The scene was more gay even than by day. The tents were all open in front, and we could see their occupants smoking their pipes, some playing at cards and dice, others singing and clapping their hands, and all giving evidences of a state of feeling very different from,

what we should suppose would naturally be inspired in the breasts of religious pilgrims, many of whom had travelled thousands of miles to bathe in the sacred stream in which their Saviour was baptized, and from which they were now separated by less than a march of two hours. Before the wide-spread tent of the Turkish commander of the troops, there was a far worse exhibition. He and his officers were seated within, cross-legged, upon their carpets, smoking in solemn state. A crowd of mingled soldiers and pilgrims formed a large circle before them, and within the area there was music and a dance going forward, upon which all seemed to be gazing with intent delight; but a single glance showed it to be of so disgusting a character, that we were glad to retreat from it at once. I doubt, whether even those who are familiarized to nightly exhibitions of the polka or the waltz, could have endured to look upon it any longer than we did. We now retired to rest in our tents, but the mingled noises made by the people, the bells on the mules, and the braying of the donkeys, effectually banished sleep.

Tuesday, April 10.—About two o'clock in the morning we were all aroused, the whole camp put in motion, and at three we set off for the Jordan. The intention is to reach the river, which is two hours distant, as soon as it is light enough for the pilgrims to bathe with safety. Two thousand

people all marching together, some on foot, some on horseback, the old men, women, and children in a kind of hampers on the camels, with torches to lead the way, and under the light of the full moon, formed a scene which it would be difficult to describe. The troops went first, and the people followed in a confused mass; but when they approached the river, the crowd of pilgrims pressed on before the foot soldiers, and rode as quickly as possible to the shore. But the Jordan runs so deep within its banks, and the willows and other trees upon the borders conceal it so much from view, that you do not see the water until you are close upon it. The stream is exceedingly rapid, and is discoloured like the Tiber at Rome. Many of the people, as soon as they could get their bathing dresses ready, threw themselves into the sacred river; but very few ventured far from the shore, except some Copts from Egypt, who are very expert swimmers. They swam across, but in doing so were carried down a good distance by the force of the current. The pilgrims dip themselves three times in the Jordan. The river at this place is not more than sixty feet wide. The spot selected is supposed to be that where our Saviour was baptized; but the Latins have another place farther up; and it is fortunate that the time and the places of bathing do not coincide, as in that case the terrific scenes that occur at the Holy Sepulchre might be renewed.

There seemed to be no other place, very near this, where the people could go into the water, without the risk of being carried away by the stream; and even here there is danger, and, last year, on a similar occasion, four persons were drowned. Men and women bathed in the river, and children were carried in to be washed in the Jordan. But the greater portion were spectators, being intimidated by the violence of the rushing stream. Everything was managed with great propriety and even order, considering the immense multitude and the shortness of the time. We went a little distance up the banks, and bathed in the Jordan. Thus, in two successive days, we have bathed in the river Jordan and in the Salt or Dead Sea. We have cut a few willow sticks from the banks of the former, and have taken cans of water from both to bring home.

It was probably near this part of the river that the separation of the waters took place mentioned in the book of Joshua iii. 16, preceded by the description which shows that the miracle cannot be assigned to the unusual shallowness of the water, or to a common ford; "for Jordan overfloweth all his banks all the time of harvest." It was at this period, when the river was most swollen, "that the waters which came down from above, stood and rose up upon a heap very far from the city Adam, that is beside Zaretan: and those that came down

towards the sea of the plain, even the salt sea, failed, and were cut off: and the people passed over right against Jericho."

In this vicinity also, Elijah smote and divided the waters. We returned from the river to the probable site of Jericho, though several places have been assigned to that city; all, however, in this region. There seems to be great doubt as to the exact locality, so that even the place where this famous city stood of old is unknown. The imprecation of Joshua was fulfilled: "Cursed be the man before the Lord, that riseth up and buildeth this city Jericho: he shall lay the foundation thereof in his first-born, and in his youngest son shall he set up the gates of it." (Joshua vi. 26.) Notwithstanding this fearful malediction, Hiel the Bethelite built Jericho again, in the reign of Ahab; but "he laid the foundation thereof in Abiram his first-born, and set up the gates thereof in his youngest son Segub, according to the word of the Lord, which he spake by Joshua the son of Nun." (1 Kings xvi. 34.) And now it is utterly destroyed; for it is not probable that the Mohammedan village Rihbah, containing about fifty mean dwellings, even stands upon the site of ancient Jericho. There are said to be hewn stones and ruins in several places in the neighbourhood, but none of them can be referred to the ancient city. Nor are there any traces remaining of Gilgal. As there is but one

fountain in the vicinity, which pours its waters over the plain, and irrigates the only fertile part of it, it is probably the same which is spoken of in 2 Kings ii. 19-22: "And the men of the city said unto Elisha, Behold, I pray thee, the situation of this city is pleasant, as my lord seeth: but the water is naught, and the ground barren. And he said, Bring me a new cruse, and put salt therein. And they brought it to him. And he went forth unto the spring of the waters, and cast the salt in there, and said, Thus saith the Lord, I have healed these waters; there shall not be from thence any more death or barren land. So the waters were healed unto this day." We went to this fountain, or "spring of the waters," which is about two miles from the village, and is situated on the side of the mountain. It still pours forth a large stream of clear and refreshing water, which fertilizes the fields below, being carried thither by many little streams or aqueducts. The sides of the mountain are filled with grottoes and old tombs, which, together with the stream and the ruins upon the plain, may go far to convince us that we are near ancient Jericho, "the city of palm trees," of which the early historians speak with so much delight and admiration. One of them says: "It is a valley like a garden, which is environed with continual hills, and, as it were, inclosed with a wall. The space of the valley containeth two hundred

thousand acres, and it is called Jericho. In that valley there is a wood, as admirable for its fruitfulness as for its delight; for it is intermingled with palm-trees and opobalsamum. The trees of the opobalsamum bear a resemblance to fir-trees. On a set season of the year they do "sweat balsam." But, alas! the palm-trees, the balsam, and the fruitfulness, or at least the cultivation, have departed; for although the country is covered with verdure for some distance below and around this fertilizing fountain, and the streams which flow from it; yet, the insecurity and the indolence of the inhabitants, who are still proverbial for their vices, have suffered even the fertile parts of the plain to be occupied with thorns and useless shrubs.

How different the scene once presented here, and what recollections does this interesting region evoke from the past! Upon those mountains beyond the river on the east side of Jordan, Moses once stood and surveyed the promised land which he might not enter. Upon the opposite bank the warlike successor of Moses marshalled the people, bidding the priests of the Lord go over with the ark of the covenant; and Jordan was stayed, while two millions of the children of Israel passed dry-shod into the good land promised to their fathers. Prophets of God had power given them to smite the rivers, "and they were divided hither and thither," to change the fountains of bitterness and death into

streams of life and fertility. Upon this plain stood the walls of a wealthy and a warlike city, frowning defiance to a host of besieging men, and then, by the power of God, falling down at the sound of their trumpets, "so that the people went up into the city, every man straight before him." These fields, once so fruitful, fed their thousands and tens of thousands, and the happy and prosperous inhabitants sat here amid their groves of balsam, and under the shadow of the palm-trees. All is departed. Jericho is no more! the curse is upon her still!

With a feeling akin to melancholy, we averted our eyes, and prepared for our return to the Holy City. The plain of the Jordan being nearly three thousand feet lower than Jerusalem, the way led us up steep hills for a considerable distance. They were utterly bare of all vegetation, composed of rocks and sterile soil, and well suited to the tradition which affirms them to be the scene of our Lord's temptation. We met many of the Mussulmans on their return from the tomb of the Prophet Moses, and, indeed, during the whole period of our stay in Jerusalem, large numbers of them were constantly passing and repassing upon this mendacious pilgrimage. We reached Jerusalem at 4 P.M., having been on horseback nearly thirteen hours, besides the journey of the day before; but amply repaid for our great fatigue, by an excursion of the deepest interest, and most fruitful in reminiscences.

Excursion from Jerusalem to Bethlehem.

Wednesday, April 11.—We set out in the morning to go to that little city so dear to the heart of every Christian, where our Lord was manifest in the flesh. Leaving Jerusalem by the Jaffa or Bethlehem Gate, we took the road which leads across the plain of Rephaim, or, as it is called in Scripture, the Valley of Rephaim, or of the Giants; the scene of so many of the battles between David and the Philistines. The road, for the most part, is over a succession of dry and barren hills, interspersed with valleys that give some signs of fruitfulness, while goats hang upon the sides of the rocks, and obtain from them the scanty subsistence which they require. There are many traditions upon this road which arrest a momentary attention, and some which attract the heart and arouse a deeper feeling. Among those which are doubtful, we may place that of the village where the Prophet Joel is said to have lived, the ruins of the house of Simeon nearer to Jerusalem, the tree under whose shade the Virgin Mother rested with the infant Jesus, when about to present him in the temple! And, we fear, the fountain at which the wise men were waiting when they saw the star, must be placed in the same class!

But far more credit is due to the constant tradi-

tion which points out the sight of Rachel's burial, though the early monument that marked the place has long since disappeared under a Muslim tomb. With this interesting spot are connected associations of the most affecting character. Here one of the mothers of the children of Israel died, after the birth of the "son of her sorrow," whom his father called by the more auspicious name of Benjamin. In after years, and just before his own death, when he was far away from her grave, and in the land of Egypt, he recalls the circumstances of her departure: "And as for me, when I came from Padan, Rachel died by me in the land of Canaan in the way, when yet there was but a little way to come unto Ephrath; and I buried her there in the way of Ephrath; the same is Bethlehem." (Gen. xlviii. 7.) The patriarch, who was thus so sadly and suddenly bereaved of her whom he best loved, had set up a monument upon this very spot which we now contemplate: "And Jacob set a pillar upon her grave: that is the pillar of Rachel's grave unto this day." (Gen. xxxv. 20.) Not far distant is a village, supposed to be upon the site of the ancient Ramah, which, as its name signifies, must have been seated high up among the hills. Here were once heard the lamentation and great mourning when Rachel wept for her children and refused to be comforted! How might Ramah, in after times, have again heard the voice of lamentation, had it foreseen the

woes of the children of Rachel because they rejected Him for whose sake the blood of her unconscious innocents was then shed!

The situation of the village, which occupies the probable site of the ancient Ramah, upon a high and prominent point in the mountain scenery of this solitary region, and its associations, render it an object of interest at a distance. Gibeah, also, must have been in this neighbourhood, as appears by the relation in the book of Judges (xix); for when the day drew "toward evening," the Levite and his company rose to depart from Bethlehem, and when they "came over against Jebus, which is Jerusalem," they would not rest there, because it was then a "city of the Jebusites;" so the Levite said to his servant, "Come, and let us draw near to one of these places to lodge all night, in Gibeah, or in Ramah." As we approached Bethlehem, the valleys grew more fertile, and the hills were covered by small groves of olives, with a few vineyards. The little city, which contains about three thousand inhabitants, who are chiefly Christians, is beautifully situated upon an eminence. The sides of the hills are cultivated, according to the ancient manner, in terraces, which support the olive-trees and the vineyards. Altogether, the scene was very scriptural in its character; for the wine-presses were here, and the towers built to shelter those who watch the vineyards.

Bethlehem.

But thou, Beth-lehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall He come forth unto me that is to be Ruler in Israel; whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting.—MICAH v. 2.

UPON the side of yonder hill, then, which rises out of the midst of a fruitful valley, is set that little "city which cannot be hid" from the eyes of the Christian traveller, nor shut out from the heart of the Christian world. At the distance from Jerusalem of twenty stadia, according to Josephus, or two hours by the computation of Eastern journeys, or six miles by our measurement, we now look upon the very place where the most stupendous event in the annals of the world took place. Before we enter the gates, let us pause with affectionate reverence, and say to ourselves, This is Bethlehem! Here was "God manifest in the flesh!"

No wonder that this little city was named Ephrath, the fruitful; for it has teemed with Life for the sons of men: that it should be called Bethlehem, the "house of bread;" for the valley that lies before you has yielded in abundance, not only the bread that perisheth, but hither that Bread of Life came down from heaven, the manna of God, of which, if a man eat, he shall hunger no more. Nor let us forget that it was also named the "house of war;" for here began that battle so mighty and

sublime, under a Captain of salvation so powerful and glorious, ending in the victory so illustrious over sin, death, and hell, that all mortal warfare, leaders, and conquests, sink before them into puny insignificance. It was the great war of the weakness of God against the strength of the world. Therefore God chose the village on that hill, because it was little among the thousands of Judah. Great and glorious Rome, the mistress of the earth, was passed by; Athens, the school of the world, was rejected; Jerusalem herself, the holy city, was counted too honourable for the honour; these, and a host of memorable cities, that you and I, in our wisdom, would have selected, were cast out, since God hath made foolish the wisdom of this world. It pleased him that Bethlehem, so little, should no more be least among the thousands of Judah, because God by the weak hath confounded the mighty. While man exclaims, Strength against strength, Wisdom to overcome the wise, Greatness to vanquish the great, the answer of God is, I cannot save Israel by these; "the people are too many for me;" let the weak, the foolish, and the little, be set in array against the mighty, the prudent, and the great: for the battle is not man's, but the Lord's. Therefore, out of this mean and despised Bethlehem, shall come forth the light of the Gentiles and the glory of Israel.

About a mile eastward from the city of David is

a green valley, a lovely spot. Here were the shepherds abiding in the fields and keeping watch over their flocks by night. And the glory of the Lord shone round about the lowly shepherds; for not many mighty, not many noble, were called to the honour. It was a stripling of the shepherds who was born in the house of "that Ephrathite of Bethlehem-Judah," and called to the throne as the Anointed of God; and in the same place, but under circumstances meaner still, according to that which the world accounts meanness, was born the Good Shepherd, who is nevertheless the King of all princes, and the Lord of all thrones.

How, then, can we regard this humble village, lowly in itself, and once despised of men, and hallowed only by the pious thoughts and the veneration of after ages, without being deeply penetrated with the reflection, that his ways are not as our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts? God looked forth upon the earth to see where he might find for himself in the flesh a fitting habitation. And he saw that the earth was full of pride and vainglory, of ostentation and pomp. That pride which had cost no less a price than heaven to the fallen angels, and which had purchased expulsion from Paradise to fallen man, was still everywhere triumphant; and the dominion of the Roman iron, hardened by conquest, held in all places the upper hand. The lost spirits in hell, the angels who kept

their first estate, and the inhabitants of earth, needed a lesson; a new door was opened in heaven, and a Teacher came hither, a Messenger, a Ruler, a Conqueror, and a King. No lessons of worldly wisdom should distil from the lips of him; for "never man spake like this man." No new philosophy, after the world's way, should he bring to the earth; for God had given already to the philosophers of the world forty centuries to fail in, and nothing was now the whole sum of their accomplishments. A little more wisdom to the old foolishness had been folly indeed! Let the world, then, and the world's way, be overturned! Let the stone cut out of the mountain without hands smite the image, and break in pieces the iron, the clay, the brass, the silver, and the gold, and scatter them like the chaff of the summer thrashing-floors. Therefore, a conquered province, an obscure corner of the earth, a nation that had won few trophies in the world's wars, little part in the world's glory, and no name in the world's learning, was chosen, and Palestine was taken. And since, among the thousands of Judah, yonder little village was the least, it suited God's purposes well, and Bethlehem was taken.

But Bethlehem had already been honoured. In that valley which we now see before us, beneath the same sky which still burns with a painful intensity of brightness, or under the cool shade of

the same moon which yet shines calmly on, unconscious of the world's changes, a stripling shepherd kept those few sheep in the wilderness. There, long before the blind old man of Scio had struck the harp, whose echoes should fill after ages with the sweetness of melody, that shepherd boy watched his flocks, looked up to heaven, and attuned his soul to a more celestial harmony. Hence he sallied forth and delivered the lamb out of the paw of the lion and the bear, and prepared his spirit for nobler contests. From these fields he went up to the camp, and, in the strength of the Lord God, prevailed over the champion of the Philistines in the valley of Elah, with a sling and a stone, that all that assembly and all the world might know that the Lord saveth not with sword and with spear.

The prospect before us is indeed beautiful; but how is it illustrated and ennobled by the thoughts which come unbidden, and gather themselves together, and cluster with lingering fondness around these sacred places. In the light of the early morning, and in some of these fertile fields which our pilgrim feet are permitted to traverse, we can almost fancy that we see the tender and affectionate form of that beautiful Moabitish damsel who clave unto her mother-in-law. With what a glory does she seem inhallowed, going forth a timid, a solitary, and almost a sorrowful gleaner, when we remember that we behold in her the illustrious ancestress

of the Lord! In which of these fields did the reapers, according to their master's commandment, let fall some handfuls of purpose for beautiful Ruth? and which way out of Bethlehem came Boaz when he met his reapers with the pious salutation, The Lord be with you? And they answered him, The Lord bless thee. We can almost imagine that this was the gate to which Boaz went up when he called aside the kinsman of Naomi, and that here rose up the elders and pronounced the touching and simple benediction, "The Lord make the woman that is come into thine house like Rachel and like Leah, which two did build the house of Israel: and do thou worthily in Ephratah, and be famous in Bethlehem!"

Standing upon a spot like this, the most common actions and events in life offer us some image or vivid picture from the pages of our holy books, or some striking feature in the life of the ancestors of our blessed Lord. Yonder are the maidens, like Rebekah, with the pitchers upon their shoulders or heads. Who can drink even a cup of cold water near the gate of Bethlehem, without being reminded of the now aged king, harassed by the Philistines who had their garrison in Bethlehem, and oppressed by the cares and the sorrows of state? When he looked forth from the cave of Adullam, whither he had fled for refuge, he yearned for the freedom of his youth, while he yet wan-

dered with his flocks, a happy shepherd boy upon these hills; and, guarding his own sheep from harm, felt that he too was not without a protector: "The Lord is my shepherd: I shall not want." Those happy days were past. The boy was an old man; the free shepherd was a perplexed king. Home-sickness comes over his spirit, and he bitterly feels that kingly power had not availed to prevent a melancholy banishment from the joyous scenes of his youth. In the midst of his royalties he can pine for a cup of cold water from Bethlehem: "And David longed, and said, O that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem which is by the gate!" How precious to the crowned king was the cool fountain which the simple shepherd boy had once but lightly esteemed! How pathetic and sublime the conclusion! "And the three mighty men brake through the host of the Philistines, and drew water out of the well of Bethlehem that was by the gate, and took it and brought it to David: nevertheless he would not drink thereof, but poured it out unto the Lord. And he said, Be it far from me, O Lord, that I should do this: is not this the blood of the men that went in jeopardy of their lives?" The names of Boaz and Ruth, of Obed and Jesse, and David the king, had been sufficient to render Bethlehem illustrious, until there was added, greater than all, that one event which makes the

name dear to every Christian, the fulfilment of the prophecy, "Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given." Over the same road by which we came hither, and by which we returned to Jerusalem, went once a little company that made it for ever after a holy pilgrimage. Some weeks had now passed away since the advent of the wonderful stranger, and the emotions which at first were confined to humble shepherds and a mother's bosom, had now been shared by distant magi, and the harmless child had already excited the suspicions, though he had not yet aroused the wrath, of the jealous king. In order to fulfil the requirements of the law of the land, which is the law of God, he must be presented in the temple, and the customary offering made by his mother. Of how little esteem in the eyes of their countrymen was the humble band which was then about to set forth from this village! It is but a small offering that they can lay upon the altar of God; for that handmaid of the Lord who was blessed among women, could bring out of the storehouse of her poverty, not a lamb, but only "a pair of turtle-doves or two young pigeons." The pomp and parade which attends the christening of earthly princes, is all absent from the presentation in the temple of the King of princes! A faithful and patient animal is their only companion and their only servant upon the devout pilgrimage. With quiet

cheerfulness, but in silence and obscurity, they pass through the narrow streets of Bethlehem; emerging from the gate, and passing perhaps the very spot which we now occupy, they took this well-known bridle-path which leads to Jerusalem. Methinks the fruitful fields should have put on new robes of gladness in his presence, and that the vine, and the olive-trees, and the fig-trees of Bethlehem, should have been glad to bring the first-offering of their wine, their fatness, and their sweetness to their Creator as he passed by! But alas! the world was unconscious of her God! In silent faithfulness they pursue their journey, his mother "treasuring all these things in her heart." Beyond are the mountains of Moab, and all around the beautiful hills amid which Bethlehem is seated. In scenes like these which we are permitted this day to look upon, and perhaps by the tomb of that beautiful mother of Israel, sits down to rest the virgin form of the mother of Him who brought spiritual blessings to the nations. For now was the great promise to Abraham fulfilled: Not to thy posterity alone shall the great benefit be confined, but thou shalt be the Father of all the faithful, and "in thee shall all the nations of the earth be blessed." Did such pious and elevating thoughts of Divine goodness swell with joy the bosom of that tender mother, and give new elasticity to her step as she went over the northern

hills towards Jerusalem, ever onward upon her faithful way? Let us then imitate this holy example, and press forward, undiscouraged by the difficulties of the journey, towards that heavenly Jerusalem whither Joseph and Mary and the young child are gone up before us!

We reached Bethlehem by a rising path over the high ground that to the south-west bounds the valley where the shepherds fed their flocks. Passing through the length of the village, we came to an extensive pile of buildings which rest upon a part of the hill jutting out towards the east. This is the Convent of the Nativity and the Church of St. Mary. The buildings are divided into three portions, assigned respectively to the Greek, Latin, and Armenian Christians; who, though living in separate communities, have, at appointed times, the right to worship at the holy places. The entrance to these and the church is remarkable, and shows, in a most expressive manner, the conditions upon which the Christians have retained their footing in the venerated spots of the Holy Land. The door is exceedingly thick and strong, and stands in an archway of stone so low and narrow that only one person can enter at a time, and that by stooping and actually squeezing himself through. In fact, the whole of the immense pile, built of enormous blocks of stone, bears the appearance of a prison, or some warlike fortress, rather than a

church of Christ and a convent of peaceful and inoffensive monks. This narrow and jealous entrance formed for protection against the Arabs and other spoilers, leads into a spacious vestibule, which introduces you into a majestic church, built in the shape of a Latin Cross, the nave and the side aisles being formed by forty-eight superb columns, in four rows of beautiful marble, and of the Corinthian order. Though of proportions so majestic, its general aspect is otherwise plain and unadorned; but the ornamented ceiling, which in places has escaped the ravages of time and barbarism, indicates its high claims to antiquity and beauty. Near the altar of the magi, directly over the grotto of the nativity, and under that point in the heavens where the celestial guide which appeared to the wise men is said to have stood still, is the figure of a star in the marble pavement. There is not wanting confirmatory evidence in favour of the popular belief that this church is built over the place of the nativity; for not only is this opinion supported by early, constant, and universal consent, but we are informed, as a matter of history, that Adrian, in the second century, destroyed a little church, in order to desecrate the spot by a temple and statue of Adonis. Milton, in the first book of the *Paradise Lost*, has alluded to this worship of Thammuz which "infected Zion's daughters." This church, like many

others throughout the Holy Land, was built by the munificence and adorned by the piety of the Empress Helena, who in the fourth century ordered the idol to be destroyed and his worship discontinued, consecrating the sacred site once more by dedicating the church to the mother of Jesus. Adjoining this is the smaller but more richly ornamented Church of St. Catharine, from which a narrow winding flight of marble steps leads to a succession of chapels and altars, at the birth-place, the manger, and the sepulchre of the Holy Innocents. Here, too, are the tombs of Eusebius and the venerable Jerome. It is well known that the latter spent many years of his life in this hermit-like retirement, and here he performed that great service for the church, the translation of the original Scriptures into the Latin language. As the place where St. Jerome lived, in the fifth century, could scarcely be forgotten, it is certain that his cave was here. This leads us to notice the manner in which all the holy places, once in the sides of the hills—as, for example, the cave of the manger—now appear to be subterranean. The church and the convent have been built over them, from the level of the top of the rock, for the purpose of protection.

Upon reaching the foot of the winding stairway, you pass the altar under which you are shown the alleged burial-place of the Holy Innocents. Thence

you proceed to the Chapel of the Nativity, some forty feet in length, and from nine to eleven in height and width. Shut out from the light of day, it is brilliantly illuminated by more than thirty beautiful silver lamps, which are hung around, and never suffered to go out. The floor is inlaid with precious marbles; at the east end is the place where the Saviour of the world is believed to have been born, marked by a slab of white marble in the pavement, set round with jasper; and in the centre is a silver sun, surrounded by the following inscription :

HIC DE VIRGINE MARIA JESUS CHRISTUS NATUS EST.

Over this is a marble table, supported by two columns, which is used as an altar, and from the ceiling depend sixteen silver lamps, pouring a flood of light upon this end of the chapel.

Within a short distance is the recess of the manger, where the new-born Saviour was laid. This is also of marble, raised about a foot above the floor, and is illuminated with equal brilliancy. The original rock, in this large recess, is covered with splendid draperies embroidered in gold and silver, with roses and other flowers; and in the centre is a beautiful picture of the Adoration of the Shepherds.

The crowd of pilgrims in this chapel was so great, and the heat so oppressive, that we could not

give ourselves up to those thoughts which the sacred locality would naturally inspire. We, therefore, soon left, and ascended to the top of the convent to enjoy the fresh air and the beautiful prospect around Bethlehem. Beneath us lay the fertile valley embosomed among the hills; and as we looked towards the north in the direction of Jerusalem, we had upon our right the mountains of En-gedi rising above the Dead Sea.

We now hastened our return to Jerusalem, in order that we might reach the city before the gates were closed at sunset.

Thursday, April 12.—While at Bethlehem we had intended to visit the pools of Solomon, which are a few miles beyond, on the road to Hebron. This purpose we were to-day enabled to accomplish. Our host, Mr. Mooshallum, a converted Jew, and a person of great respectability, who has arranged a house in Jerusalem for the accommodation of travellers, offered to be our guide. The road towards Bethlehem, as far as the Greek Convent of Elijah, was the same as that of yesterday. The convent is on an eminence, upon the left hand, commanding an extensive prospect. We turned aside for a moment to see it, and were shown the only relic belonging to this religious establishment, namely, a stone near the monastery overshadowed by a wide-spreading tree. This stone, according to the monkish tradition, was the bed of the prophet!

We now left the usual road to Bethlehem, and took a right-hand path directly by the small dome-covered Mohammedan Oratory, erected over the spot already described as the site of Rachel's tomb. Three miles more of a very rough road brought us to the remarkable objects of our visit, when we were indeed amply repaid for our uncomfortable ride. Here, in a secluded valley, surrounded by hills, were the pools which Solomon constructed for the purpose of supplying Jerusalem and his intervening gardens with water. The reservoirs are three in number, one rising above the other, so that the overflow falls into the lowest; and from that an aqueduct, running along the sides of the hills, though in a ruinous state, still conveys water to the city. They are respectively about six hundred, four hundred and fifty, and four hundred feet in length, and about two hundred or two hundred and fifty in breadth, being in many places hewn out of the solid rock. In others, when the falling of the ground requires it, they are supported by strong buttresses. The whole is built very substantially, and lined with an internal coating of cement. There are several flights of stone steps leading to the bottom, for the purpose probably of cleaning out the sediment.

We have seen nothing in the Holy Land having any reasonable claim to high antiquity so remarkable as these structures. The excavations, without

the aid of gunpowder, must have cost an immensity of labour. If they are indeed the work of Solomon, and we saw no reason for doubt, it was not a mere boast when he said: "I made me great works; I builded me houses; I planted me vineyards; I made me gardens and orchards, and I planted trees in them of all kinds of fruit. I made me pools of water to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees." Near the upper pool is an extensive stone building, the site so pleasant amongst the hills, and looking down upon the pools, that its foundations might well belong to one of the many houses of the luxurious king; but the character of the present superstructure, though very ancient, is Saracenic, and was probably a fortress to protect these important fountains. But whether we were near an ancient country-seat of Solomon or not, our ride certainly led through a beautiful valley which tradition speaks of as one of the king's gardens. It is now cultivated by our worthy host as a farm. Had we indulged any doubt as to the ancient fertility of the Promised Land, what we here saw was well calculated to remove it. The valley was narrow, winding, and highly picturesque: the hill-sides precipitous, but clothed with crops of various kinds growing with extreme luxuriance. Fruit trees also were there in abundance loaded with blossoms of promise. We saw no cause to doubt that, with equal care in cultivating, irrigating, and terracing

the hills, the whole country might be again one of great abundance. The obvious reason for its barren state is found in the character of the population, and the oppression, and, save in the matter of taxes and imports, the indolent conduct of the government. Great as was the prospect of an abundant return to our host from his fields and orchards, it was by no means certain that he would gather in his harvests, or enjoy the fruit of his labours; for the superintendent of the farm, when he appeared, was armed with gun and sword, a necessary precaution against the plundering Arabs. Had our sober host been an admirer of the Mantuan, he might have exclaimed, as he showed us the necessity for armed labourers:

“Impius hæc tam culta novalia miles habebit?
Barbarus has segetes? en quò discordia cives
Perduxit miseros! en queis consevimus agros!”

On our return we passed through Bethlehem again, approaching it upon the side opposite to our former entrance. The principal employment of the inhabitants is the manufacture of the shell of the pearl oyster into crucifixes and other ornaments, largely purchased by pilgrims, and looked upon by them with a superstitious reverence. Some of these trinkets are very pretty. The surface of the shell is smoothed, and carved with designs from Scripture history, *e. g.*, the Annunciation, the

Nativity, the Visit of the Magi, the Flight into Egypt, and the Last Supper.

The afternoon we devoted to the Mosque of Omar. Admittance to it, or even to the beautiful enclosure in which it stands, was indeed impossible; but by the kind intervention of the British Consul, to whose ready services and attentions we had before been indebted, we obtained, in company with our English friends, an order for admission to the governor's palace; the building, as I have before mentioned, being on the supposed site of the residence of Pontius Pilate. Its rear walls forming part of the line of the enclosed space that surrounds the mosque, its roof affords a commanding view of the noble building and of the whole area, which is about fifteen hundred feet in length by about one thousand in breadth. A single view embraced its numerous places of prayer, its shady trees, and the line of cloistered buildings on the western boundary, containing schools for boys, and the habitations of the dervishes and santons of the mosque. We had before contemplated this spot, held in the highest reverence by the Muslim, from the Mount of Olives; and a nearer examination did not diminish our impressions of its matchless beauty. We were told that on the south-west boundary of this great area there were no less than five mosques, but the only one that appeared worthy of notice is called El Aksa. This we looked upon with pecu-

liar interest, as there is little doubt that it was once a Christian Church, built by the Emperor Justinian, and named the Church of the Purification or Presentation. Shall it ever again be itself purified? Shall they who now exclude the followers of Christ with a rigorous jealousy, be themselves one day presented to receive, from the mystical fountain, the Christian waters of purification? Such, at least, was our prayer, while we looked upon the deluded devotees of a false religion.

We this day bade farewell to the Bishop of Jerusalem, Dr. Gobat, who had extended frequent civilities to us during our brief sojourn in the Holy City, and to the Rev. Mr. Nicolayson and his amiable family. Here we obtained much valuable information to guide us in our future pilgrimage. Many are the hindrances which these zealous and faithful missionaries find in the prosecution of their Christian enterprise, but they do not suffer themselves to be discouraged. Some progress has certainly been made, and the establishment of a church upon Mount Zion, where Divine worship is celebrated, in the morning in Hebrew and English, and in the evening in German, has given us, we hope and trust, a sure foothold for the Reformed Faith. It is not many years since we were exposed, and justly, to this taunt: "Extraordinary circumstance! the Catholics, the Greeks, the Armenians who inhabit Lebanon—in short, all the

Christian nations—have at Jerusalem representatives, whose voices are incessantly rising with incense towards that God who sacrificed his only Son to save the world. One single voice does not there murmur the name of Jesus Christ! It is that of the Protestant!" This injurious charge we can now repel, and we express devout gratitude for the privilege vouchsafed to us of celebrating, in the well-known and fondly-cherished language of our Mother Church, and close to the scene of their occurrence, the death and resurrection of our adorable Redeemer. Yea, we have celebrated these events in the midst of thee, O Jerusalem, and upon thy sacred hill, O Zion.

Friday, April 13.—We rose with the strong impression upon our minds, that this was to be our last day in Jerusalem, and resolved to devote the whole of it to a circuit round the walls, and farewell visits to all those places which possess the deepest interest. I feel that an excursion so interesting to us cannot be without some attractions for you, and will therefore endeavour to give you a brief account of its chief events.

Jerusalem, as we have seen, stands upon a lofty promontory, surrounded, according to the Psalmist, by higher hills on every side except the north-west. The valleys between, save in this one place, separate it from the neighbouring hills. We will go out by the Jaffa Gate, where the road

leads us a short distance towards Emmaus; we leave the upper pool of Gihon on the left hand, when the next objects of interest are the site of the first camp of Titus, and the ruins of the ancient walls and towers of the city. Amid groves of olives the way leads towards the Damascus Gate, beyond which is the cave of the prophet Jeremiah, where it is said he composed his Lamentations. It lies upon the north, not far from the gate, and on the way to the prophet's native village Anathoth. The valley of the Kedron, or of Jehoshaphat, called also the King's Dale, commences a little farther on, and the descent is very slight during the first mile. The valley then bends suddenly to the south, and, with a much more rapid declivity, continues in that direction for about two miles, till between the city and the Mount of Olives it becomes a very deep glen. The course of the Kedron presents, as we have seen, the appearance of the dry bed of a mountain torrent. The upper part of the valley is full of dens and caves, one of which is said to be the burial-place of Simon the Just; but we did not visit it. Two roads here cross the vale, one leading to Bethel and the other to Anathoth, but these are simply bridle-paths. Indeed, as there is no wheeled vehicle in Jerusalem or its neighbourhood, so we saw no road over which such a carriage could pass with safety. The Tombs of the Kings are here,

and interesting and beautiful as their ruins might be, we could not but contrast them with the far more splendid and extensive monuments that we had recently visited at Thebes and Beni-Hassan. This part of the valley teems with sacred associations; and no one can stand here without recalling the affecting circumstances of David's flight from Absalom: "And all the country wept with a loud voice, and all the people passed over: the king also himself passed over the brook Kedron, and all the people passed over, toward the way of the wilderness." "And David went up by the ascent of Mount Olivet, and wept as he went up, and had his head covered, and he went barefoot: and all the people that were with him covered every man his head, and they went up, weeping as they went up." (2 Sam. xv. 23, 30.) Of this scene a celebrated traveller paints an animated description: "Every wonderful association of natural and of artificial features, of landscape and of architecture, of splendid and diversified costume, of sacred pomp and of unequalled pathos, dignifies the scene: here a solemn train of mourners; there the seers, the guardians and companions of the ark; men, women, children, warriors, statesmen, citizens, priests, Levites, counsellors; with all the circumstances of grandeur displayed by surrounding objects; by the waters of the torrent; by the sepulchres of the valley; by the lofty rocks, the towers, bulwarks,

and palaces of Sion; by the magnificent perspective on every side; by the bold declivities and lofty summits of Mount Olivet; and, finally, by the concentration of all that is great and striking in the central group, distinguished by the presence of the afflicted sovereign."

We passed St. Stephen's Gate, and the place of the protomartyr's death, now familiar to you; and, descending into the valley, we cross again the one-arched bridge that spans the bed of the Kedron. Beyond the bridge on the left hand is a square, flat-roofed edifice, of no great external pretensions, called the Tomb of the Virgin. Within, a noble flight of fifty steps, cut out of the solid rock, leads to a number of chapels, in some of which is celebrated a daily service. There is a delicious spring of water at the foot of the steps.

We now ascended the Mount of Olives for the last time, looking a sad farewell to the Garden of the divine agonies of the Son of God. From the top of a tower near the Church of the Ascension, on the summit of Olivet, we endeavoured to fix in our minds a vivid impression of all the scenes I have before described to you: the high ground above the village of Bethany, the Dead Sea, the Mount of Offence, the Hill of Evil Counsel, the valleys and the hills around Jerusalem; in short, the city itself, with all its interesting localities. The western slope of Olivet contains many rocky

cells, in one of which we found twelve arched vaults, where, as we were told, the apostles met to compose the articles of the Creed! Another, which had perhaps scarcely a stronger claim on our faith, was a grotto with a circular hall, of a conical shape, full of chambers and niches, and called the Sepulchre of the Prophets.

We here met with those English friends, a gentleman and lady, whom we had seen in Cairo, and often at Jerusalem. As we had been favoured with a sight of some excellent sketches of scenes in Egypt, we were much pleased to find the lady sitting under the shade of a magnificent old olive-tree, and finishing a picture of Jerusalem, which, from the point of view chosen and the fidelity of the artist, struck us as being the best that we had ever seen of the Holy City. While the lady was thus employed, we found her husband, at a short distance, chaffering with an Arab for a dry bough from a small grove of olive-trees; and joined him in the purchase, that we might be quite sure that our branch of the tree was really brought from the sacred Mount of Olives.

A southern limb of Olivet is the Mount of Offence, where Solomon built a high place for Chemosh, the abomination of Moab, and where tradition says the traitor Judas hanged himself. Still farther to the south is the Hill of Evil Counsel; on its summit there are extensive ruins, said

to belong to the country-house of Caiaphas, where the chief priests, scribes, and elders consulted to take Jesus and put him to death.

Descending into the valley, the slope of the hill, on the side most distant from Jerusalem, is filled with graves covered with flat stones. Higher up are some of the most ancient monuments, and among them is that of Jehoshaphat, whose name the valley bears. It is cut in the rock behind the more remarkable pillar of Absalom. This cone-shaped and lofty monument is adorned with Ionic pilasters. It is a singular fact that the Jews still throw stones at Absalom's pillar, and indeed we saw some women doing this as they passed. The custom, which probably has been always continued since his burial, marks out the spot with a great degree of certainty. How awful and lasting a monument to the eyes of men is the grave of this undutiful son!

Besides these, there is the cave of St. James and the tomb of Zecharias, son of Barachias. There is a tradition that the apostle whose name it bears retired to the former, and fasted until the resurrection of the Lord. A short distance farther on is the Well of the Virgin, where the water is said to ebb and flow. A channel under ground connects it with the Pool of Siloam. Leaving, on our left hand, the village of Siloam, whose inhabitants, like the possessed men in the country of the

Gergesenes, live in tombs, and have an extremely bad character, we descend to the Pool of Siloam by a steep flight of steps, among the remains of columns which show the former existence of an ornamented edifice. It is still the custom of pilgrims to wash their eyes at the Pool of Siloam. The next object of interest is the Well of En-rogel, called also the Well of Joab, and of Nehemiah, from the circumstance mentioned in 2 Maccabees 1. This was the border mark between the tribes of Judah and Benjamin, and the place where Adonijah held his feast and began his rebellion.

In this vicinity the country is very fertile. The beauty of the scenery and its richness give some probability to the tradition, that here was one of Solomon's gardens. Accordingly, it still goes by the name of the King's Garden.

We now returned, pursuing our course up the valley of the son of Hinnom, which lies on the south of Jerusalem. A portion of it is called in the Scriptures by the names of Gehenna and Tophet, where the detestable and cruel rites of Baal and Moloch were celebrated: "They have built the high places of Tophet, which is in the valley of the son of Hinnom, to burn their sons and their daughters in the fire." High up, on the shelving side of the hill upon the left, is placed Aceldama, the Field of Blood, or "the Potter's Field;" but, as the Rev. Mr. Nicolayson informed

my friend, there was much doubt as to the exact situation of this "field to bury strangers in."

By a very rapid ascent of the valley of Hinnom, we once more attain the summit of Mount Zion, without the gate. Thus the southern portion of Jerusalem lies in the angle formed by the two valleys of Jehoshaphat and Hinnom, which meet in the vicinity of the Pool of Siloam.

Passing the tomb of David and the Cœnaculum, we enter the city by the Zion Gate. Here we observed the hovels of the lepers, as these poor creatures are compelled to live in this quarter. It was a pitiable sight to see them rushing out, as they always do on the approach of strangers, to beg for alms, which it is certainly not easy to refuse them. Leaving the huts of these miserable beings, who reside by the walls of the city, we soon come to a much more pleasing object; for the convent and garden of the Armenians form a most beautiful portion of the city. Their Church of St. James, on the site of the martyrdom of that apostle, is one of the neatest and most magnificent in Jerusalem. This being with them, as with all Eastern Christians, Good Friday, we found a large assemblage of people in the church. Upon entering the vestibule a very singular sight presented itself: the floor was covered with shoes and slippers, and had we stopped to reflect a moment, we should have followed the example of the people. For afterwards,

one of the more zealous of the worshippers, looking down and pointing to our feet with some indignation, manifested his sense of our supposed want of reverence for the holy place. Whereupon I indicated, by a motion of the hand, that my head was uncovered, and that this with me signified the same thing as his putting off his shoes. But under the same circumstances we should have expected conformity from them, and we ought to have regarded their custom in an indifferent matter.

There is here a small chapel containing the shrine of the apostle, which is richly adorned with mosaic work in mother-of-pearl, and lighted by seven silver lamps. Upon the opposite side of the nave is a larger chapel, which contains three stones from Mount Sinai, the Jordan, and Mount Tabor, or the Mount of the Transfiguration. Three open places, in the wire network which protects them, permit the worshippers to approach each of the stones with their lips. The floor of the nave was covered with a rich Turkey carpet, and altogether the appointments of the church surpassed all we had seen at Jerusalem. A procession of priests, richly attired, performed a ceremonial, the significance of which we did not comprehend.

We next visited the Syrian Church of St. Mark. This building is said to occupy the site of the house whither St. Peter was led after his release from prison by the angel, and to be the earliest

place of assembly for the ancient Christians. Our time now being nearly exhausted, we were obliged to omit several other places of less interest. We saw, however, one object that had not before been brought under our notice, the Pool of Hezekiah, a large reservoir of water supposed to be the one mentioned in "the acts" of that king where it is said "he made a pool and conduit and brought water into the city." We could not leave the city without paying a final visit to the Holy Sepulchre; and although the service was over, the portion of the church allotted to the Greeks was filled with people. No contrast could be greater than that between the Armenian Church which we had just left, and the apparent want of reverence, the disorder and confusion, which reigned here. Women sitting around nursing their infants; children running about the floor, which was covered with orange-peel and fragments of food; men talking and laughing—in short, it was rather like a market-place than a church. We were glad to escape as quickly as possible from such a scene.

Departure from Jerusalem.—Farewell.

April 14.—Going out of the Damascus Gate, we turned our faces, not without sorrow, towards the

north, and wound slowly down the hill, crossing the upper part of the valley of Jehoshaphat, with Olivet, so sacred in our affections, upon the right hand somewhat behind us. A rough, rocky way, over a succession of high grounds and plains, led, in about an hour, to the point whence the pilgrim obtains his last view and must take his farewell of Jerusalem! It was a sad, thoughtful moment, and we could not easily tear ourselves from the spot, but lingered with a fondness almost akin to that of an old friendship; and while our eyes drank in the last view we should have on earth of the material walls and battlements of Jerusalem, the sight of the soul seemed to be enlarged, and embraced in one vision, as in some mental chart, the history and the destiny of that Holy City.

That history extends through a period of nearly four thousand years, or two-thirds of the earth's age since man's creation. Of no other inhabited spot can the same assertion be made, and the fact that Jerusalem still remains a spiritual central point of attraction, is a sufficient intimation, were the "more sure word of prophecy" silent, that great events are yet hidden in the destiny of the City of God. Time to come may unfold to the gaze of mankind a more wonderful scroll than bygone ages have already opened of the history of Jerusalem. How wonderful that all men of the two divine religions have an equal and affectionate reverence

for the same spot, and that even the millions who obey the voice of a False Prophet have nevertheless concurred with them in giving to this place the name of El Kuds, or the Holy! Christians, and Jews, and Mussulmans unite to honour the city, whether of the Prophet who is to judge mankind, of the expected Messiah, or of the world's Saviour—the Incarnate God.

The Mohammedan from the far Indies is not satisfied with his toilsome pilgrimage to Mecca, but braves the howling desert that he may pray also within the courts of the Mosque of Omar; to the foundations of the same sacred edifice the Jew from every clime comes to bewail the ruins of the Temple of Solomon; and the Christian of civilized Europe, or the far-travelled children of the West, find here the tomb of Him who was able in three days to raise the Temple of One greater than Solomon.

I turn from these crowds of pilgrims out of all nations, to the mighty Past. Though the shadows of nearly four thousand years have fallen upon the picture, I can still behold in thought the patriarch returning in triumph from his victory over the kings, or the chiefs who had banded themselves together for oppression and robbery. Followed by a train of his household servants, and the captives whom he had released, and laden with recovered spoils, he is met by the venerable founder of Jeru-

saalem. The successful warrior reverences his age, yet more his kingly office, but bows himself more than all before "the Priest of the Most High God," the type of Him who should be a "Priest for ever after the order of Melchizedek." Already, even in that early age, the world received a token of the great offering to be made upon that sacred hill, and of the simple but mysterious institution which should be co-extensive with the knowledge of the Divine wisdom; for when the king of Salem and the priest of the Most High God blessed the father of the faithful, he brought forth bread and wine; which now quench the thirst and feed the famine of the world. Approaching that mountain in the land of Moriah, I behold the father of an only son going forth upon a sore pilgrimage, and to perform the hard commandment, "Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and offer him for a burnt-offering." He ascends the hill; his thoughts are in heaven, and the world is forgotten; for he has left the young men and the asses behind him. But God hath provided another lamb, and behold! the fatal blow is averted!

Hundreds of years roll away: the idolaters have defiled Salem: their iniquity is full; and war crosses the Jordan with the hosts of God. The lower city is taken, though the citadel of Jebus is not fallen: but now the flames arise, for the captains of Judah, after the death of Joshua, have

burned a portion of Jerusalem. At length the shepherd warrior finishes the conquest, and the valour and piety of David, joined to the peaceful reign and the wisdom of Solomon, place Jerusalem upon the highest pinnacle of her glory, in the golden age of Palestine. I see the worship of the true God sanctifying his chosen city: "It is well seen, O God, how thou goest; how thou, my God and King, goest in the sanctuary. The singers go before, the minstrels follow after, in the midst are the damsels playing with the timbrels." The great name and the daily praise of Jehovah; at morning and at evening, are established in Jerusalem. The ark of God is come up from Shiloh, and is venerated upon Mount Zion. What the warlike power and the piety of David began, is now finished by the prudence of Solomon. Without noise, in the midst of silent prosperity and peace, the most magnificent Temple that man ever built to his God arises. The ships of Tarshish bring their treasures, the gold of Ophir comes up in abundance; the harbours of Elath and of Ezion-geber are filled with wealth; spices and myrrh and the treasures of the East are brought upon camels, in countless caravans, which cross the deserts from Tadmor or Palmyra. The king of Tyre sends his cunning workmen, and the summits of Lebanon yield up their choicest cedars. The sublime prayer of consecration is offered, and the pinnacles of that glori-

ous temple of God now throw back the pure and golden light of the morning sun.

Such were the greatness, the splendour, and the glory of the land of the children of Israel, of the city of Jerusalem, and of the temple of God. Arrayed in all her magnificence, the queen of the East comes from a far country to behold the wonders she had heard, and her heart fainted within her when she saw the reality; for lo! the half of it had not been told unto her!

But, alas! a change comes over the glorious vision. The king departs from his integrity! Peace and prosperity are stronger than wisdom, and he falls. The punishment is meted out to his son. Rebellion divides the land, ten of her twelve tribes have revolted to return no more, and from the metropolis of a great theocracy, I see Jerusalem sink into the capital of a small remnant. In a few years that beautiful temple is profaned, plundered, and pillaged, and at last utterly destroyed by the armies of the Chaldeans. The city of God lies waste, widowed, and solitary. Her children are gone into captivity, and sit down to weep by the waters of Babylon. But God remembers Zion, when the empire of the Assyrians is forgotten, and raises up a mighty prince to restore the temple, amid the tears which the old men weep who saw its former and greater glory. War and profanation have not yet ceased; the smoke of the daily sacri-

fice ascends no more, and the image of an idol stands upon the altar. The right arm of God vindicates again his own majesty, and chooses as the instrument for the restoration of his glory, the valour, the piety, and the patriotism of Judas Maccabeus. It is left for Herod the Great to prepare the temple for the approach of the Desire of all nations.

There is universal peace! Are kings tired of conquest? Is the world weary with contention? It is the Prince of Peace preparing the way for his own glorious advent. There is

“A passage down to Earth, a passage wide,
Over the Promised Land, to God so dear,
By which, to visit oft those happy tribes
On high behests, his angels to and fro
Passed frequent.”

By this way an archangel comes down with the message. The unaccustomed air is divided by the wings of Gabriel; the sky makes room for the splendours of a new star; and the road from the distant East is trodden for an unwonted purpose by wise men who are worshippers. Heaven rejoices, while Bethlehem is unconscious of her new treasure. In the fulness of time, the lame walk, the deaf hear, the dumb speak, the dead rise, and the gospel is preached to the poor. The proud are brought low, and the humble are exalted. The mountains sink, and the valleys rise. There is peace on earth,

there is good-will to men. But alas! they receive it not. The Lord is rejected, weeps, is agonized, dies! Jerusalem has sealed her doom. He, indeed, bursts the bonds, conquers death, goes up to heaven, establishes his kingdom; but lo! the Roman eagles have taken their flight to Jerusalem; the armies of Vespasian and Titus are chosen to fulfil the terrific predictions. I behold war, cohorts, legions, trenches, battering-rams, crumbling walls, a dying people, the flaming temple! The plough passes over the Mount of Vision, the olives in Gethsemane bend in deeper sorrow, the trees upon Olivet weep, and the cedars of Lebanon bow down their majestic heads. The very name of Jerusalem is blotted out from under heaven, and the courts of her holy house are trodden down by the nations. O! come hither, and let us weep together!

Ages of forgetfulness flow over her with a noiseless tide, till the strong love of the Holy Sepulchre, that great battle-field where the tyrant Death was for ever vanquished, attracts awakened Europe to the grave of Christ. Then was war again heard in her gates, and the curse of the Saracen, mingled with the shouts of the Christian, drowned the lamentations of the despised and outcast Jew, of both equally contemned. But the triumph was short; the agony was soon over, and the Holy City, to which we now bid a sorrowful farewell, is still trodden down of the unbelievers, until it shall

please God to make again the cross her emblem, and to bring all men to worship together at the heavenly Jerusalem!

JOURNEY FROM JERUSALEM TO NAZARETH.

HAVING at length bid a reluctant farewell to the Holy City, we proceeded over the hills, the first object of interest upon an eminence on our left being Nebby Samwil. We had intended to visit this tomb of the prophet Samuel, which is regarded with veneration by Jews and Mohammedans as well as Christians. A mosque stands upon the summit of the hill, forming a striking object in the landscape. There is every reason to believe that this is the site of ancient Ramah, where Samuel was born, whence he looked down with sorrow upon the rebellious people and the apostate king, and where also he died. We should have continued our visit to the scene of the miracle recorded in Joshua x. 12, "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon." But we found it necessary to continue our journey upon the direct road to Beer, a small village situated in a pleasant valley, and supplied with abundance of water on every side, answering thus to its

name, which signifies "the Well." While we stopped to recruit ourselves with the cool and refreshing water of this fountain, my mind being intent upon tracing, as far as possible, the pathways of our blessed Lord, was not unwilling to receive the tradition which marks this out as the place where Joseph and the mother of Jesus turned back to Jerusalem, seeking him. For since it appears that they travelled, as is still the custom, slowly and in large companies, twelve or fifteen miles would have been a day's journey, and they might easily take no note of his absence until they came to encamp for the night. The next morning they went hastily back to Jerusalem, and after three days, that is, on the third day from their leaving the city, they found him in the Temple.

At an hour's distance from Beer is Bethel, now called Beiteen, pleasantly situated in a valley, and containing some extensive ruins, which bear marks of antiquity. This is a place of interesting associations in connection with the Old Testament history. The flocks of Abraham once fed upon these hills, still famous for the excellence of their pasturage. Jacob named the spot Beth-El, or House of God; for here he saw in his dream the heavenly ladder and the angels. It was also notorious for one of the golden calves set up by the idolatrous and politic Jeroboam, the other being at Dan.

We now passed several villages, seated prominently upon the hills, whose sides were clothed with vineyards, olive-trees, and fruits of various kinds, the country being far more fertile than that which surrounds Jerusalem. The latter part of this day's long ride was a solitary and anxious one for me, as my friend had turned aside to see several objects of interest out of the direct road. Hardly expecting to reach us again that night, he had almost made up his mind to stop at a neighbouring convent, when he heard the tinkling of the bells of our horses in a valley before him, and to our great joy came up late in the evening, as we were about to pitch the tents at Sinjil.

April 15.—While yet at Jerusalem we had determined to visit Seilun, not doubting that this was the ancient Shiloh. We therefore sent on our train, and diverged towards the east, and in the course of an hour came to the ruins on a spot once so famous. The following incident will serve to convey an idea of the contrast between the ancient glory of Shiloh, the place where Jehovah had set his name, and its present desolation. We were upon a hill, looking down into the valley, where of old the ark of Jehovah was venerated, where Eli ministered, where Samuel was dedicated to God while yet a child, and where a large population celebrated the praises of the Most High with feasting and dances; but all was now desolate and silent,

in accordance with the curse denounced upon Shiloh. The only inhabitant we saw was an old man, who hastened up and seized our servant's horse by the bridle, demanding tribute, another name for robbery. On the presentation, however, of an unloaded pistol, he desisted. Thus has Shiloh become desolate, almost forgotten, and is even a hiding-place for robbers.

There are indeed ruins, which, situated among the trees, form a striking picture upon the hill-side. They appear to be the remains of an ancient church. The doorway is still left, and on the entablature appears, well-sculptured, an amphora between two wreaths. The front of the ruins is pyramidal, and four square columns yet retain their erect position. The round columns, apparently of the Corinthian order, lie strewn about in fragments. Thus has entire desolation overtaken every attempt to restore the worship of God in a place of which he once said, "Yet have I set my name at Shiloh." It was already accursed in the days of the prophet Jeremiah, and now both the Temple and Shiloh have been abandoned of God. "But go ye now unto my place which was in Shiloh, where I set my name at the first, and see what I did to it for the wickedness of my people Israel. Therefore will I do unto this house, which is called by my name, wherein ye trust, and unto the place which I gave to you and to your fathers, as I have done to Shiloh." Jer. vii. 12, 14.

We now crossed the cultivated fields, a proof that some village was not very far distant, and went over the hills until we reached the road to Nablous. After continuing for some time upon the high ground, we descended rapidly to a fountain of delicious water, and a ruinous khan, called *Khan Lubán*, with a village at a short distance, upon the side of the hill, and bearing the same name. If this be the ancient Lebonah, a probable inference from its name and antiquity, it assists in establishing the position of Shiloh; which seems to be accurately described in Judges xxi. 19: "Behold, there is a feast of the Lord in Shiloh yearly, which is on the north side of Bethel, on the east side of the highway that goeth up from Bethel to Shechem, and on the south of Lebonah." Thus we had come from Bethel on the south, turned to the east from the main road leading to Sichem or Shechem, and now found Seilun or Shiloh south from Luban or Lebonah. This place marks the boundary between Judea and Samaria.

We were now, then, on the borders of a country of deep interest, and expected soon to visit the Well of Jacob, and the mountains of blessing and cursing, Gerizim and Ebal. Our ride to these places was along a side of a mountain, with an extensive fertile plain upon our right. We had a commanding view of this beautiful region during the remaining five or six miles which intervened

between us and the foot of Gerizim and the valley in which Nablous lay. On approaching Nablous, a scene of great gaiety presented itself. A beautiful grove of olive-trees in the neighbourhood was filled with the people, who had come out before sunset to enjoy the coolness and freshness of the country air. The children were playing around and swinging among the trees, and all the inhabitants seemed to be escaping from the closeness of the city. At this we did not wonder, after passing the whited walls and entering the narrow and filthy streets. There was sufficient evidence of the hatred and contempt with which Christians are treated; for we could hear the younger and more thoughtless of the crowd exclaim *Nozrāni*, Nazarene! and some of the children went so far as to throw stones at us. We rode entirely through the city, which appears to be crowded between the two hills Gerizim and Ebal, and to consist chiefly of one long street, and encamped in an olive-grove upon the other side.

We had scarcely done so before we were surrounded by a crowd of lepers, similar in appearance, dress, misery, and importunity, to those who accosted us at the Zion Gate in Jerusalem. These poor creatures were covered with lumps and blotches, some blind, others with limbs deformed in every frightful way, hands swollen and crooked, faces distorted, many with their voices reduced to

a horrible, husky whisper, and, worst of all, making a parade of their misery, to excite compassion and extort charity. This wretched class of human beings, according to the custom of ancient times, live in communities entirely separate from their fellows. Their marriages are exclusively with each other. It is a very remarkable fact that their offspring, until about the age of ten, are comely like other children, when the fatal hereditary taint is sure to develop itself.

As we entered the valley in which Nablous is situated, we had observed a gentleman and lady on horseback, and in the Frank costume, riding over the plain. A circumstance so unusual in this part of the world excited our attention; and we learned that the indefatigable missionary of the Church of England, the Rev. Mr. Ewald, had come hither with his lady on an excursion for the benefit of his health. We found them residing in the house of a Greek merchant, and a part of this evening spent in their agreeable society proved very instructive to us, especially with reference to the present condition and customs of the few remaining Samaritans. In the discharge of his duty, Mr. Ewald had frequently conversed with the Samaritans, especially with a leading character of considerable intelligence. Strange to say, the ideas of the Samaritan had a most striking resemblance to those of the woman who talked with our

Saviour. In proving that Mount Gerizim is the place where God ought to be worshipped, the Samaritan said: "When Messiah shall appear, he will ask, 'Will you not allow that the copy of the Pentateuch, which agrees with the law written by the finger of God on the two tables of stone, must be the true one?' Then," continued the Samaritan, "will he find and produce those tables, which are now hidden in Mount Gerizim, and the long controversy between us and the Jews will be settled for ever."

The whole number of the Samaritans may be estimated at one hundred and fifty. Notwithstanding they are reduced to this small remnant, the ancient feud between them and the Jews continues unabated; and the Samaritans have no social intercourse, and will not even eat and drink with the Jews. They observe the Sabbath with great strictness, according to the most rigid construction of the Mosaic law; and look forward, with unshaken faith, to the appearing of Messiah, who will present himself, they say, upon Mount Gerizim. They still observe the Day of Atonement, and the three great festivals, the Feast of Tabernacles, of Pentecost, and of the Passover. On the last day of the Passover they make a feast, sacrifice seven lambs, and eat the flesh.

April 16th.—Early this morning we secured a guide, and, by a steep ascent, went up to the top

of Gerizim. The first ruins which were shown us appear to belong to a Roman fortress. However, the thought instantly occurred, that these might be the remains of the temple once built upon this mountain. They are, indeed, very extensive, but lost their interest to us on our asking the guide, Where is the place of sacrifice? Upon which he answered, It is not here. He then led us a short distance farther, and a little lower down, and there we found two rows of unhewn stones, with nothing remarkable in their appearance, and were informed that this was the altar of the annual sacrifice. But observing no appearances of recent fire, which fact surprised us, as the passover had just been celebrated, we learned that the Samaritans were deterred, by some new outbreak of Mohammedan fanaticism, from keeping the festival on the accustomed spot, and had therefore been obliged to confine themselves to a private court-yard near their synagogue. There is another place which they esteem more holy still, where it is affirmed that the tabernacle and the ark of the covenant once rested. The Samaritans say that the temple in question stood here.

The view from the table-land on the summit of Gerizim is not easily surpassed. We were richly rewarded for our toilsome ascent by a magnificent prospect, on which it would be difficult to say whether the beauties of nature or the power of

association bestowed the higher charm. In the far distance we caught a glimpse of the waters of the Mediterranean, just gleaming on the horizon. The snowy top of Hermon rose in the north, with all its sacred recollections. Beneath us, towards the east, lay the fertile valley that Jacob had bought of Hamor the father of Shechem, and which at his death he had given to Joseph. As we descended the mountain, we found that this valley was now covered with abundant promise, and the eye rested with delight upon those different tints of green which announced the variety of the approaching harvest. No marvel that Jacob could exclaim of the son to whom he had given this fair inheritance, "Joseph is a fruitful bough, even a fruitful bough by a well, whose branches run over the wall;" for the vale below us was watered by living brooks. It is an interesting fact, that the streams divide at Nablous, and flow eastward and westward, to the Mediterranean Sea and the River Jordan. A well-watered valley runs up between the famous mountains, and, at the distance of two miles from its commencement, Nablous is situated. Gerizim, upon which we stood, seemed well suited to the pleasing lot that had been assigned to it, as the Mount of Blessing; for it smiled with cultivation and verdure; while the near and opposite Ebal, dark, rugged, bare, and desolate, seemed still, as of old time, to frown with curses. What a scene

was once displayed here! for in this valley, and upon the sides of these hills, the tribes of the Lord were assembled, when the Levites lifted up their voice and pronounced choice blessings upon the obedient, and fearful curses upon the rebellious among the people. "And all Israel, and their elders, and officers, and their judges, stood on this side the ark, and on that side before the priests and the Levites, which bare the ark of the covenant of the Lord, as well the stranger as he that was born among them; half of them over against Mount Gerizim, and half of them over against Mount Ebal, as Moses the servant of the Lord had commanded before, that they should bless the people of Israel. And afterwards Joshua read all the words of the law, the blessings and curses, according to all that is written in the book of the law." Joshua viii. 33, 34.

We now descended the mountain by another way, in the direction of Jacob's Well, which lies at the opening of the valley of Shechem or Sichein. Traversing fields of grain, we had some difficulty in finding the spot, our guide himself being at a loss. He discovered the place as we were about to abandon the search; but after he had pointed it out to us, we still doubted, for we saw only the narrow mouth of a pit covered by a stone. This, by the help of a neighbouring labourer, we succeeded in removing, and my friend descended, and

found immediately underneath, a kind of small chamber surrounded by pilasters. Here a much larger opening formed the mouth of the well, and by throwing stones into it we discovered its great depth, and that there was water at the bottom. The uniform and unbroken tradition leaves no room to doubt that this is the Well of Jacob spoken of in the New Testament : "Then cometh he to a city of Samaria, which is called Sychar, near to a parcel of ground that Jacob gave to his son Joseph. Now Jacob's Well was there. Jesus therefore, being wearied with his journey, sat thus on the well." John iv. 5, 6. Here, then, we were upon a spot once consecrated by the living presence of the Lord. Indeed, we may feel assured that the whole of the pilgrimage from Jerusalem, which we have now been permitted to make, was a familiar journey to the feet of our blessed Redeemer; for, as he often went to and fro between Galilee and Judea, "he must needs go through Samaria." By these hills and valleys he has passed upon his holy errands of mercy and love. Wearied with his journey, subject for our sake to physical infirmities also, hungry and thirsty, he sat down at the hour of noon, upon this well. What a thought! Here, where we stood, he offered the water of life, and proclaimed the spiritual character of his kingdom! Here the Samaritan woman, occupied by his divine message, forgot to draw water for the Lord,

and the Lord equally forgot his thirst; nay, when his disciples brought him food, he exclaimed, "I have meat to eat which ye know not of." Thus, though exposed to all the wants of man, refreshment needful for the body was forgotten, when opportunity offered to preach the spiritual kingdom which he came to establish, that men might hunger and thirst no more.

Returning to Nablous, the tomb of Joseph lay in plain view upon our right hand; but as it was evidently a Mohammedan structure of modern date, we did not turn aside to visit it. Yet we could not behold, even at a distance, a spot which bore the name of the patriarch, without reflecting upon that faith by which he foresaw the termination of the captivity of his brethren in Egypt, and that love of his native valleys which prompted the prayer to carry up his bones from the Land of Bondage and to lay them in the Land of Promise.

The only object of special interest in Nablous is the synagogue of the Samaritans. We were desirous of seeing the celebrated manuscript of the Pentateuch, which they, with singular hardihood, affirm to have been written in the time of Moses. It had the appearance, indeed, of a venerable "roll of a book;" but we had reason to infer that they themselves put but little faith in this legend of such unknown and high antiquity. On making inquiry of the venerable Rabbi in reference to the

recent celebration of the passover, we were taken to a terrace above a small court, whence we could look down upon the places where the seven lambs were sacrificed. The cinders and ashes being pointed out, we were told that the ceremonial had been performed upon this spot, instead of Mount Gerizim, in consequence of the bigotry of the Mohammedans to which I have before alluded.

We stood then, for the first time in our lives, near the spot where an animal sacrifice is still performed. But a few days had gone by since a meek and innocent victim had been led hither unconscious of its doom, and here its blood had been poured forth as an offering. How could such an event fail to set before us a vivid picture of that wonderful rite, ordained in the beginning, the sacrifice of the innocent to wash away transgression? From the first offering made by Abel, up to the present hour, that mysterious thought, the just shall die for the unjust, the guiltless for the guilty, had never been suffered to perish from the earth. The offering which Abel brought of the firstlings of his flock, pointed, indeed, with a simple and touching sublimity, to the Lamb slain; but it received from the future sacrifice on the cross its only significance and efficacy; the cinders and ashes before us, on the contrary, were not more lifeless and cold than this poor attempt to *prefigure the past* by a ceremony now so empty and unmeaning. The altar of Abel

was the monument of a mighty faith, yet powerful, even in death; but this altar of the poor Samaritans is the feeble token of a stubborn unbelief, cold, formal, and unfruitful, though with a semblance of life. The lofty ceremonial of the Jews, with all the majesty of the Temple of Solomon; the long array of priests and Levites in countless numbers in their courses; the tribes of the Lord out of the whole land coming up to one altar; the smoke of the sacrifice of untold victims ever rising to heaven; the sacred fire never extinguished; the awful mystery of the High Priest, but once a-year, and then not without blood, entering into the Holy of Holies: all this formed indeed a worship not too holy nor magnificent for the mighty meaning—the great Atonement. It has ceased; but could it be renewed with tenfold dignity and glory, it would now be as empty and unmeaning as it was before affecting and sublime. Yet even this vain Samaritan shadow of a ritual once so splendid and imposing, is full of significance to him who has laid hold by faith of the substance of the deluded Samaritan's hope. They ignorantly still perform a service, designed only to prefigure an event now long passed. But the Samaritan, who clings to the semblance of an offering, and even when driven from the altar on his holy mountain, substitutes, with singular perseverance, a few rude stones in the common court-yard of any hovel, is not more

blind and obstinate than the Jew, who will not behold that finger of God which, during these many centuries, has forbidden the victim to bleed in Jerusalem, and the smoke of the sacrifice to ascend from the altar of Mount Moriah. ,

What a lesson to unbelief! How striking this circumstance to the faithful! A poor, obscure, and despised handful of Samaritans, shut up in a secluded village in this narrow valley, between the mountains of blessing and of cursing, scarcely one hundred and fifty human beings, all counted, are, in the whole world, the only believers in one God who still vainly deem that they make the Atonement of blood! Indeed a little remnant! and yet a wondrous monument both of the truth and of the justice of God!

And now, since neither at Jerusalem nor on this mountain can men worship the Father, with the blood of the dying victim and beneath the cloud of smoke ascending from the burning sacrifice, is not the time approaching when the poor offering here made shall also cease? Then shall Jews, Samaritans, and Gentiles unite in the faithful confession that God has removed every outward ceremonial of a sacrifice of blood, because that great event has transpired which alone gave it power and efficacy. Then, indeed, shall

“One song employ all nations, and all cry,
Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain for us!”

Hasten the time when Samaritans, Jews, Christians, and even the Pagans of the Gentiles, shall unite in the new song: "Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation;" when the angels shall join in the song, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing!"

Samaria.

EARLY in the morning we had sent our attendants with the camp equipage to Jenin, where we contemplated resting for the night, reserving only the faithful Asgoul to act as interpreter by the way. Leaving Nablous about mid-day, we travelled in a north-westerly direction through a narrow valley, which we found well-watered, filled with gardens and olive groves, vineyards and fig-trees. It was indeed one of the most fruitful valleys we had yet seen in Palestine. A small but lively brook accompanied us for about two miles through this verdant and delightful country, when we came to a rude aqueduct, leading a portion of the stream to an Arab mill at a short distance. Here the usual road ascends the hills which form the northern

barrier of the valley; but as our friend, the Rev. Mr. Nicolayson, had recommended, we took another route to the left, as more pleasant to travel, and affording a better approach to Sebaste. After riding through a rolling country of arable fields well cultivated, and with villages continually in sight, until we believed ourselves near the ancient capital of Samaria, we were somewhat at a loss, and began to fear that we might have missed our way. This was no very pleasant reflection, for the inhabitants of this region are quite notorious for their bigotry, their thievish propensities, and hatred to strangers. Of this we presently had an unquestionable proof. A man was at work near, and being asked, through our interpreter, to show us the way, he instantly began to bargain for a high compensation. A reasonable reward we should cheerfully have given, but he made a most exorbitant demand, and refused to tell us anything unless it was complied with. Not liking his disobliging and even threatening appearance, and seeing that not far off there were others at work whom he might easily call to his aid, we became anxious to rid ourselves of his company. Turning our horses' heads, therefore, to our surprise and delight we saw the object of our search at a short distance on the right hand, and where even the pointing of his finger would have been an ample direction. Upon a hill amongst higher hills that

surrounded it, and peeping out from a grove of trees, we saw the tops of ruined walls and arches, like the chancel end of some dilapidated old abbey church in a picturesque English landscape.

In these ruins we instantly recognised the Church of St. John the Baptist, the principal object of interest now remaining to mark the site of the ancient Samaria. Putting spurs to our horses, and leaving the sulky peasant to muse over his disappointed knavery, we were soon at the bottom of a hill, oblong rather than round, with a steep ascent and an extensive table summit. A zig-zag path now over its sides, which seemed once to have been terraced, and now amongst heaps of stones, some of them large, squared, and bearing the marks of sculpture, brought us to a squalid-looking village. Not a few of the houses, or hovels rather, were constructed of portions of columns and broken capitals, that had been richly carved; in short, there were many evidences of ruined magnificence. Upon the eastern end of the hill, where it falls suddenly to the valley, stands the majestic ruin which had been our fortunate and timely beacon. We found it, in reality, what it appeared at a distance, the chancel end of a noble church. There remains, in tolerable preservation, a pointed arch over a vaulted semicircular recess, pierced for three windows. Its foundation is a lofty, massive wall, built up from the valley to the surface of the hill.

The side walls of this once extensive temple of the Lord are much broken, and in some places levelled with the ground; but its general form could still be traced. At the west end a mosque has been erected within the area of the church. The tomb of St. John the Baptist is in a vault beneath, and we tried, but ineffectually, to gain admittance, the door-keeper being absent. Whether the sepulchre of the Forerunner of our Lord is here, may be a question; but the tradition that this was the prison where he was confined and beheaded at the instigation of Herodias, may be readily adopted.

We spent some time in examining these ruins, looking out upon the surrounding prospect from the bold front of the hill which they crown, and meditating upon the various history of this remarkable place. Renowned in ancient time as the capital of the ten tribes and the residence of the monarchs of Israel, the scene of those idolatries which called down the curses of God by the mouth of his servants Elijah and Elisha, the court of the wicked Ahab, and the still more execrable Jezebel, the theatre of many events that possess a lasting interest for every reader of sacred story, the name of Samaria can only perish from our memory with the earliest recollections of childhood. Its modern appellation is derived from the time of Herod the Great, who having rebuilt a large portion of the city, and adorned it with profuse mag-

nificence, gave it the Greek name of Sebaste, or *the August*, in honour of the Emperor Augustus, who had bestowed upon him the kingdom of Samaria. If grandeur of position may entitle any city to this lofty epithet, then does its beautiful and commanding situation confer it rightfully on Samaria.

Leaving this eminence and descending the hill, we saw upon our left hand still farther evidence of the ruined splendour of the Sebaste of Herod. In an extensive field, which probably formed one of the approaches to the city, are two rows of columns. Many were fallen and broken, but some appeared to be standing in their original position. Though frequently called the palace of Herod, they seem much better adapted to another purpose, and would, in modern times, form indeed a magnificent avenue.

Our road, crossing a deep valley, led us up a long and sharp ascent, and from the summit a most extensive prospect opened upon us, combining a distant view of the plain of Sharon and of the Mediterranean Sea, while before and around us stretched away a vast extent of hills and valleys, apparently well watered; for we saw in several places the reflection of the sunbeams gleaming from the brooks, and in one direction from an extensive lake. The journey was through a district of unusual capabilities, the soil being very fertile and abundantly irrigated. We encountered,

however, but few travellers, and hence formed an idea of a sparse population until we approached the termination of our day's ride.

A short distance before reaching Jenin we came upon a large and rapid brook, which we followed until it led us to the city. On entering, we made inquiries for our attendants and the place where our camp was pitched; but Asgoul being misapprehended, we were led to a caravansary in the heart of the city, where it appeared that we might have been hospitably entertained; but as preparations had already been made for us, we went out of the city again, and found our encampment upon the borders of the fine brook already mentioned. Glad, indeed, was I to arrive there, for I had become gradually exhausted by fatigue, and during the latter part of this day's journey was not in a fit state to keep the saddle.

April 17.—Even after a night's repose, I was but little refreshed, and found myself this morning scarcely able to proceed. This was, however, no place for a sick man; and I knew if I could reach Nazareth, I should there find hospitality in the convent, and receive medical advice and treatment, if necessary, from the worthy monks. I regretted this illness the more, as it prevented me from accompanying my friend to many places of interest in the Scripture history; as the Mountains of Gilboa, the lesser Hermon, the site of Jezreel, the

Cave of the Witch of Endor, and, above all, Nain, the scene of that most touching miracle of our Lord. My friend also, on my account, would have abandoned this intention, but I insisted upon his following the plan which we had originally marked out; while I, with two attendants, took the more easy and direct route to Nazareth, over the plain of Esdraelon.

How much might I have enjoyed the ride across this largest of all the plains in Palestine, and so famous for historical associations, had my health permitted. After riding slowly for several hours and accomplishing the greater part of the journey, I found it necessary to stop and rest. Near a shallow brook which was one of the tributaries of the ancient river Kishon, I dismounted and lay upon the green sward for some time. Having then ordered up the horses, which had been left to graze, I remember walking to the side of my own animal, and laying my hand upon him; when, oppressed by a sudden sense of darkness, I fell upon the ground. I was afterwards told by our dragoman, Achmet, who was one of my attendants, that I lay so long in this state, that the other man, an honest fellow, a mule-driver from Mount Lebanon, was fearful that I would never recover, and that they might be accused of unfair play; for he exclaimed, "What shall we do with this dead man?" The first circumstance that I remember,

as I recovered from this long swoon, was the sight of Achmet throwing water in my face with his hands.

With great difficulty I succeeded in getting into the saddle, and crossed the remaining portion of the plain, which is bounded on that side by the lofty hills among which Nazareth is situated. After we had ascended half the mountain pass which leads to that place, I found my friend sitting under a tree and anxiously awaiting us, in consequence of the journey having been so long delayed. I shall never forget the concern pictured on his countenance when he saw me approach; and some idea may be formed of my situation, when I add, that not only was I scarcely able to keep upon the saddle, but that several miles, over a road so rough that only a Syrian horse could keep his footing, yet intervened between us and any place of rest or shelter. Through these difficult and precipitous defiles, however, we made our way, my friend encouraging me with his sympathy. At length the welcome village, with its convent, presented itself to our sight. How different to me would have been the approach to this scene of our Lord's early youth, had I been better able to appreciate it. But exhausted as I was, my only desire was now to reach a place of repose. This offered itself when the good fathers opened the door of their convent. I was soon comfortably lodged, and

reclining upon a bed so soft and clean that it would have been a luxury to one in health; how much more to a pilgrim, weary, worn, and faint!

A Spanish monk, of the Franciscan order, soon appeared as the physician of the convent. This venerable father entered with flowing beard, and in the brown habit of his order. With the most benign expression he questioned me in Italian, and administered to the wants of his patient. This venerable monk may have been a nobleman, was evidently a scholar, and here, without expectation of any temporal fee or reward, he instantly devoted himself to me, as though the whole business of his life was to care for the sick. So he administers to the wants of the Arabs of the desert, and the convent itself is to all that region the centre of charities untold. Truly wonders of love have sprung from the Godlike benevolence of the carpenter's Son of Nazareth!

April 18.—This day I was frequently visited by the worthy monk, who discovered that there was no positive disease, and no symptoms, as we had feared, of the Syrian fever; but that my whole difficulty was excessive fatigue. It was obvious that I must rest two days at least; and I therefore insisted upon my friend's availing himself of this opportunity to visit Mount Carmel, which we had feared we should be obliged to pass by. He was unwilling, at first; but seeing that I had good attendance, a careful phy-

sician, and all comforts, he bade me for a short time a reluctant farewell.

I did not leave my bed the whole day, and from the very slight recollection left of its occurrences, it must have been principally passed in unconscious sleep produced by the combined effects of excessive fatigue and illness. The only traces of it that memory retains, are the occasional visits of the benevolent monk, bringing simple remedies and a cooling sherbet, which he prepared himself, and which proved exceedingly grateful to a feverish patient.

Carmel.

Not requiring the attentions of my friend, I was very glad of the opportunity thus afforded him of visiting Carmel, which was only at the distance of a few hours' ride, but, as he informed me, over a rough mountain road. He reached the Convent of St. Elijah before the evening, and was hospitably entertained by the few monks now resident there. It has a commanding site, upon a bold promontory running out into the Mediterranean, upon which, on the one hand, and upon the plain of Esdraelon on the other, the convent looks down from the height of nine hundred feet. The mountain in the rear of the monastery rises nine hundred or a

thousand feet higher, and then runs off to the south-east in a chain of hills, whose tops are flattened and form an extensive plain, now rocky, but in ancient times covered with vines and fig-trees. So fertile was this region, that one prophet uses it as the superlative of abundance and beauty, "the excellency of Carmel;" and another, when he would represent the judgments of God in their most fearful effects, says that even the "top of Carmel shall wither." It has other and more striking associations connecting it with the prophet whose name the convent bears. Here he dwelt for a long time. Here he assembled the people of Israel for the memorable trial by the answer of fire, between the true God and Baal. Hence he took the deceiving prophets of the idol down to the river Kishon, that rolls at the base of Carmel, and slew them there.

The cave where the prophet hid himself, to escape the persecutions of Ahab and Jezebel, is still pointed out; and the hill to which he ascended to pray for rain after the drought of three years, where he "cast himself down upon the earth, and put his face between his knees," and said to his servant, "Go up now, and look toward the sea;" who, after the seventh time, saw the "little cloud out of the sea like a man's hand," the signal of abundance of rain. Higher up, on the same mountain, tradition shows the grotto of Elisha,

the disciple of Elijah, once visited by the Shunamite in her grief, imploring the prophet to come and raise her son from the dead. This magnificent prospect, and these interesting localities, I saw only through the vivid descriptions of my friend.

Nazareth.

April 19.—Being much better to-day, I was farther cheered by the return of my friend after his successful excursion. In the course of the day, and by successive short walks, as my strength would permit, we were enabled to visit all the well-known places which have been the object of pilgrim veneration for centuries. Had we been in a condition to notice anything, we could not have failed to be struck with the beautiful situation of Nazareth as we entered it the first day. But I, through illness, and my friend, through anxiety for me, were then too much pre-occupied to notice or think of anything but our way to the convent. Nazareth reposes in the bosom of a beautiful valley, abounding in rich pastures, groves of fig-trees, and gardens hedged with the prickly pear, surrounded by picturesque but barren mountains. "It seems," says a graphic writer, "as if fifteen mountains met to form an enclosure for this delightful spot; they

rise around it like the edge of a shell, to guard it from intrusion." Its obscurity, probably, was the occasion of the contemptuous proverb applied to it in ancient times: "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" We now contemplate it with a far different sentiment, since out of this remote, contracted, and once despised spot, came incomparably the "best thing" the world has ever seen or can see.

The village stands upon the lower slope of the hill that bounds the valley on the west, and contains a mingled population of Greek and Roman Catholics, Maronites and Mohammedans. The prevailing number, however, is Christian, and their influence has been felt, for the Mohammedans are here far less bigoted than in other places. The convent is upon a rocky eminence, rising directly from the valley, upon the eastern border of the village. It is a substantial building of massive stone, enclosed in high walls. Within these, and connected with the convent, is the church built upon the place where the house of Joseph and Mary is supposed to have stood. The church itself, owing, it is said, to the jealousy of the Turks, who prevented the original design from being carried out, is not well proportioned. Its length is much too little for its width; but in other respects it is handsome, and adorned with rich draperies. The grand altar and the choir are considerably raised above the floor of

the church, and are reached by flights of marble steps on each side. Between these is an opening, and a noble staircase of white marble, leading to a spacious chamber or grotto below the floor of the church, and directly beneath the altar. Descending these, in front stands another altar, over which lamps are perpetually burning. Upon a plain marble slab you read the words, "VERBUM CARO HIC FACTUM EST"—"*Here the Word was made flesh.*" Near to this are two granite columns, the one designed to mark the place where the angel Gabriel stood when he came with the message of Annunciation from heaven; the other the place where Mary was seated. The former of these is broken in two, the upper portion hanging from the ceiling above, miraculously suspended, as the ignorant Catholic supposes; but this is too clumsy an invention for the intelligent among them to receive. Behind the altar are two rooms excavated from the rock, being together about twenty feet in length by ten in width. In one of these is another altar, with a picture of the Holy Family and this inscription—"HIC ERAT SUBDITUS ILLIS"—"*Here was He subject unto them.*" These three apartments are supposed to have formed the habitation of the Holy Family; the front one having been covered with the house attached to the face of the rock, from which the chambers in the rear were hewn out. It is said to be a fact that now, in Nazareth,

are there houses similarly arranged—that is to say, built against the side of a rock in which there is either a natural or an artificial cave. When one is just ready to accept this explanation, there comes in the absurd legend, that the original house, so placed, was taken by the angels through the air in the latter part of the thirteenth century, to save it from desecration by the Turks, and was removed first to Dalmatia, and afterwards to Loretto; and this raises such indignation, that we are tempted to reject the whole tradition. But certainly there is no improbability in it, so far as the site itself is concerned; and I see nothing to forbid the supposition that we stood here upon the very spot which, for so many years, was honoured as the chief ABIDING-PLACE of our blessed Lord.

A little way from the convent, the guide, who shows the memorable places in Nazareth, leads you to a small chapel; and here, you are told, is the site of the workshop where Joseph pursued his trade. Not far from this, again, is another chapel, where you are shown a mass of rock of irregular shape, twelve feet in length by about nine or ten in breadth. The Latin inscription informs you what improbable fable superstition has connected with it. *Traditio continua est et nunquam interrupta apud omnes nationes Orientales, hanc petram, dictum mensa Christi, illam ipsam esse petram, supra quam Dominus noster Jesus Christus, cum*

suis discipulis comedit ante et post suam resurrectionem a mortuis. The tradition is constant and unbroken amongst all Eastern nations, that this rock, called the table of Christ, is the self-same rock upon which our Lord Jesus Christ with his disciples ate, both before and after his resurrection from the dead.

But you are next led to a place with a tradition offering no insult to your common sense—the synagogue, or rather its site, where our Saviour first preached to his own countrymen “the acceptable year of the Lord,” and where they were filled with wrath at his bold and honest rebukes. “Then,” says the narrative, “they rose up and thrust him out of the city, and led him unto the brow of the hill whereon their city was built, that they might cast him down headlong.” The scene of this intended violence is said to be ten miles from the city, and we did not therefore visit it. We felt the less inclined to do so, as it is not at all likely that the enraged people would carry our Lord so long a distance to wreak their vengeance, especially as so many nearer precipices were at hand to answer their purpose.

Our longest excursion was to a well out of the town, called Mary's Fountain, because the Virgin here procured the daily supply of water for her little household. Such is the tradition, and a very probable one it is; for, in a region like this, where

earthquakes are infrequent, and volcanic action unknown, springs of water are not likely to disappear or to change their places; and as this is the only well near Nazareth, and whence all the inhabitants still draw water, the story may have been a daily theme for the people since the remarkable events occurred. There is little reason for doubt, that, like the women of Nazareth, whom we saw in large numbers constantly going and returning, and with their pitchers at the fountain, so the Virgin Mary often came hither, with the infant Jesus in her arms, or leading him by the hand as he grew in stature.

While we walked slowly back from this ancient and memorable well, I could not divest myself of the associations of the spot. Every young mother acquired a momentary interest in my eyes, as though she might be another Mary, and every infant seemed to have a nearer connection than children elsewhere with the infant Saviour. I pictured to myself the humble but lovely form of the blessed among women, as she went, perhaps every day, or at morning and evening, to and fro upon this very way. What thoughts within her heart while she pondered upon the wonderful origin of the beloved but mysterious child that nestled in her bosom! In no other bosom but hers had a mother's fondness ever been mingled with a virgin's adoration. She had heard the messages of angels

and the prophecies of saints; she had seen the wonder of shepherds and the worship of wise men. She may have listened to the chorus which united heaven and earth; for the song of a multitude of the celestial host was heard even by ears not endowed with a mother's attention. For his sake she had fled from the wrath of a king, and for him she had been a pilgrim in a land far away from her home. And now he rewarded all her fondness, her hopes, her piety, her prayers! He grew in wisdom. As she still led him by the hand towards this fountain, his discourse was not all as the prattle of other children:

"When I was yet a child, no childish play
To me was pleasing; all my mind was set
Serious to learn and know, and thence to do
What might be public good; myself I thought
Born to that end, born to promote all truth,
All righteous things: therefore above my years,
The law of God I read, and found it sweet,
Made it my whole delight."

Happy Mary! Blessed mother of a more blessed Son! And happy are we, as pilgrims, to behold his abiding-place and to trace his pathways; but above all, as he himself declared, "Yea rather, blessed are they that hear his word and keep it."

How often, in his youth, had his steps been directed hither, while his kinsmen and his townsmen little recked of the Prophet that was among them! He had walked forth in these fields to

meditate at even-tide, and had climbed those mountains to hold communion with his Father. In secret his spirit ripened:

“ His life,
Private, unactive, calm, contemplative,”

had raised little suspicion of ulterior greatness. Like many good men, he grew in quiet; his footsteps were noiseless even in secluded Nazareth; and like the good harvest, bending low in the fields, he grew full and ripe by humility. Then from these valleys and hills he walked forth among men; and out of the vast treasure-house of his poverty, lowliness, sufferings, and death, bestowed upon all who followed him through these, their precious fruits also, riches and happiness, heavenly honours and immortal life. Come! let us up out of the valley, and climb Mount Tabor, following his example, though the way be toilsome, that we too, in our measure, may be permitted to converse with prophets, and to look upon the face of God!

JOURNEY FROM NAZARETH THROUGH GALILEE.

April 20.—I went this morning to bid farewell to my kind physician, and to urge upon him some remuneration for his services. He was busily

engaged in his laboratory, preparing medicines, and with a number of patients around. Christians, Jews, and Mohammedans are all treated alike, and from none of them is any compensation demanded; whether it would generally be received or not, I am ignorant. In my case, the worthy monk, in a most courteous and affectionate manner, refused to take the money which I offered; but upon my suggesting that it might be applied to the relief of the poor, he accepted it with many thanks, as if he, and not myself, had been laid under an obligation.

We left the hospice of the convent with a grateful remembrance of the comfort we had enjoyed there, and though with no increased inclination to tolerate the grievous superstitions and errors we had everywhere noticed, yet with higher respect for the benevolent institutions founded and sustained by the Church of Rome; with admiration for the liberality and wisdom with which they are conducted, and with earnest hopes that our own Church would add to her reformed faith and purified system of worship some such charitable institutions, but adapted to her own social state, that the world might see our "good works, and glorify our Father which is in heaven."

Two English gentlemen, who had been our companions at Jerusalem, and had taken a route different from ours to Nazareth, joined us this

morning, and by their intelligence and agreeable manners, added much to the pleasure of the remainder of our journey through Palestine.

Mount Tabor.

OUR first object was the ascent of Mount Tabor, which lies to the east of Nazareth, and about two hours, or between six and seven miles away. Viewed from a distance, in different directions, it seems to be entirely insulated, a conical mountain upon a plain; but we found it to be connected, by a ridge of hilly ground, with the basin of mountains which embosom Nazareth. This ridge was well covered with trees, a species of oak. From the base of the mountain the first part of the ascent is gradual, but it grows much steeper as you proceed; so much so, indeed, that you are obliged to take a winding course, and even then, toward the summit, the path is very precipitous. The difficulty is increased by the tangled thickets of shrubs through which in many places you have to force your way. We were repeatedly obliged to dismount and lead the horses, and once, this precaution having been neglected, my horse, in attempting to scramble over a rocky ledge, fell beneath me; but I escaped with only a slight bruise.

This remarkable mountain is said to present a different contour as seen from opposite points of view; but all concur in representing it as standing alone and disconnected with the mountains in its vicinity. Thus speaks a traveller who had approached it by various paths: "Tabor is a truly graceful mountain, but presents a very different appearance when viewed from different sides. This accounts for the great diversity in the representations given of it. From the north, it had the appearance of the segment of a sphere, and appeared beautifully wooded on the summit, affording retreats to the animals for whom 'the net was spread on Tabor.' From the west it is like a truncated cone, appearing much steeper and higher, with the southern side almost destitute of trees. But on all sides it is a marked and prominent object, as the prophet intimates when he says, As Tabor is among the mountains." As we had approached from the west, we were not disappointed at finding the top of "the truncated cone" a noble and extensive platform. Its height has been variously estimated at from one thousand to two thousand feet above the level of the plain. We agree with Dr. Robinson in giving it the less altitude. Amongst the high grass, the briers, and copses of shrubs, with trees interspersed, we found massive ruins, some of them probably the remains of fortifications; for this ground, in consequence of its commanding site,

had from the earliest times been a military position. Here it was that Barak, the son of Abinoam, assembled his forces to contend with Sisera; hence, at the command of Deborah, "he went down from Mount Tabor, and ten thousand men after him," and achieved his great victory on the plain of Esdraelon. (Judges iv.) During the Roman empire, and also throughout the crusades, this was always a prominent military position. But portions of these ruins were doubtless the foundations of churches, and monasteries erected here to commemorate the Transfiguration of our Lord. This mystery is still celebrated in a yearly festival by the monks of Nazareth; who, on its anniversary, make a procession to Mount Tabor, and there perform masses. The place they select is probably the site of one of those three churches erected by command of the Empress Helena, in allusion to the words of St. Peter, "Lord, it is good for us to be here: if thou wilt, let us make here three tabernacles; one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias." But all that now remains to mark the position of these edifices is a square, cellar-like area, with a rude stone altar, and a vault near by with three niches containing altars.

After having walked about for some time amongst these ruins, which it would take more antiquarian knowledge than we possessed to appropriate to their respective architects—the Jews, the Romans,

Josephus, the warrior-historian, who fortified the top of Tabor, the Christians and the Saracens—we seated ourselves upon the highest point we could reach to contemplate the wide panorama. We were particularly fortunate in the day—one of bright sunshine, a clear atmosphere, and perfect calm. Our English friends were seated with us, and by the aid of our own glasses, with the more powerful telescope furnished by one of them, the most distant objects were brought near. On the north we saw the snowy summit of the greater Hermon: nearer still, but more to the east, the high ground which forms the basin of the Sea of Galilee, with a glimpse only of its southern margin: a little to the west that remarkable mountain whose long summit, terminated by two prominences, like the pommels of a saddle, once seen can never be forgotten, the Mount of Beatitudes. On the west were the hills of Nazareth, but that sacred spot was too deep amongst their recesses to be seen. To the south-west lay the broad expanse of the plain of Esdraelon, bounded by the long range of Carmel. Carrying the eye round the farthest borders of this plain, the mountains of Israel close the view upon the south. Nearer to us, and somewhat more to the east, are the mountains of Gilboa, and between them and us the sides of the lesser Hermon. Upon their slopes two remarkable places were pointed out. One of these was Endor,

where Saul went to consult the woman who had a familiar spirit. Our glass brought it so near that we could distinctly mark a dark spot, having all the appearance of a cave in the side of the hill. A tradition, with probably as much truth in it as many others that we have heard, says that here the witch of Endor resided, and was visited by the unhappy king upon his unlawful errand. To the west of this is another traditionary spot, which has both a far deeper interest connected with it, and a far better foundation of truth for its support—the site of Nain. It is now a very small and obscure village; but while looking at it we recalled that touching narrative of the widow going out from one of its gates to lay her only son in the tomb. When met by Jesus her mourning was turned into joy, and her desolate home made glad by the entrance of him who had just before been carried out on his bier. Many other places our eyes passed over, that are prominent in Scripture history; but in some instances their identification is a matter of great uncertainty, and of several no traces are left, and even their position has been utterly forgotten. Thus the site of Cana of Galilee, where the first miracle of our Saviour was performed, is generally supposed to be identical with Kefr Kana, a small village below us, on the road from Nazareth to Tiberias; but Dr. Robinson has advanced very plausible reasons for connecting

the tradition with another place, Kana el-Jelil, somewhat farther off. We had not the satisfaction, then, of fixing upon many localities with that degree of certainty that adds such interest to the sight of them. But from the Sea of Galilee and the Mount of Beatitudes, to the hills of Nazareth; and from there to the site of Nain, our eyes could wander over a region where some of our Lord's mightiest works were done; where he travelled and taught most, and where so large a portion of the brief period of his active ministry was passed.

While we were upon this commanding station, overlooking a region so closely associated with sacred history, the eye was occasionally drawn from the plains and hills below, to a beautiful and to us a very novel sight in the air. In the east, two immense flocks of cranes were seen poised in majestic flight, over the valley of the Jordan. Their movements were slow and orderly, and seemed like the evolutions of two mighty armies, now wheeling, now in close columns, then displaying the column in a long line to the right or the left; again forming themselves into a wedge-like battalion. The numbers of these birds must have been immense, and their white wings reflecting the sun gave them a most brilliant appearance.

“ Part loosely wing the region, part more wise,
In common, ranged in figure, wedge their way,
Intelligent of seasons, and set forth

Their airy caravan high over seas
Flying, and over lands with mutual wing
Easing their flight; so steers the prudent crane
Her annual voyage, borne on winds; the air
Floats as they pass, fanned with unnumbered plumes."

The remarkable form of Tabor, the magnificent view from its summit of so many places of historical interest, would alone amply repay the traveller for the labour of the ascent; but as pilgrims, and the children of a faith that was given to men in this land, there was a sacred interest to us in standing upon the Mount of Transfiguration. For whatever objections may be urged to the identity of the spot with the scene of that mysterious transaction, there is a strong probability in behalf of the universal tradition which has for many ages established its site upon Tabor; and no other place has been pointed out for so memorable a passage in the life of our Lord. Or if the tradition itself be of comparatively recent origin, that is, extending no further back than the fourth or fifth century, yet we must remember that we thus express our actual positive knowledge only of a belief that might have existed earlier than any historical mention of it. It may have been received among Christians in the Holy Land, without having been recorded, before the time of Cyril or Jerome, as writers were rare in the early age of Christianity, especially in reference to places more remote from Jerusalem, and before the period of

so diligent a traveller and observer as St. Jerome. Indeed, the only objection that appears plausible at first sight, arises from the existence of an ancient city and fortress upon the mountain anterior to the time of Christ; but this fact would not exclude the idea of a retired spot upon the same very extensive table-summit, and the Scriptures do not state that the Transfiguration took place in the open air; but only that Jesus took the three disciples up into a high mountain apart by themselves. The objection then, has, in our minds, too little weight to overthrow, even if it somewhat weaken, the consenting testimony of almost fifteen hundred years, joined to the silence of the earlier period, which in itself argues an oral tradition; for how could Jerome or Cyril begin to call Tabor the Mount of Transfiguration without fear of contradiction? Besides, the place must have excited much earlier attention, not only on account of an unparalleled event in the life of the Lord, but because St. Peter had expressly spoken of it already as "the holy mount."

At least, while we were ascending the mountain and standing upon its remarkable summit, the scene appeared in every way suited to the mystery. A remarkable hill, of a peculiar formation, standing apart from its fellows, seems to rise like an altar upon the plain, upon whose "secret top" one would love to hold communion with God. No-

where could the rest of the world be more shut out than here; in no place does earth seem to approach nearer to heaven. Here is a mountain made ready for that sacred intercourse with the skies, where the translated Prophet who had gone up in a chariot of fire, and the great Lawgiver whose face did shine in the mount of God, now returned to converse with Him who was himself the fulfilment of prophecy and the end of the law. Here we stood nearer to the skies, and could almost imagine "a door opened in heaven," and behold the unimpeded approach of Moses and Elias. Something of the same feeling which was expressed by St. Peter might have filled our hearts, as these thoughts glowed within us, and we not only exclaimed, "It is good for us to be here," but a strong desire arose to remain, that we might behold the sun rising and setting upon the holy mount, and meditate yet farther on the wondrous countenance and the shining garments of our blessed Lord. With reluctance we prepared to leave the place where he, whose steps upon earth we have delighted to follow, seemed, in anticipation of his future glorious ascension, to be almost beginning his return to the skies; and while yet in man's form and garments upon earth, to wear once more the aspect and the raiment of the glorified inhabitants of heaven.

But the day was drawing on, and we had sent our servants, with the caravan, to pitch the tents

and prepare for our sojourn at Tiberias, and were therefore compelled to begin the descent from Mount Tabor. There was yet five hours between us and our destination, and it was already past the middle of the day. Viewed from the mountain, the whole of the intervening distance seemed to lie before us, spread out like a level plain; but the path proved to be undulating, and over ground broken into great inequalities.

The Mount of Beatitudes was nearly before us, and, as we continued our journey, it was in constant view upon the left hand, inviting us to ascend and behold the place where the Lord gathered the multitudes, and taught them words of quietness and peace; and it would not have been without interest to behold the spot below, where all his teachings were forgotten or disregarded, when, in the battle of the Plain of Hattin, the victorious Saladin trampled upon the prowess of the Crusaders, already broken because they would not listen to the voice of the peace-makers. The singular peculiarity in the shape of this mountain, of which I have already spoken, has given it the modern appellation of the "Horns of Hattin." We should have felt a greater interest still in looking upon the scene of that wonderful miracle, where He who was himself the true Bread that came down from heaven, fed the famishing multitude with a few loaves and fishes.

But we were obliged, however unwillingly, to pass by, as the shortness of the time urged us to pursue our journey. Wearied, as well by the excitement and variety of interesting thoughts as by the toilsome day's ride, we began to feel as we went up and down the hills, that we should never reach our encampment. But all our fatigue was forgotten for the moment when we halted upon the last eminence, where the glorious view of the Sea of Galilee burst upon us. Like an unbroken circle lay the sleeping lake; not a breeze of air disturbed its surface, and not a sail was visible upon it. The hills were reflected from its calm, clear bosom; but no signs of life appeared in this once populous and busy region, save the city of Tiberias, which, like many eastern towns, looked well at least in the distance, and lay now at our feet on the borders of the sea. By a rapid and rocky descent we were glad, as quickly as possible, to reach our tents, which were already pitched without the walls of Tiberias.

The Cities and the Sea of Galilee.

THE country around the Sea of Galilee offers a strong contrast between ancient prosperity and actual desolation. The historian of the Jewish

war has left us an eloquent and glowing description of the fertility and loveliness of this once highly favoured region. His account of the lake itself is graphic and beautiful: "Its waters are sweet, and very agreeable for drinking; the lake is also pure, and on every side ends directly at the shores and at the sand. The water is also temperate when you draw it up, and of a more gentle nature than river or fountain water, and yet always cooler than one would expect in so diffuse a place as this is. Now, when this water is kept in the open air, it is as cold as that snow which the country people are accustomed to make by night in summer." A more vivid picture still is presented of the fruitfulness of the surrounding country, in which the lake lies as in a basin. The air is tempered so that it suits many varieties of trees; the walnut, which grows here plentifully, requiring a cool atmosphere, and the palm-tree, which flourishes best under a warmer sky; and these are mingled with olives and fig-trees, that rejoice in a temperate clime. A happy contention of the seasons, compelling plants of an opposite nature to grow together, is the genial character given by Josephus to this place, which he calls by a strong but expressive phrase, "the ambition of nature."

We are told that grapes and figs are produced in abundance, and ripen together during ten months of the year, and that inexhaustible fountains water

the land. Even if there be some poetry mingled here with the gravity of historical description, it is evident that the general beauty and fertility of the country were once very great, and especially when contrasted with its present aspect. These shores were then the seat of populous cities and villages, whose inhabitants were blest with prosperity and plenty. The lake was alive with a little fleet of fishing and ferry boats, which drew up the treasures out of its pure waters, or conveyed the inhabitants, with the merchandise of an inland commerce, between the thriving villages and towns upon the coast. Here stood the cities of Chorazin and Bethsaida, and here Capernaum, by the pride of its inhabitants, seemed to be exalted to heaven. Here the Son of Man found multitudes to hear and thousands to disregard his message, and few followers save those whom he chose, as he walked by the Sea of Galilee, from the humble ranks of the fishermen. But even these have departed now; for though, as we rode along the shores, we observed that the clear waters teemed with such a multitude of fishes as we never before saw crowded in their native element, yet there is but one poor crazy ferry boat remaining, scarcely a fisherman, and but a small population. For of all the cities, towns, and villages that smiled around the Sea of Galilee, the mean-looking and ruinous Tiberias almost alone is left, and the earthquake which

ruined Safed has thrown down the walls even here. Whence all this unusual and fearful desolation? Look to the mountain where he taught, to the sea whence he preached to the people, to the shores once pressed by his holy footsteps; think of what he was, and why he came, and then mourn over that blind and obstinate unbelief which forced from the lips of the Saviour, after he had honoured these cities with "most of his mighty works," the awful denunciations, "Woe unto thee, Chorazin! woe unto thee, Bethsaida! for if the mighty works which were done in you had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes. But I say unto you, it shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon at the day of judgment than for you." Even if this fearful sentence had been spoken of temporal calamities only, it would still have great force; for the desolate sites of Tyre and Sidon are at least known; but so complete has been the fulfilment of the judgment against Chorazin and Bethsaida, that their very places have been blotted out from the memory of man. The doom of Capernaum is pronounced with the declaration that even Sodom would have been spared, believing his works and his words.

Indeed, the desolation of the Dead Sea region itself seems hardly greater than the solitude of the once populous Gennesareth. The features of nature, it is true, the fertility of the soil, the sweet-

ness of the waters, the riches of the lake, remain ; but a people once powerful enough to contest, with a navy such as those times afforded, the right of Vespasian upon the Sea of Galilee, they, and their cities and their villages, their wealth and their prosperity, have gone down together to the solitude and silence of the grave. The hand of cultivation, the hum of commerce, all the voices of prosperity have ceased ; but the woe pronounced by the rejected, though Divine Teacher, hangs like a cloud over the devoted land ; and the pilgrim, pursuing his solitary way, feels that the terrible potency of that withering curse is not yet exhausted upon the borders of the Sea of Galilee.

April 21.—Early this morning we arose with the intention of visiting the mineral baths, which are some two miles south of Tiberias. About two miles farther south is the outlet of the Jordan, which is said to pass through the Sea of Galilee without mixing with its waters, a tradition derived, no doubt, from the swiftness of the river. The Arab name of the hot baths, together with a passage in the book of Joshua, conspire to induce the belief that the ancient Hamath was here ; so that we may now ask the question of the taunting Assyrian with startling emphasis, “Where is the king of Hamath?” Even the site of his city is but a bathing-house.

We went around and through the city of Tiberias,

and notwithstanding its name and the associations connected with it, found it a most miserable and filthy place. The mean houses, as well as the walls of the town, were crumbling in all directions, the effect of the earthquake of 1837; nor after twelve years did there appear any evidence of an attempt to repair the damage. The place contains some fifteen hundred inhabitants, and the houses extend down to the water's edge; but on inquiry, we could not find in all the town even a boat to go out upon a beautiful lake stocked with fish! No supply of the last could be obtained! And yet this miserable village, or city by courtesy, was once a famous seat of learning, and even now is not without its Rabbis. Soon it will follow Chorazin and Bethsaida, and the beautiful sea be left to entire desolation.

Our road extended along the margin of the lake, and sometimes when we were on high ground we could look down into it. So clear were its waters, that we could trace distinctly the movements of multitudes of fishes. We now passed through a poor little village called Mejdél; and although there is much uncertainty as to the sites of the ancient towns and villages upon this sea, both the name and the situation of this one concur to point it out as the Magdala of the New Testament, and the birth-place or home of Mary Magdalene. Capernaum must have been situated between this

village and the northern boundary of the lake, but all researches have been vain to discover even its site with the least degree of certainty. As we drew near the northern extremity, the high lands that closed it in seemed to open to make way for a fine stream from the north-west, which watered an extensive plain. The borders of this little river were fringed with flourishing oleanders. The day being warm, and this a pleasant spot, we here enjoyed a refreshing bath in the waters of the Sea of Galilee. The road now ascending the high grounds upon the north of the sea, Tabor and the Mount of Beatitudes once more became visible. Indeed, the latter seemed to force itself upon our notice wherever we were. It was in sight all day yesterday, and except when hidden for a short time by other hills, during the whole of this day also, as if to preserve in our minds the memory of the sermon of our blessed Lord.

At the extreme northern boundary of the lake there are said to be some remarkable ruins at a place now called Tell Hum. These have given rise to a supposition that here may be the site of Capernaum. But to visit them would take us from the direct route; and as, from all we have been able to ascertain, there is now little probability of determining the position of those cities made so prominent in the New Testament by our Lord's denunciations, we did not diverge from the course.

We had intended to make our brief rest, in the middle of the day, at a large Khan, upon the direct road to Damascus, called Jubb Yousouff, or the Pit of Joseph, because for many ages it has been thought the scene of that eventful transaction, the selling of Joseph to the Midianite merchantmen. The tradition is equally received by Christians and Mohammedans. There is here a large tank of water, and the building near it is very extensive. In one of its enclosures was said to be the pit or well, which, though dry when Joseph was let down into it by his unnatural brethren, now affords a good supply of water. But the whole place was filled with sheep and black cattle, driven from the surrounding hills to be watered and sheltered during the heat of the day. Besides, the appearance of the wild-looking shepherds and herdsmen, who were assembled in considerable numbers, was so suspicious, that we thought it best not to leave our horses and make any investigations; so, after watering them at the tank, we pursued our journey. The legend which assigns this spot to the story of Joseph, Professor Robinson gives his reasons for pronouncing a clumsy invention; but a former traveller, Dr. Richardson, treats it with more consideration: "This is a long way from Hebron for the sons of Jacob to go to feed their herds, and a still farther way for a solitary youth like Joseph to be sent by his father in quest of them. They

had, first of all, gone to Shechem, which is about two days and a half from Hebron. It lay in the route then, as well as now, from Horan to Egypt. This pit, or Dothan, is nearly about the same distance from Shechem that Shechem is from Hebron; namely, about two days and a half or three days' journey. The ancient patriarchs pastured their flocks and herds along the whole of this tract, and by Bethel and Ai, which lie to the south of Shechem; and I should consider it not at all improbable that Jubb Yousouff may really have been the scene of the infamous transaction above alluded to. It is likewise situated on one of the principal roads from Mount Gilead, from which the Ishmaelites were travelling with their camels, bearing spicery, and balm, and myrrh, going to carry it down into Egypt; and they bought Joseph for twenty pieces of silver, and carried him along with them."

In addition to the interest awakened by the reflection that the treason here wrought by the brethren of Joseph against their father and brother, and the price for which he was sold, bear a strong resemblance to the treachery of Judas, and the price paid for his sin against God and his Master, it did not escape our notice that the Lord himself seems to have traced that resemblance, when he was probably near the scene of this unnatural traffic. For as he had recently healed the blind man at Bethsaida, and went out thence into the

towns of Cesarea Philippi, this must have been the way which he took. Always ready to call attention to the things written concerning him, "*by the way* he asked his disciples, saying unto them, Whom do men say that I am?" And after Peter had made the remarkable, because early confession, that he was the Messiah, "He *began* to teach them," foretelling the treason against him, his sufferings, death, and resurrection: all typified by the sale, incarceration, and exaltation of Joseph. "The Son of Man must suffer many things, and be rejected of the elders, and of the chief priests and scribes, and be killed, and after three days rise again. And he spake that saying openly;" thus publishing for the first time the wonderful prophecy of his passion and his triumph.

It was on this journey then, or in "the coasts of Cesarea Philippi," that Simon Peter declared, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God!" Here, too, the Lord announced his kingdom: "And Jesus answered and said unto him, Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona! for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven. And I say also unto thee, that thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church;" a prophecy remarkably fulfilled on the day of Pentecost, when Peter proclaimed to the multitude the terms of admission into the new kingdom of God, which was then for ever estab-

lished, confirmed, and baptized with fire, by the miraculous descent of the Holy Ghost; and since that time the Lord has "added to the church daily such as should be saved."

Our road was over a region of high, undulating land, fertile by nature, but now lying waste, or used only as ranges for the pasturage of flocks and herds, and in some places abundantly covered with weeds and thistles. Amongst these we saw large quantities of that thorny shrub which bears the name of *spina sancta*, from the supposition that the Saviour's crown of thorns was made from it. Its branches, with their short, angular points armed with triple thorns, would form just such a cruel chaplet as the artist has placed upon the head of our blessed Saviour. Had our time permitted, we should have ascended to Safed, a city held in special reverence by the Jews, and which, though so elevated, and, as it might seem, beyond the reach of danger, yet was more severely shaken than any other part of the country over which the terrible earthquake of 1837 was felt. At a distance, the white walls of its ruined buildings, reflecting the sun, would excite no suspicion of the desolation it has suffered, and, more than any place we have seen, it answers to the description of a "city set on a hill which cannot be hid." But we were obliged to leave it on our left, and direct our way more to the east, in order to cross the river Jor-

dan at Jacob's bridge, and encamp there for the night.

Soon after our arrival, and while the tents were preparing, we perceived a company of twelve or fourteen horsemen approaching, who, with much display and noise, arising from the clattering of their swords and horse-trappings, appeared to be attending and guarding a person of some dignity. A Mussulman, of middle age and of commanding presence, dismounted, and being informed that he was the Governor of Damascus, we saluted him, a courtesy which he gracefully returned by laying his hand upon his heart. While his servants were pitching his tents not far from ours, one of them spread his *segadeh*, or prayer-carpet, under a tree, and the functionary, attended by a dervish, immediately occupied himself with his devotions. It is the well-known custom of Mohammedans to pray five times a-day, without the least regard to places or persons.

Here we encamped upon the upper Jordan, within sight of Lake Merom, not far from Cesarea Philippi and the foot of Hermon, whence the river takes its rise. To-morrow we should leave the Jordan for ever; and though the stream is here both shallow and very rapid, we prepared ourselves for our evening rest by bathing, for the last time, in its sacred waters.

April 22.—Again the shortness of our time, and

the necessity for reaching Beyrout upon a certain day, obliged us to omit an excursion which otherwise we should gladly have made, namely, to follow the Jordan up to its sources, passing along the borders of the small lake El Huleh, the Merom, at whose waters Joshua smote Jabin, king of Hazor, and the Canaanites; and thence to the coasts or towns of Cesarea Philippi, which, with the coasts of Tyre and Sidon, form the northern limits of our Lord's journeyings. But of these only a general mention is made in the New Testament, and we cannot, as in Galilee, Samaria, and Judea, revive the memory of his pathways or abiding-places. Unless when he crossed to the other side of the Sea of Galilee, we have no reason to suppose that he ever, and especially here, went beyond the Jordan. Our pilgrimage, therefore, through the land consecrated by his bodily presence, ended last evening as we passed the sacred stream. And this morning, leaving our encampment by break of day, when we reached the summit of the steep and lofty ridge at whose base the river runs, the sun was rising, and we waited for a while to see his beams once more and for the last time lighting up the hills and valleys of the Land of Promise.

JOURNEY FROM THE LAND OF PROMISE TO DAMASCUS, BAALBEC, AND LEBANON.

THE narrative of our pilgrimage might here be brought to its termination; but, as it was introduced by a sketch of the journey from Egypt, so may a few pages be devoted, not without interest we would hope, to a brief record of the concluding incidents of our visit to the East.

The country was now so rich in pasturage, so well covered with noble trees—not in forests, but scattered, orchard-like—and was refreshed with small brooks and springs at frequent intervals, offering in these particulars such a contrast to large portions of the land we had just left, that frequent exclamations of delight burst from us. The Governor of Damascus, who had encamped near us last evening, soon overtook us, being, with his train, admirably well mounted. He courteously saluted us as he passed; but, in a short time, we came up and found him dismounted; and, kneeling side by side with his dervish and several of his attendants under a wide-spread tree, earnestly engaged in his devotions. How often could it happen with us that a great man would stop his journey for his prayers; or that even those engaged in the ordinary occupations of life would be found

in the courts of the house of God, when the daily service invited them to approach his altars!

We came once more within sight of the snowy top of Hermon; and soon the whole mountain was distinctly seen from the base to the summit. Here, then, seemed to be a suitable place to worship Him who dwelleth not in temples made with hands:—

“ Præsentio rem et conspicimus Deum
 Per invias rupes, fera per juga,
 Clivosque præruptos, sonantes
 Inter aquas, nemorumque noctem;
 Quam si repostus sub trabe citrea
 Fulgeret auro.”

Or, if a translation of Gray's sublime Ode might be attempted:—

“ 'Mid pathless rocks, on savage hills,
 By broken cliffs, where waters roar,
 How awful God the bosom fills!
 We see him and adore;
 No gorgeous temple homage moves
 Like the deep twilight of the groves.”

Upon such a spot, and in sight of a hill whose very name of Hermon recalled that beautiful passage where the Church prays for “the continual dew” of God's blessing upon her pastors, our tents were pitched, and one of them became our Sunday tabernacle. One of our friends being a clergyman of the Church of England, we now united with him, as he had before done with us, in celebrating the daily service.

April 23.—If, as some one has poetically said, a long companionship with mountains makes them our friends, we certainly should be dead to such influences had we not begun to form an attachment to Hermon. That mountain's name had been familiar to us from childhood, and had been associated with some of the most beautiful imagery wherewith sacred themes had been invested by the inspired Psalmist. His summit, literally covered with the snows of ages, we had seen often, at a far distance from Gerizim and Tabor, and the region around Galilee, and now we were brought into his very presence. His venerable form stood fully revealed to our reverential sight. Yesterday the mountain seemed to stand in silent majesty, to encourage and deepen our devotions. Through the night we could see his form, with his head amongst the stars, as he appeared to keep watch over our camp; and now, as the sun lighted up his aged face and whitened locks, he almost spoke in cheerful salutation to encourage us on our way. For some time he accompanied us on the left of our march, and we frequently turned to gaze upon him as he gradually withdrew, until at length we were constrained to bid him our last farewell.

The route lay over a dreary region, strewn with a dark-coloured volcanic stone. We frequently crossed, and occasionally, for a short distance, travelled upon an ancient road paved with this

stone, once, doubtless, the highway from Cesàrea Philippi to Damascus. At Sassa the country began to wear a different and more inviting aspect. This was a singular-looking place. Four walls, of considerable height and in tolerably good preservation, with octagonal towers at the corners, formed a perfect square, and seemed to indicate a town of some importance; but going a short distance through the principal gateway, we found only poor hovels and a wretched-looking population. Close by, however, flowed an abundant and rapid stream, and spread itself through an extensive fertile plain, upon which we now entered. Cultivated fields and groves of olive-trees soon gave evidence that we were approaching a rich and well-peopled region. The position of Damascus was pointed out, but for a long time we could see in the distance a mass of trees only, like a dense forest, with a slender minaret here and there overtopping them. As we drew nigh the seeming forest, we found it to be a wide belt of magnificent gardens, by which this famous city of the East is encircled. For an hour we rode through continuous lanes, or avenues rather, as their width might entitle them to be called, bordered by rude walls, built of large square blocks of mud, of the colour of unburnt brick. But within these enclosures were countless numbers of the most beautiful and majestic trees we had ever seen—the olive, the almond, the walnut, and apri-

cots of immense size. Frequent brooks, too, ran by our side or crossed the path, affording an abundant supply of water to nourish this mass of deep and perpetual verdure. So magnificent a setting seemed to promise, that encircled within we should find the pearl of cities. But when at last we arrived at the gate, we were greatly disappointed. It was mean-looking and ruinous. The houses, to outward appearance, were built only with a rough coat of cream-coloured mud or clay, and the streets were narrow and dirty. Through these we rode for a weary distance, and at last came to the quarter where the principal bazaars are situated. Here are narrow crooked streets, for the most part covered with awnings to protect them from the sun, and bordered on both sides by small shops. Upon a raised bench in front sits the owner, cross-legged, within reach of his wares, calmly smoking his pipe and waiting for customers. It was here, as in Cairo, a constant source of wonder to us, how the business and intercourse of so large a population could be carried on in such narrow thoroughfares. They are not more than from eight to ten feet wide, some of them less. Even of this space the low platforms in front of the shops take up a considerable portion; and yet horses, donkeys, loaded camels, and a constant crowd of men and women, seem to get along without interference with each other, or with such as are standing at the shops

chaffering for goods. We rode through in single file, the way seeming to be perfectly blocked up at every step; yet we were never stopped, although our legs and the flanks of our horses were in constant contact with the multitudes through whom we brushed our way. Nor, in this crowd of the most bigoted of Mohammedan cities, were we once insulted, or even uncomfortably stared at. On the contrary, on one occasion, when by reason of the crowd I had for a moment lost sight of my companions, and was about to take a wrong direction, two or three turbaned men began to speak to me earnestly, and seeing that I did not understand, one of them took my horse's head and kindly turned him into the right way, with a motion to me to hasten on. In this respect the manners of the people are greatly changed. Not many years ago, one dressed in the Frank costume could hardly escape being pelted in the streets; and at the gates of the city such travellers were obliged to dismount and walk. Now I am confident that a Turk, or any one in an unusual dress, would be more stared at and spoken of in the streets of New York in one hour, than we were during the whole of our sojourn in Cairo and Damascus; and I am constrained to believe that a Mussulman mob would prove to be better mannered and more tolerant than a mob of Christians in any of our large cities.

We stopped near a mud-plastered wall, which,

like most of the buildings in Damascus, was what one of our English friends humorously described as "wattle and dab." It was pierced for two or three small grated windows, and a low, narrow doorway, little more imposing in appearance than that of a common hovel. This was uninviting enough. We dismounted, however, as we were told by the dragoman that this was our hotel! The door was open, and the host, having had intimation of our approach, was ready to receive us, and saluted us in Italian, being quite accustomed to travellers, as he had once been himself a courier and dragoman. He had just set up this establishment as an experiment. We followed him through the entrance, which barely admitted one at a time. Within was a narrow, gloomy passage, with a descent of several steps, as though it led to a damp, dirty cellar. We had scarcely time, however, to be sensible of the chill and repulsion that such a reception would naturally produce. But instead of some gloomy, muddy court-yard, we came at once upon a large, cheerful area, flagged with white marble; in the centre a marble basin filled with water, and a small fountain playing within it. Overhanging this, with their branches drooping in the water, were several lemon and orange trees in full blossom. The area was surrounded, on three sides, by a well-built house of stone, of Moorish architecture, with a flight of marble steps leading up to a terrace.

On the fourth side, and covering a high wall, was a superb grape vine, mingled with monthly roses and other fragrant creepers of white and yellow flowers.

We had come from narrow streets, shut out from the sun. Here he shone upon us in his splendour, and his rays, reflected from the marble all around, would have been too dazzling bright, had not the eye been relieved by the grateful contrast of those green, burnished leaves of the lemon and orange. The perfumed air, the murmuring fountain, the welcome song of birds, and the complete seclusion: what a promise was here of luxurious repose to weary travellers, just dismounted after a long and toilsome journey! But when we were ushered into our apartment, all our imaginings of the luxury of Oriental life were left far behind. On one side of the area opened a wide doorway of marble, with lofty latticed windows on each side. One step led us up into a spacious vaulted room, with its walls and ceiling incrustated in mosaic, with marbles of various colour, glass, and mother-of-pearl. In the centre was an octagonal marble reservoir, about two feet high, and three or four in diameter, and here another small fountain was playing and throwing up the water like diamond drops. Upon opposite sides were spacious recesses, raised two feet above the marble tiling of the floor. Behind a thin drapery of muslin drawn in front of these

recesses, each as large as a good-sized chamber, were our beds, with soft mattresses, and linen of fine texture, and every comfort for the toilet. In the dome above, which was between twenty and thirty feet high, were windows of stained glass, partly opened to produce a current of air. Here, indeed, were appliances and means to woo the gentle sleep! The atmosphere was cool, constantly renewed, and just made fragrant, but not oppressive, with the fresh blossoms of the orange and lemon. The quiet plash of the constant fountain, with the murmuring, too, of bees attracted by the fragrant flowers that almost closed up the windows, added those "finishing sounds" that complete the image of tranquillity. Some classical friend who may perchance read these lines, will recall his youthful studies, and if present, would probably, in merry mood, quote to me—

"Fortunate senex, hic inter flumina nota,
Et fontes sacros, frigus captabis opacum;
Hinc tibi, quæ semper vicino ab limite sepes,
Hyblæis apibus florem depasta salicti,
Sæpe levi somnum suadebit inire susurro."

Not "often" indeed, but for two nights, we were easily "persuaded to refreshing sleep" in this delightful apartment.

DAMASCUS.

April 24.—After the refreshment so welcome to weary travellers, we were prepared to go forth upon a tour of curiosity into one of the most ancient cities in the world. But though Damascus is, beyond question, very old, and even rejoices in a tradition which assigns its foundation to a grandson of Noah, it would nevertheless be difficult to find a city with so few evidences of antiquity, or so unimposing in external architecture. There are almost literally no ruins. To form any idea of the splendour and luxury of some among the one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants of Damascus, it is absolutely necessary to obtain a view of their interior life; and then indeed you understand why this city should have been so renowned for wealth and magnificence. Our hotel of yesterday gave some intimation of this; but our experience to-day convinced us that the comfortable inn was but an example of an ordinary house; for on visiting the British Consul, Mr. Wood, we found him inhabiting a dwelling arranged in the best style of Oriental splendour. Yet its external appearance deserves scarcely a loftier description than that significant one of our humorous English friend, as applied to the habitations of Damascus in general. We also gained admittance into the far-famed

houses of several wealthy Jews; but as they are all built and furnished upon the same general plan, and doubtless have been so for ages, a brief account of one will give, in addition to our notes of yesterday, a sufficient idea of ancient and modern Damascene domestic architecture. There is not one instance of the slightest attempt at external display; on the contrary, every building exhibited the same repulsive dead wall and very ordinary entrance, like that of a hovel.

But in the houses of the wealthier classes, this entrance brings you into a court, or quadrangle, surrounded by rooms appropriated to the servants. One door leads from this court to the *hareem*, or the apartments exclusively used by the women. Upon the other side is the entrance to the principal court, a larger quadrangle, in one instance a hundred feet by sixty, with a tessellated pavement, a large tank in the centre, around which, as well as in the corners of the court-yard, were orange, lemon, pomegranate, and citron trees, all in full bloom, with jasmines and the roses of Damascus, whence our *damask* rose derives its name. On the four sides of the quadrangle were apartments opening into it; so that the occupants, at their pleasure, could bask in the sun or find shelter from his beams. One of these rooms, larger and more ornamented than the rest, is appropriated to receptions. In the centre played a fountain, and

the walls and lofty vaulted ceiling were covered with arabesque ornaments, in marble, stained glass, and mother-of-pearl. At one end of this room, on a raised divan, were silk-covered cushions for the guests, and all around, in numerous niches, beautiful jars, Turkish pipes, and many similar ornaments. The mellowed light, the fragrant ventilation, and the lively fountain, gave an indescribable charm to the scene. To be served, in such an apartment, with coffee, pipes, sweetmeats, and iced sherbets, gives one a good idea of the indolent luxury and monotony of Oriental life; for nothing can be more perfectly arranged than these houses for entire seclusion, and the wealthy Damascene has in that great city a foretaste of the Mussulman's paradise. But such a mode of life is little suited to Western tastes, morals, habits, and activity; and therefore the British Consul occupied apartments fitted up according to English ideas of comfort; using the grand reception room simply for occasions of Oriental state.

We were near the principal mosque of Damascus at the hour of noon, and our attention was directed to a ceremony said to be peculiar to this mosque. Six of the Muezzin ascended to the top of the minaret, and walked around the gallery, and in a very sonorous voice chanted all together. The effect of their voices, as they marched in solemn procession around the balcony, proclaiming the

hour of prayer towards every quarter, was harmonious and not without a certain sublimity. This mosque, like many others in Damascus, had once been a church, the Cathedral of St. John, and one of the finest buildings of the ancient Christians. We were not allowed to enter; but passing by, we could see a very extensive court, surrounded by an arcade supported by Corinthian columns, and, like every place here, enlivened by a fountain.

No Christian could visit Damascus without reflecting upon the interesting events associated with the conversion of St. Paul. To some of the traditionary places we made a visit: to "the street which is called Straight;" to the house where St. Paul lodged, and whither Ananias was commanded to go. There is now a church here, entered by a descent of several steps. Near the eastern gate of the city, we were shown a loophole in the stone wall by which the disciples let down the apostle of the Gentiles in a basket! At some distance without the walls, the spot is pointed out where he was struck from his horse; but we had no time to visit it, our attention being more particularly directed to features of greater certainty.

Abana and Pharpar we were most desirous of seeing. There is, however, no trace left of the names, and these streams are supposed to have been branches of the Barrada, a mountain torrent

rising in the heights of Anti-Lebanon, and, before fore it reaches Damascus, divided into different branches, running through and in every quarter of the city, furnishing it with abundance of water. The Abana and Pharpar, supplied by this cool and copious mountain stream, winding among the verdant fields and fragrant groves in which Damascus lay embosomed, giving it health and refreshment, and making its site such as cities would have been had Paradise remained, might well be contrasted with the solitary and turbid Jordan, in its narrow valley; and were the cure of Naaman's leprosy to have been effected by the simple act of washing in the waters of a running stream, there would seem to be some excuse for his burst of anger, Are not these "better than all the waters of Israel? May I not wash in them and be clean?"

The remainder of this day and the next were employed in visiting the bazaars and manufactories of silk in private houses. The famous steel fabrics for which Damascus was once so celebrated, have been long since abandoned. The College of the Dervishes, an extensive range of buildings, the gardens of the Pasha, and a review of Turkish troops upon a beautiful green plain, attracted our attention. But on our return from a ride among the gardens and groves in the suburbs, we were much struck by the appearance of a café not far from the walls. It was situated upon a rocky

island, reached by a bridge, and surrounded on all sides by rushing streams. As evening approached, and it began to be lighted up, it furnished a most picturesque object, with the Turks reclining at their ease, sipping their coffee, smoking their pipes, doing full justice to the freshness of the site and the coolness of the evening.

April 26.—Having enjoyed every moment of our visit to this beautiful city, we left it this morning, not without regret. Our ride through the charming environs soon brought us to the village Salahié, than which nothing could be more lovely for position, on the side of a hill embosomed in trees, and supplied abundantly with water, which fell in various directions in cascades. A gradual ascent took us to the summit of that spur of Anti-Lebanon which bounds the valley of Damascus on the west. A small building like a temple occupies the spot whence the prophet Mohammed is said to have looked down upon the beauty of Damascus, and refused to enter, saying, "There is one Paradise only for man." The legend has no foundation in truth; for the prophet never had it in his power to enter Damascus, which was not conquered by his followers until after his death: no spot, however, could have been chosen better suited to the story; for looking down upon that beautiful circle of groves in which Damascus is set, the yellow buildings, at this distance, do not betray their

mean materials, but appear like palaces of solid stone set off by numbers of graceful minarets; and in every direction sparkling streams run among and around them, watering also an extensive and fertile plain as far as the eye can reach, on the east; so that nothing is wanting that an inland town can have, to make it seem, from this place, indeed another Eden.

One could never grow weary of the view; but after contemplating this terrestrial Paradise an hour, we were obliged to tear ourselves away. Descending the hill, we soon came to the river Barrada, which here forces a passage through the mountain, and flows towards the plain over which we had just been looking. Crossing the stream frequently, but following its general direction, we pursued a winding course among the mountains of the Anti-Lebanon range, gradually ascending, until, just before emerging from the hills, we were struck by some remarkable sculptures in the rocks. Where the hills come near together, and are in places almost inaccessible, the face of the rock is sculptured into chambers, and a long line, apparently of an aqueduct, cut out of the solid stone, reminding us of the drawings we had seen of Petra. We could here obtain no farther account of them, save that they are said to be the work of the early Christians. As evening approached, we were glad to learn that our place of rest was not far off; and

the valley in which Zebdeni is situated proved a delightful alternative to the rugged hills that had wearied us and our horses. This little village lies pleasantly among gardens hedged with hawthorn, then in full blossom, and here we first heard the cheerful notes of the cuckoo, the harbinger of spring. The rain began to fall a short time before our arrival, and as our tents would have been uncomfortable, we took lodgings in the house of a fellah, or peasant. The family willingly moved out to a neighbour's for the night, and gave us full command of the house; where, before a cheerful fire, we were soon able to make ourselves at home.

April 27.—To-day we crossed the higher ranges of Anti-Lebanon, and in one place came to banks of snow, though all around, at no great distance, the fields were green and the trees putting forth buds and leaves. Upon a rock, at the edge of this snow-bank, we seated ourselves for our noon-day's rest and refreshment.

A ride through mountain scenery, in the highest degree picturesque, brought the opposite chain of Lebanon in sight, and we looked down upon the extensive valley which stretches between these two ranges of mountains. Baalbec, the object of our journey, we did not discover until we were very near it, as it lies below the Anti-Lebanon hills, over which we were passing.

Baalher.

AN accurate account of these extensive ruins would occupy more space than we ought to afford them in the brief sequel of a tour through the Land of Promise. Indeed, they are worthy of professional skill, and of a work exclusively devoted to their illustration. But as I cannot bring myself to pass by ruins so remarkable, though not strictly comprehended within my original purpose, I must endeavour—a difficult task—to convey some general idea to your mind.

We descended the hills with the long line of snow-crowned Libanus stretching before us, to the right and left, as far as the eye could reach. Beneath was the extensive valley, but its southern portion only was revealed to sight. The object for which our eyes were intently watching, as portion after portion of the plain opened upon us, did not present itself till we were upon the base of the last high grounds of Anti-Libanus. When we had almost reached the valley, and were emerging from a projecting hill, upon looking to the right, what seemed to be a lofty mound embosomed in trees broke the level of the plain. Upon this mound, and towering above the tops of the trees, were six stately columns. As we drew nigh, we could discover, upon a lower level, roof-

less walls, a broken pediment and pillars, some erect, and some partly fallen and leaning against the others. Below these again, and along the base of the mound, were lines of wall, like ruined foundations of great extent. Between the mound and the base of the last hill we had descended, the plain was filled with a confused mass of square stones, broken friezes and columns, as if a city had there been shaken to pieces. Amongst these fragments of former magnificence, a lively stream forced itself, and, having cleared its way, found a channel beyond, and ran off down the valley, marking its course by a long avenue of noble trees. The ruins of Netley Abbey or Melrose are more graceful, the Colosseum grander, the temple at Karnak more stupendous; but nothing have we seen comparable with Baalbec for picturesque beauty with majesty combined.

Having established ourselves in the modern village, which is situated upon the outer edge of the ruins, we walked leisurely among these most interesting monuments of antiquity. Upon the plain, and amidst the remains of the ancient city, our attention was first drawn to a small temple, embosomed in trees, and almost insulated by a curve in the stream running around its base. It has been much shattered by earthquakes, but enough is left to show that its order was Corinthian, and its form circular within and without.

Its face presented columns and niches, alternating with beautifully carved wreaths depending from the columns and hanging gracefully over the niches. A portion of the circumference, a few columns, and the door-posts, splendid monoliths, are alone standing; but the broken capitals, and fragments of richly sculptured architraves and cornices of a circular form scattered around, show that, although a very small edifice compared with the temple near by, it must have been a gem of art, like the tomb of Lysicrates at Athens, only considerably larger.

From this temple a commanding view of the larger ruins is obtained. So extensive are they, and such is the confusion produced by comparatively modern additions, that we found it difficult to get a clear idea of the relations of the various parts; and without a plan and elevations, I fear that it will be next to impossible to give a satisfactory description of them.

What seemed at a distance to be an extensive mound, we discovered to be a lofty platform, built probably to enlarge the area of a natural rock or small eminence. Two immense vaults run parallel with each other, at a distance of three or four hundred feet, extending much farther from front to rear, and appear to have been intended to support the sides of the platform. One was almost entirely filled with rubbish, and the opening to the other


was occupied by a number of the inhabitants, with their sheep and cattle, so that we could not enter it for investigation; but we could see through it, as into the tunnel of a railway. These immense vaults running from east to west are united, at their western termination, by another crossing them at right angles. Around them ran the exterior wall of the platform, which rested upon them. In this are many stones of large dimensions, but on the western side, where there seems to have been a wide fosse or ditch, are three of wonderful size. They far surpass any blocks we have ever seen, and probably they are the largest. Together they measure in length one hundred and eighty-nine feet. By a break in the wall we were enabled to get access, so as to measure the dimensions of one of them. It was sixty-eight feet long, eighteen deep, and twelve high. Above these immense blocks the wall is continued by courses of stones, which, when not in contrast with these giants of conglomerate, would be thought enormous. The whole platform is doubtless of different ages, and the stupendous blocks were probably placed there many centuries before the Christian era. The arches, of course, are Roman; but as to the foundations themselves, there is no reason why they may not belong to the age of Solomon. He built store-houses in Hamath and Tadmor in the wilderness, and, as we before intimated, this is probably Baalath or Baal-gad, in

agreement with the tradition still prevalent among the Arabs. And no wonder that they should add, the wise king compelled the genii to perform work for him that seems of superhuman power; for the stones are by far the most ponderous masses that have ever been placed in a wall, and they are here raised some fifteen feet above the ground. Some idea of the immense weight to be moved from the quarry, elevated and swung or rolled into its position, may be formed from the fact, that one of these stones contains almost fifteen thousand solid feet. The last structures are of quite a recent period, when the Saracens erected walls, and adapted the ancient ruins to the purposes of a fortress. The immense platform was designed to sustain the weighty mass of the temple, and to elevate it in such a manner that it might be a prominent object from all parts of the valley. Baalbec was doubtless a city of great importance in ancient times, as it lay on the direct route between Nineveh and Babylon on the one side, and Tyre and Sidon on the other.

The grand entrance appears to have been at the east, and evidences yet remain of a noble colonnade and a wide flight of steps. This entrance is, however, now completely walled up, with fragments of ruins, cornices, friezes, portions of columns, and other proofs of the hands of the Saracens. It is flanked by two square towers. By a small aper-

ture we succeeded in getting in, and having reached the level of the platform, we found ourselves in a hexagonal court, about one hundred and fifty feet wide. This court had been surrounded with buildings, but now completely ruined, so that we could not conjecture their origin or purpose. A much larger quadrangular court adjoins this, three hundred and fifty feet long by more than three hundred wide, surrounded by buildings in much better preservation, separated from each other by pilasters ornamented with rich mouldings and niches. These may have formed a suite of chambers for the residence of the priests. In the centre of this large area are the foundations only of a square building; but as there are no ruins above them, the inference has been drawn that the temple designed to stand here was never completed. Beyond this is the principal edifice, and here is full proof of the existence of one of the most majestic temples ever erected.

In addition to the six columns which constitute the beauty of the ruins of Baalbec, and which attract your eye from all points, prostrate pillars and the solid foundations of the temple furnish the strongest evidence of ancient magnificence. Adjoining this immense platform is another more depressed, where stands a smaller temple, in far better preservation, and affording an idea of the labour and cost of its elaborate ornaments. Within,



it is one hundred and eighteen feet long and sixty-five wide. A beautiful Corinthian colonnade surrounds it with pillars forty-five feet high and six or seven in diameter, eight feet apart, and about the same distance from the cell. The material is a compact limestone, and so finely wrought and fitted that the lines of junction can scarcely be perceived. The roof has fallen in; but between the colonnade and the cell there are some portions of it left, and with the arches, busts, and surrounding network, these afford some idea of its ornate richness when the temple yet stood in perfect splendour. The Emperor Theodosius converted it into a church, and there remain some evidences of its former adaptation to this sacred purpose, especially in what seems to have been the arrangements for a chancel.

But I feel that it is in vain to attempt to convey here any just impression of the beauty and magnificence of these ruins; and can only refer you, in conclusion, to the elaborate and splendid work of Wood on Baalbec and Palmyra.

April 28.—A large portion of this morning was devoted to a farther examination of the ruins of Baalbec. We rode three miles to the quarry whence the enormous blocks of the foundation were taken. It was in the side of Anti-Lebanon, and, to appearance, the workmen might have left it only for their dinner, though it has not been wrought

for tens of centuries. In this quarry we found a huge stone precisely similar to those of the foundation, and apparently ready to be removed. What the mechanical contrivances then were to transport such masses we could not conceive; for we doubt whether it could be accomplished at the present day. Though modern science and mechanics have been adapted to more useful purposes, yet we have never seen them applied to works of such stupendous magnificence.

Lebanon.

A RIDE of three hours across the length of the plain brought us to the foot of the opposite Lebanon, which we were now to cross. Near the beginning of the ascent we came to the village of Zachlee, where, in a Christian family, we met a most hospitable reception. It was, indeed, the first Christian village we had been in for many weeks, and contained fourteen churches. Though the truth of the doctrine may be deformed by superstition, yet we perceived at once the influence of the faith of the blessed Redeemer. The appearance of the men was less gross and sensual, and the women were not afraid to converse with us with unveiled faces. The village, too, was much neater

in its whole aspect. The host absolutely refused to receive money; and as we were now approaching the end of our journey, we succeeded only in persuading him to take some of those stores of provisions for which we should have no farther use.

April 29.—Sunday morning was ushered in, and we were aroused by the long unaccustomed sound of the cheerful ringing of bells from the churches and monasteries of Zachlee. We had now travelled through the whole extent of Egypt and the Holy Land; but had never heard a Sunday bell since we left Malta. The cry of the Muezzin calling to prayers may be pleasing, but the associations of our hearts were with the glad sounds which now saluted our ears. In company with our English friends we celebrated the morning service.

April 30.—We now had to cross the mountains of Lebanon; and were sometimes elevated so far above the level of the sea that our way lay across the eternal snows. For a long time we were enveloped in the dense clouds that hung in masses upon the ancient hills; but at length they broke away, and afforded us a magnificent view of the ranges and peaks on both sides of us, covered with trees and dotted here and there with convents. But a more glorious sight lay below us; for there was stretched out the placid bosom of the Mediterranean Sea, and the ships at anchor in the harbour

of Beyrout, looking like so many cockboats. We hastened down the rapid descent; and as we entered Beyrout, the smell of the salt air and the fragrance of the tarred rigging were more delicious to us than the perfumes of Damascus. We were indeed leaving a land of sacred recollections, and one that will be ever dear to our hearts; but in that harbour we awaited the welcome vessel that was to convey us to dear friends and towards our homes in the West.

THE END.







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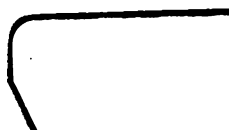
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